

LA  
**BELLE ASSEMBLEE**

OF

**BELLS**

**COURT AND FASHIONABLE**

**Magazine,**

ADDRESSED PARTICULARLY TO

**THE LADIES.**

**VOL. IV.**

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# P R E F A C E

IN conducting another Volume of our Miscellany to a close, it is necessary to wind up with those usual acknowledgments to the Friends and Patrons of this Work, which the steadiness of their attachment, and the best proofs of their increased approbation, in an advancing sale, strongly call upon us to testify.

We are proud to say, that such has been the reputation which this Work has obtained both at home and abroad, that the demand has much exceeded the most sanguine speculations of the Proprietor; and he has been obliged to reprint most of the Numbers up to the present time, notwithstanding an unusually copious Edition was uniformly issued on the first Publication.

Of many of the early Numbers of this Work three complete Editions have been exhausted, and entirely new Engravings have been prepared to accompany them. Thus the purchasers of any early Number may be assured that the Plates, attached to each Magazine, are perfectly correspondent with those of the current Numbers, in the state and excellence of their several decorations.

We trust that the new feature which was introduced in our last Volume, of **OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS**, a species of ornament entirely superadded and new, and never covenanted for by the Proprietor, has been found satisfactory to the taste and judgment of our Subscribers.

This species of Engraving, which is now so universally popular upon the Continent, will it is presumed, after a short experience, meet with equal encouragement in this country.

All that Engraving can express, with the exception of colour, the **OUTLINE** is perfectly adequate to exhibit. Colour, drawing, character, and composition, are as correctly, and frequently more vigorously expressed in the **OUTLINE** than in any other work of the graver. Engraving is a substitute; Outline is a **FAC-SIMILE**. The little finesse of colour, and light and shade, which are the minor parts of the Arts, Engraving can alone exhibit; and when it does exhibit them, in order to bring them forth, it is compelled to omit or obscure the stronger and more noble characteristics of a Work of Art.

with **OUTLINE**.—It strips the Painter to the bone.—It takes a survey of as a sinewy parts; it admits of no disguise.—Before the investigation the Painter cannot flinch: he must stand forth as he is, in his naked strength and undisguised vigour of composition. But Engraving is too help him off; a subsidiary device, by which the artifices of his served, and his real merit disguised.

We flatter ourselves that the Portraits in the latter Numbers of this Work have advanced this species of Engraving decidedly above any efforts of the same kind in Works of a similar description.

The beautiful gem, which accompanies this, is a sufficient testimony of this excellence.

With respect to the other decorations, we hope they are rather improved than deteriorated; and in regard to the literary part, we shall say no more than to challenge its comparison with that which appears in Works of the same pretensions.

We conclude this Address with assuring our Friends and Patrons, that we shall yet more sedulously labour for their instruction and amusement in the succeeding Numbers of this Work, and notwithstanding the increased price of Periodical Works around us, and the advance on the single article of Paper of above FIFTY PER CENT, and of almost every thing else connected with Printing and Publishing, in a similar proportion—notwithstanding these heavy deductions from our first stipulated profits, we shall not hesitate to support the same QUALITY and QUANTITY of decorations with which we originally commenced.

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE

OR,

Bell's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY, 1808.

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2. The Death of GENERAL WOLFE, by B. WEST, Esq. President of the Royal Academy
3. Two CARICATURES of RAPHAEL
4. A LADY in a splendid and elegant COURT DRESS
5. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the CHINESE COSTUME
6. An ORIGINAL SONG, SET to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, by Mr. W. SLAPP
7. An elegant new PATTERN for Needle-Work

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## TO OUR READERS

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OUR Readers will perceive that the TWO CARICONS which, from an accident that has been explained, were not presented in our SUPPLEMENT, are given gratuitously in the present Number.—The whole Set is now completed, and the Proprietor flatters himself that a richer Embellishment has ever been published in any Periodical Work.

According to our engagements, the New Departments of our Magazine are submitted to our Readers in the present Number;—and it is trusted that the Outline Engraving of the

### “DEATH OF GENERAL WOOLF,”

from the excellence of its execution and its intrinsic value,—as a correct Copy of that illustrious Work of Art, the engraven Plate of which, by accident, is now much destroyed, will educe to our Subscribers our zeal to carry on *our* Work by all means in *our* power, whatever may be the increase of expence.

It is presumed that the whole Department of the “ARTIST,” the Literary as well as ornamental Contents, will give complete satisfaction to the Amateur and Reader of taste.

The SECOND NUMBER of the Artist will contain a most admirable outline of Mr. WEST’S immitable Picture of

### “DEATH UPON THE PALE HORSE,”

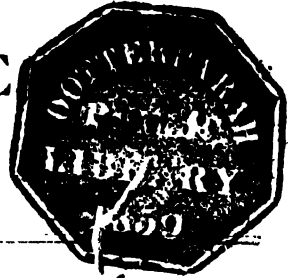
FROM THE REVELATIONS

Except in the present OUTLINE form, this Picture has never been Engraven before.

Well's

# COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE

For JANUARY, 1868.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Twenty-seventh Number.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS CRAVEN.

LORD V. COUNTESS CRAVEN, was born February 1, 1783; her father, Mr. John Brunton, has long been active in the employment of manager of several provincial theatres, more particularly of that at Norwich; this theatre, however, he has relinquished for some years, and has lately managed, with great success and much reputation, the theatre of Brighton, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and several of the most distinguished nobility.

The elder daughter of Mr. Brunton, and sister of the Countess Craven, (the late Mrs. Merry,) has long been known to the public as an actress of eminent talents, and a lady of much private virtue.

It is now about sixteen years since she left the London stage, having contracted a marriage with Mr. Merry, a gentleman of

most respectable talents as a poet, but very unfortunate in his political opinions; more particularly as he solicited them to overheat him at a period when the phrenzy of party distracted every mind and embittered every bosom.

Mr. Merry and his wife passed over to America, and his lady was for some years the heroine of the trans-Atlantic theatre. Mrs. Merry had the misfortune of losing her husband in that country; and we believe, since that period, she has contracted a second marriage.

Louisa, the present Countess Craven, was brought up to the profession of the stage under the superintendence of her father, of whom it is but just to observe, that a man of more good sense, and sober discretion, in his glass of life and professional employment, does not exist. As a

father, his affection to his daughters has been manifested in a most scrupulous vigilance over their conduct whilst engaged in that dangerous profession, to which he had educated them, rather from necessity than choice; and it is to his credit, both as a moral and a prudent man, that the propriety of his instructions and the watchfulness of his attentions, in co-operation with the discretion of his children themselves, has not only conducted them safely over this hazardous ground, but has given them a more difficult and less frequent triumph,—a triumph not only above temptation, but above even calumny.

His daughter, Louisa Brunton, made her appearance upon the London stage in the year 1801. Her debut was at the Covent-Garden theatre, and the first character in which she appeared was that of *Lady Teuzza*, in the *Proserpine*.

Her success procured her an engagement, and her talents gave her all the popularity she could desire.

In the summer, her father having undertaken the management of the Brighton theatre, he produced his daughter as the principal heroine of those boards; and the house being smaller, and more adapted to the compass of her powers, than a London stage, her popularity at that fashionable watering place was very great, and was not endangered by any rival.

It was at Brighton, we believe, that Miss Brunton first became the object of the honourable solicitations of Lord Craven. These early demonstrations of gallantry were, by the prudence of her conduct, soon exchanged for affection; and have, at length, to the satisfaction of all who had the pleasure of the acquaintance of either, terminated in marriage.

When the first engagement of Miss Brunton expired at Covent Garden, she was re-engaged by Mr. Harris, at an advanced salary, for three years; which engagement, we believe, has been completed.

As an actress, her powers were rather

pleasing than powerful; she had much elegance, and never failed in any character from a want of a due comprehension of it. By the prejudice of a most fascinating person, she became a favourite in every part before she had delivered one word of the dialogue; and such was her modesty, her decorum, her good sense, and propriety, that every character which she filled, if not expanded to the highest excellence of dramatic powers, never failed to give pleasure.

In the part of *Lady Teuzza*, which Miss Brunton had successfully studied, she invariably satisfied those who had been accustomed to see it in the hands of a Fanny and an Abington.—But the character in which she has been most popular is that of *Miranda*, in the *Tempest*.—Nothing could be more chaste and delicate than her performance of this part.—She was, beyond all doubt, the best *Miranda* who has appeared upon the stage for many years.

It is unnecessary to describe the person of this lady, as she has been seen so often upon the boards of a public theatre; but a few words, with respect to her other qualities, may not be unnecessary.

Her temper is mild and equal, and distinguished for an invariable placidity; she is well accomplished, and of a prompt and elegant mind.—She is unpretending, without vanity; without elegance, studious of decorum; cautious of propriety; and of a general disposition and candour which her present elevation is more likely to expand than to contract; more likely to improve into dignity, courtesy, benevolence, and affability, than to deprave by affectation, or inflame by pride.

She is an affectionate daughter, a compensation of gratitude which she justly owes to the signal care with which she has been educated.

Her ladyship has a brother, Mr. J. Brunton, still upon the stage.—He is a very respectable performer; is married, and has a large family.









THE CHARGE TO PETER.

## THE ARTIST.

No. I.

*Including the Lives of British Painters, collected from authentic sources;—accompanied with OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BENJAMIN WEST, Esq. was born in the year 1738, at Springfield, Chester county, Pennsylvania, in America. His ancestors were a branch of the West family who were distinguished in the wars of Edward III. In the reign of Richard II. they settled at Long Cranden, in Buckinghamshire, where they resided till about the year 1667, at which period they embraced the quaker principles, which were then in the infancy of propagation. It is believed that the first of the family who adopted quakerism was a Colonel James West, an officer much distinguished in the battle of Worcester, and by his attachment to the republican party, which at that time prevailed over the monarchy. A letter from the celebrated Hampden to this gentleman is still upon record.

In the year 1699, the greater part of the family removed with William Penn into Pennsylvania, on his second visit to that province; and his grandfather and grandmother (on his mother's side) accompanied that great and benevolent man in the first visit he made to that new country in the year 1681.

In the year 1711 Mr. John West joined his brothers and relations in Pennsylvania, where he married, and the present Mr. West is the youngest son of ten children which he raised in that country. Mr. West's love for painting shewed itself at an early age, and at sixteen with the consent of his parents and friends, he embraced it as a profession. In the town of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, and the cities of Philadelphia and New York; he painted many portraits, and several historical pictures, with considerable success, till he attained the age of twenty-one, when the produce of his industry, and the predominant desire of acquiring excellence in historical painting, carried him to Italy, the great depository of the ancient and

modern arts, and the most favourable school for genius.

In the year 1760, Mr. West left the city of Philadelphia and embarked for Leghorn. War was then raging between England and France, and the ship in which he sailed stopped at Gibraltar, till a proper force could be appointed to convey it to the place of its destination. The first in command to that convey was Captain Meadows, of the *Shannon* frigate, who, during the passage to Leghorn, rendered Mr. West and two of his companions every attention which the civility and politeness of a gentleman could bestow, and which laid the foundation of that friendship which has subsisted ever since, between Mr. West and Captain Meadows, now Lord Newark.

From Leghorn Mr. West proceeded to Rome. From the house of Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford, of the factory of Leghorn, he procured recommendations to Cardinal Albani, and others of high distinction in that city. Through this recommendation he was introduced to Raphael Menges, Pompeo Battoni, and most of the celebrated artists in Rome; and was yet more fortunate in the intimacy he formed with Mr. Wilcox, the author of the much esteemed *Roman Conversations*. The kindness of this gentleman, and that of the late Lord Grantham, then Mr. Robinson, procured him an introduction to all that was excellent in the arts, both of the ancient and modern school; and the distinguished taste of these liberal and enlightened men, united to their own classical information, laid the foundation in the mind of Mr. West, on his first entrance into the seat of his profession, of that sublime and philosophical taste which has enabled him to enrich England with the various productions of his pencil.



The sudden change from the cities of America, where he saw no productions but a few English portraits, and those which had sprung from his own pencil, to the city of Rome, the seat of arts and taste, made so forcible an impression upon his feelings as materially to affect his health. The enthusiasm of his mind was heated with what he beheld, and oppressed at once by novelty and grandeur, the springs of health were weakened, and he was under the necessity of withdrawing from Rome in a few weeks, by the advice of his physician, or the consequence might have been fatal to his life.

Mr. West returned to Leghorn, and was received into the friendly protection of Messrs. Jackson and Rutnerford, in whose house he remained several months. He experienced likewise the most flattering attention from the English consul and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Dick, since Sir John Dick, and was received with distinguished hospitality by the governors of the place, and others of the Italians. His mind was thus relaxed by friendly intercourse and society, which, together with sea-bathing, restored him to health and to the prosecution of his studies in Rome. He here fixed his mind upon the most glorious productions of ancient and modern art, and the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Poussin engaged most of his attention; but he was again compelled to withdraw from his studies, owing to the loss of health, and to return to his friends at Leghorn. The air and society of this place again restored him, and by the advice of those in whom he most confided, he proceeded to Florence instead of Rome. He here recommenced his studies with increased ardour in the galleries and the palace Picci, and was a third time arrested in his progress, and relapsed into an illness which confined him more than six months to his bed and room, during which time he was under the necessity of submitting to a surgical operation in one of his ankles, where the fever had settled. In this delicate operation Mr. West was greatly indebted to the skill and attention of the celebrated surgeon Nanoni, to whom we have often heard him confess that he owed the preservation of his leg, if not his life.

During the long confinement occasioned by this painful malady, our young artist received marked attentions from Sir Horace Mann, the English minister at Florence, the Marquis of Geroni and Riccardi, the late Lord Cooper, and many of the British nobility. The love of his art and the emulation of excellence triumphed over every pain of body and oppression of mind; and in the severest paroxysms

of sickness Mr. West never desisted from drawing, reading, and composing historical subjects. He had a frame constructed in order to enable him to paint when obliged to keep his bed, and in that situation he amused himself by painting several ideal pictures and portraits. When he was sufficiently recovered to bear removal, and to be carried out to enjoy the fine air of the Boboli gardens, his youth and an excellent constitution united, so that nature soon made a complete restoration of his health; and in order to confirm and establish what was so happily begun, he was recommended by his friends to travel. A gentleman from Leghorn, an Englishman of considerable talent and classical education, accompanied him to Polesina, Parma, Mantua, Verona, and Venice, in which cities he made himself acquainted with the paintings of the Carracci, Correggio, Julio Romano, Titian, and the other celebrated masters of the Venetian and Lombard schools; the chief productions of whose periods were to be found in the above-mentioned cities.

After completing a tour which enriched his mind with the fruits of observation, and invigorated health by change of place and diversity of object, Mr. West returned to Rome, having been absent from that city more than twelve months.

He painted about this time two pictures; the subjects were Helen and Iphigenia, and Angelica and Madero. He composed likewise several other subjects from the poets and historians, all of which were viewed with much complacency by the professors of art, as well as by most of the connoisseurs. But the enthusiasm and industry with which our young artist pursued his profession again made ravages on his health, and illness was again attacking him. To secure, therefore, this primary blessing, he embraced the opportunity of an English gentleman's departure for London, and united with him in that journey to visit the native country of his ancestors. He availed himself likewise of this opportunity to revisit Parma on his way from Italy, in order that he might finish his copy of Correggio's celebrated picture (the St. Gerolamo) which he had left incomplete through illness on his first introduction to it.

From Parma he extended his tour to Genoa and Turin, inflamed with a curiosity to examine the esteemed pictures of the Italian and Flemish masters, which those places are distinguished for possessing.

Having now taken an extensive survey of the treasures of modern Italy, and completed himself in those schools, as far as observation

concurring with genius and industry has a tendency to complete the artist, Mr. West was desirous of a yet wider survey, and grew unwilling to quit the continent till he should have exhausted whatever was left worthy of inspection. The French ground was still untrodden; he therefore proceeded through Lyons to Paris, in which he remained till he had made himself acquainted with the best productions of the art which France could at that time boast. He passed most of his time in the superb palaces of that city and its environs, in which the paintings of most repute were congregated, and in August 1761 he arrived in London.

We have thus traced Mr. West in his continued progress, and have omitted nothing of importance during his stay in Italy. It was now his turn to take a survey of the state of the arts and of the modern cartoons in Great Britain. For which purpose, in the autumn of the same year in which he arrived in England, he visited Oxford, Blois, Bath, Stoneham, Fonthill, Wilton, Langford, near Salisbury, Windsor, and Hampton-court. This tour, performed, like those in Italy and France, for the purpose of completing his knowledge of the paintings of the earnest masters, introduced him to all the works of art in the above mentioned places, particularly the picture by Van Dyke of the Pembroke family at Wilton, and the Cartoons by Raphael at Hampton-court.

Having completed this excursion, it was the intention of Mr. West to return to America, and take up his residence in the city of Philadelphia; thither to impart the knowledge which he had collected in the various schools he had visited, and to practise his profession with as much honour and emolument as the slender patronage of America could afford. It is unnecessary to investigate the causes which retarded his departure, and which shortly afterwards induced him to fix upon England as the sphere to be occupied by his genius, and enriched by the various productions of his pencil. The arts which had been long languishing in this country from the want of patronage and encouragement, received upon the accession of his present Majesty the most distinguished notice and approbation. The time was now arrived in which the English artist was to step forward, in order to challenge comparison with those of Italy and France, and, exempting himself from the servility of mannerism and the constraint of schools, to lay claim to a palm of higher and more durable merit. The country which supplied all Europe with many of the luxuries, and most

of the conveniences of life, whose merchandise occupied an extent unequalled by any other nation on the globe, was now about to add to her other means of wealth a new source of commerce, and along with her hardware, her woollens, and broad cloths, to furnish in pictures and engravings with those countries from which she had been so long contented to be supplied. To the politician and the economist, who question the influence and use of the fine arts in society, and who allege that they lock up a great portion of the wealth of the country in non-paying and unproductive hands, it will be sufficient answer to refer them to the receipts and duties at the custom-house: they will there find what a channel of commerce has been opened to other countries, and what a prodigious saving has accrued to our own.

In April 1764 the exhibition of painting, sculpture, and architecture opened for the inspection of the public, at the great room in Spring-garden. By the express wish of Mr. Reynolds, afterwards Sir Joshua, and Mr. Richard Wilson, our young artist was induced to send further the two pictures painted at Rome, and a whole length portrait of General Monckton, which he had painted during his sojourn in London, for that distinguished officer himself. The favourable reception of these pictures by the artists and the public, together with the earnest intreaties of his friends, induced Mr. West to remain in England. In the course of that year the amiable lady with whom, previously to his departure from Philadelphia, he had contracted an alliance, left that city in company with his father, and joined our young artist in London. They were immediately married, and settled in the metropolis.

The artists who united in 1766 to form an exhibition of their works at the great room in Spring-garden, became incorporated in the year 1768. Mr. West was immediately chosen a member and appointed one of the directors. He drew at their academy in St. Martin's-lane, and became one of their constant exhibitors, till the opening of the exhibition of the Royal Academy, which was established under the patronage of his present Majesty, in the year 1768. Mr. West was graciously named by his Majesty as one of the four artists to wait upon him and submit to his inspection the plan of the institution. This plan happily received the royal approbation, and the King commanded the deputation to take every step in their power to accelerate the establishment. The names of these gentlemen, besides Mr. West, were, Mr. Chambers, afterwards Sir William

Chambers, Mr. Moser, afterwards first keeper of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Coates.

In the year previous to this event Mr. West had been honourably mentioned to his Majesty by Drummond, the then Archbishop of York, on his finishing for that worthy prelate the picture of Agrippina finding at Brundisium with the ashes of Germanicus. In order, therefore, most effectually to serve Mr. West, the archbishop introduced him, together with that picture, to the King; a circumstance which gave his Majesty his first knowledge of Mr. West, and so favourable an opinion of his talents, as to determine his royal master to employ him. His Majesty was pleased to commission him at that time for the picture of *Regulus*, which was the first painting exhibited by Mr. West on the opening of the Royal Academy in 1760. And here we cannot avoid remarking, what our readers will perhaps consider as worthy of observation, as we ourselves think it of astonishment and national gratitude, that, from the exhibition in Spring-garden in 1761 to the exhibition of last year 1807, Mr. West has not omitted a single year in the exposition of his works for the public entertainment and instruction. We flatter ourselves, moreover, that it will be highly serviceable to our readers, and particularly to artists, and all such as take an interest in the arts, to present them in a correct and authentic catalogue of the pictures, and their subjects, which Mr. West has painted during that period; when it will be found to constitute a whole *Werk*, as proceeding from the pencil of an individual, has no parallel in the annals of painting, if we consider the number, size, and extent of their composition in figures, and their great diversity of matter. This list given at the close of the biography will justify the assertion.

Mr. West, in his tour through France and Italy, had frequent reason to lament the degraded state to which he found the arts reduced, as well as the degenerate patronage in those countries, in comparison with that which had formerly raised them to their greatest dignity in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The ambiguity in the choice of subjects, which he found the pupils of professors employed to execute, was of a piece with the degraded mind of those who commissioned them. The legendary register was ransacked, and became the foundation from which the genius of the painter drew; while the mechanical arrangement of academical figures, converted into saints, angels, cupids, and seraphim, forming contrasted groups on earth and in heaven, as well as in purgatory and hell, exhibited through-

out Italy the ultimate of fallen patronage, and degraded art. In France the debased state of painting and patronage was yet more deplorable: there it was humiliated to cherish and stimulate the lascivious passions, and the gaieties of frivolity; and shew. At Rome, indeed, Menges and Hamilton; and at Paris, Greue, Veracet, and Vien, were exceptions to this degraded taste; and in England, the manly exertions of Reynolds and Wilson, and the original genius of Hogarth, with several others, had conferred upon the arts a portion of that lustre, chastity, and dignity which did themselves and their country honour.

To delineate historical events in painting with perspicuity and dignity, is one of the most impressive powers which is given to man. Historical painting has been justly called the *epic* of the art, as it demands the greatest sublimity of genius, and the strictest accuracy of judgment, the most extensive knowledge of nature and her works, as well as of the best human productions in poetry and science; and, above all, it requires that rare quality which has been denominated so well by a modern writer, "the philosophy of taste." Painting speaks an universal language; the poetry of a nation is frequently locked up in the language of that nation, the music of one people does not always please the ears of another; but painting being a copy of general and unchangeable nature, must, according to the justness and accuracy of its representations, appeal in an uniform manner to the feelings of all mankind. How necessary must it therefore be that such a powerful instrument of good or evil should fall into proper hands, and be employed for worthy purposes. In that philosophical and moral point of view, Mr. West has ever considered the department of the art which he had embraced as a profession, and in this sense he ever understood and wished to employ it. He had observed that the early efforts of painting in the eleventh and twelfth centuries were directed to the same pious and beneficent ends as poetry; that they were employed to instruct men in their duty to *God*, by delineating passages from scriptural events, as transmitted by prophets and apostles. He therefore contemplated, whilst studying his profession, its real utility when enlisted under the banners of morality and philosophy; and he likewise observed, that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries its powers were cherished by a proud patronage and a princely liberality, to call forth what would most dignify religion, philosophy, and morality, and that it did by these exertions raise itself to such excellence and glory, that whole states,

communities, and individuals, were proud of their illustrious men in the arts, and emulous of possessing their works. To the encouragement of this generous passion many fortunate circumstances had concurred. The munificent patronage of the house of Medici, at Florence, and its influence under Leo X. in the pontifical seat at Rome, advanced those efforts which had been making in the arts for the three preceding centuries, to the highest perfection, in the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael. The wars and intestine commotions with which Italy was soon after distracted, together with the infidelity in the hands of those who succeeded in the following centuries, caused that proud patronage to decline, and with it the art of painting. Those who then directed the powers of the pencil finished its efforts and attention on legendary tales, till the more discrediting part of mankind became wearied with its imbecility, and thus gradually its productions. Mr. West, observing the degraded state of painting in Italy and France, and its employment to inflame bigotry, darken superstition, and stimulate the baser passions of our nature, resolved to struggle for a recovery of its dignity,—for its moral and pious uses, and to lay out his emulation and industry to restore to a portion of its former splendour. The patronage of his Majesty happily concurred with this his primary design, the encouragement of Drummond the then Archbishop of York, the honourable Thomas Penn, and the energies of his own mind. He was thus enabled to give to the world the pictures of Ascham, Regulus, Hannibal, Wolfe, and Penn. In these pictures are exhibited feminine and conjugal affection to departed greatness, invincible love of country, heroism, and a rectitude of justice. The fine prints from these pictures engraved under the inspection of Mr. West, by Erlum, Green, Woollett, and Hall, were spread by a commercial intercourse throughout the civilized world; and the subjects being real facts founded in history, exhibited to man's view what dignified and ennobled his nature, so that the more discerning part of the public in England, France, Italy, Germany, and America, became awake to their real powers.

This victory of the painter will always be recorded in the arts; it was in truth, a conquest over those many difficulties which had so long fettered painting. It broke down and put to flight those licentious abuses of the art, at the same time that it dissipated the prejudices which had long prevailed, that modern dresses could not be admitted into pictures, of which heroism and dignity were the characteristics. By the painter, of the last century all subjects were made to bend to the Greek and Roman dresses. This practice was convenient when no more was looked for in a picture by the employer or the painter than the effect to be produced in the folding of the draperies, and the distribution of the light and shade.

From the era of these pictures of Wolfe and Penn, for an era it undoubtedly forms in the art of modern painting, we must fix a revolution in the dressing of figures in historical pictures, not only in England, but in Italy, France, and other countries, where the art of painting is cultivated. Mr. West has ever considered that the purpose of all art is to promote virtue, and that it is the duty of every man to leave the world better than he finds it; that the chief duty of the historical painter is to instruct mankind in honourable and virtuous deeds, by placing before them the bright examples of their predecessors or contemporaries, and by transmitting the memory of their virtues through a long succession of generations. Such are the objects of painting which have inclined the good and wise in all countries to esteem the character of Mr. West, and to appreciate with justice those historical compositions with which he has enriched the world. It was for this that Mr. West was so honourably distinguished by the first men in arts and science, as well as by the lovers of arts in Paris, when he went abroad with his youngest son to visit the national gallery of the arts in the autumn of 1802. He was received among them as a man who had conferred an honour on his country; and they bestowed upon him the appellation of the "Reviver of the Dignity of Historical Painting;" adducing as examples the pictures of Regulus, Wolfe, Penn, &c.

[To be Continued.]

## DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

*THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.*

BY B. WEST, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS Picture may justly be considered as forming an era in the Art of Painting, since its revival in Great Britain. The Painter has selected an illustrious event of our history, and treated it with a correspondent dignity.

The death of Wolfe is not the death of a common man: it is the death of a hero in the moment of triumph; magnanimous and tranquil; and submitting with resignation to that fate which sealed, with his own blood, the superiority of the British name, and the triumph of his country's arms.

We see him expiring, on the heights of Abraham, in North America, in the midst of Heroes like himself, surrounded with every mark of appendage of American virtue, and with all the characteristics of Britons in the year 1759.

If we descend to a more particular examination of this illustrious work of Art, we must observe in a proper analysis of its composition, that it is divided into three groups; being the proper number to be employed in all historical compositions, as best suited to sustain the necessary balance and harmony of the figures that are introduced.

These groups are firmly bound and connected together by the figures and action in the back ground. The center groupe is composed of the dying hero; the surgeon administering to his wound, and the officers bending over him with compassionate tenderness. The second groupe is composed of some other principal officers, amongst whom is General Mordaunt, the second in command; the General is severely wounded, but all concern of his own wound seems absorbed in compassion for the fate of his superior officer.—From this groupe the triumph of the day is announced to the dying hero.

There is one figure which must not be passed over without notice. It is that of the American Chief. This figure serves to particularise the scene of action, and mark it for North America; at the same time he exhibits a most impressive singularity of figure as contrasted with the other officers. There is nothing of sorrow or compassion in the face of this savage; he gazes intently upon the countenance of Wolfe; with an eager wonder and satisfaction at observing his fortitude under his

wound; and curious to see how a GREAT MAN WOULD DIE! Simple death seems to this man an occurrence unworthy of regret; but the death of a great hero meets his curiosity, but without exciting his compassion.

The third groupe is composed of the Grenadier and his comrade. Nothing can be more complete than the figure of the Grenadier: his sorrow is not the more tranquil and dignified sorrow of an officer; it is the unrestrained sorrow of a magnanimous heart lodged in a subordinate bosom; it is the blunt, honest, unpolished regret of a British soldier.

The countenance of Wolfe, upon which all eyes are fixed, has been rendered with great success by the painter.—It is marked with the triumph of victory shining through the agony of death; his face has nothing of the contortions of pain; it is expressive of sublime heroism, and a most noble resignation.

The "Death of General Wolfe," will long be recorded as a victory by the painter over some of the most stubborn prejudices of the Art. From the era of this picture we must fix a revolution in the dressing of figures in historical composition, not only in England, but in Italy, France, and other countries, where the art of painting is cultivated. It dissipated the prejudice which had so long prevailed, that modern dresses could not be admitted into pictures of which heroism and dignity formed the characteristics.

Over a prejudice so rooted and established, which the public had adopted, and artists and men of taste united to confirm, the pictures of Wolfe and Penn have been triumphant; and the British hero and American legislator, in these pictures, stand confessed by all as equal to the Greeks and Romans. Falsehood being thus chased away, an axiomatic truth of painting has been established by the labours of Mr. West, that the dress of a picture has no influence over the passions of the mind: it may add to the picturesque, and be made ornamental, but it gives no movement to the energies of the soul! This innovation has been extensive and undisputed, and no painter in Europe is now bold enough to dress his figures in a picture contrary to the costume of the age and country in which the event that he delineates took place.

## ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

THIS celebrated artist died some weeks ago at Rome. She had been long known in England as an eminent painter, and was equally cherished for her talents abroad. Some slight biographical sketch of her will not therefore be out of place.

Angelica Kauffman was born in the year 1757, upon the Lake Constance, in Switzerland. Her father was a painter, and pursued his profession at Milan, in Italy, with tolerable success. He was chiefly employed in portraits; but his works were, in truth, of a very indifferent character; and though he destined his daughter for his profession, she was not likely to benefit much by her father's example.

Her attachment to the art began to appear very early in life, and the promises of her youth were auspiciously hailed by the amateurs of that part of Italy. But it is worthy of remark, that her genius and her taste, at the period, were no less conspicuous in music than in painting; and such was her extraordinary proficiency in these sciences, that her father and friends were long divided in which of the two she should be profitably educated.

Painting was at length fixed upon, and she procured letters of introduction to Raphael Menges, who was then employed at Rome.

When she reached Florence, she understood that Menges had left Rome for Spain. At this period she was introduced to Mr. West by the Marquis Chiompi, one of the great patrons of art in Italy. Mr. West was then copying from the ancient masters in the Gallery of Florence, and it was from him that she received her first knowledge of the principles of composition, the importance of outline, and likewise of the proper combinations and mixtures of colour.

Having spent some time at Florence she removed to Rome; and by the advice of some English gentlemen she came to England.

It is unnecessary to follow her minutely through her professional life. It will be sufficient to observe that, upon the establishment of the Royal Academy, under the patronage of his present Majesty, she was one of the first members elected into that body, and continued her connection with the Society to the day of her death.

In England, Angelica painted with great success and equal rapidity. She had many admirers and patrons amongst all ranks; her

pencil was for many years in constant employ. Her pictures, being extremely well suited to ordinary comprehension, and the general taste, were much sought for by the engravers, and a large body of her works were engraven by Ryland, which became popular both in England and upon the Continent.

Bartolozzi and Bunke have likewise engraven many of her pictures; indeed a collection of them is to be found in the portfolios of most collectors of industry.

Her general character as an artist is not difficult to give.

She was certainly the first of her sex which the ancient or modern School of Arts has hitherto produced. There is no female painter who can stand in competition with her name. Her eminence in the art, above all her sex, cannot be disputed.

The pencil of Rosalba was that of a feeble copyist; a delineator without accuracy; a colourist more gaudy than magnificent, without splendour, without truth.

She had not the creative powers, or any thing of that superior skill of composition which distinguished Angelica.

Of Elizabetha Sirani, the pupil of Guido, the same may be said. She was the scholar of a master who invariably ruined all that copied after him. What in Guido was sweetness and delicacy, became in his imitators feebleness and languor.

It was the just pride therefore of Angelica to excel every female who had taken up the profession; but if we compare her with the rival sex, we must greatly abate the exultation.

To give her character therefore in a few words, we shall observe that all her works had a feminine and pleasant style of composition which invariably delighted. Her outline was not very bold, but generally correct; her figures were graceful, but perhaps somewhat monotonous and insipid, and her men and women were too much alike.

Her draperies were designed with much delicacy and taste, and were pleasingly varied to her respective characters.

Her conception of character, with some necessary allowances for her sex, was generally just, and though her acquaintance with the ideal was not very extensive, nevertheless in whatever she did invent, if she could not reach excellence, she seldom failed to give pleasure.

Her colouring was gay and brilliant. She had little knowledge of landscape, and seldom gave more than a common back ground to her figures.

In a word, the great excellence of her pictures is a feminine softness and pleasant *tout ensemble*; their great defect is a spiritless beauty, and insipid monotony.

In some silly remarks in the newspapers, she is called an imitator of Poussin, in the fashion of her draperies, and the style of her colouring. She might with equal justice be called an imitator of Michael Angelo, or of Rubens.

There is nothing in her draperies which resembles those of Poussin: there is nothing in them of the broad flow, and severe majesty of the antique; and that classical precision, and sober grandeur which belong to the elegance of ideal drapery.

The draperies of Angelica are the light, female fashions of a tasty mind; full of grace, and airiness; loose, elegant, and fanciful.

The draperies of Poussin formed always a part, sometimes the principal part of his characters; but the draperies of Angelica belonged not to the characters but to the forms; though always pleasing, and perhaps just, they were bestowed without any peculiar nicety of characteristic appropriation.

She clothed the body without fashioning its costume to the resembling qualities of the mind.

Her colouring approached to the colouring of Poussin somewhat less than her draperies; it was invariably gay and pleasing; it had no single quality of the heroic and sublime. It has no more the colouring of Poussin than the colouring of Tintoret or Claude.

## TENANTS PAYING THEIR RENTS TO THE SQUIRE'S STEWARD.

BY DAVID WILKIE.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we introduce to public notice the third marked picture of this distinguished Artist.

The scene of this picture is laid in a large room, which seems to have been dressed up for the occasion of receiving the tenants with attention and respect. In one part is a large table covered with an ample supply of old English fire—the genuine produce of ancient hospitality. At this table are the Farmers, their wives, and children, who have paid in their rents, and are partaking of the Squire's bounty. Not far from this scene, is another table manifestly prepared for tenants of a higher class.—At this table it is evident the Squire himself will preside, from the elegance of its decorations, its plate, cut glass, silver knives and forks, and its neatly folded napkins, which form a pleasing contrast with the more homely but substantial equipage of the other tables. The other parts of the room are decorated with flowers in vases, particularly about the chimney, and round the family clock.—The large fire, with the favourite dog stretched on the hearth rug, together with the dress of the tenants, mark the time of the year to be the Christmas quarter.

But the great feature in this picture is that of the Squire's Steward, seated at the table for transacting the business of the day. The tenant, immediately settling with the steward, has laid down his gold in rows, which he is

counting to him. There are evident marks on his countenance that he payeth with reluctance. The countenance of this sulky paymaster is contrasted with that of a venerable tenant, who is emptying his purse on the table with complacency and good humour. His appearance denotes that he has grown old on his farm. Near him sits a woman who has come to pay her rent, with a young child, and a girl about seven years old, who seems to have been properly tutored by her mother how to behave herself in the Squire's house.

There are several figures yet to be noticed round the table,—one or two in particular, who are puzzling their heads about a receipt which the Steward has given them, with a suspicion that it wants accuracy.

The third groupe, which forms the centre of the picture, is composed of tenants seated, patiently waiting till it comes to their turn to pay. In this groupe there are two characters more particularly worthy of notice.—The first is that of a man who is hectic, and out of health, wrapt in a cloak, and in the act of coughing. The other is that of a tenant evidently negligent in his person, and, as we may conclude, equally negligent in his farm.

Such is the just analysis of this excellent work, and we are happy to say, that it unites character and drawing with colour and effect, and does the highest honour to this distinguished artist.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SUPPLEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY;  
OR, RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE following pages comprise a concise account of the most remarkable animal emigrants. Two species of rats, are the only quadrupeds which migrate. Most birds are, in some measure, birds of passage, so that, by reason of their vast number, it is not intended to say any thing about them here. Crabs and locusts, are the principal insects; and herrings, pilchards, and eels, the most numerous among fishes.

Crabs, lobsters, &c. are placed by Linnæus among insects, because they have *antennæ*. There are in general two in all insects; but some kinds of crabs have four. They are crustaceous, jointed and moveable in every part, in which they differ from the horns of other animals; they are organs conveying some kind of sense, but we have no idea what this kind of sense is.

A few miscellaneous particulars relative to natural history are added: and at the conclusion, a description of the immense snowballs which are sometimes seen and felt on the Alps and the Pyrenæes.

## RATS.

The Lemming rats (*mus Lemmus*), before the setting in of the winter, leave their haunts in Norway and Lapland, and emigrate in immense multitudes southward towards Sweden, always endeavouring to keep a direct line. These emigrations take place at uncertain intervals, though generally once every ten years: and exposed as they are to attack, they of course become the food of all the predaceous animals. Multitudes are also destroyed by endeavouring to swim over the rivers or lakes. From these different causes very few of them live to return to their native mountains, and thus a check is put to their ravages, as if it did several years to repair their numbers sufficiently for another invasion. They are bold and fierce, so as even to attack men and animals, if they meet them in their course: and they bite so hard, as to allow themselves to be carried to a considerable distance, hanging by their teeth, before they will quit their hold.

If they are pursued or disturbed while swimming over a lake, and their phalanx is

separated by oars or poles, they will not recede, but keep swimming straight on, and soon get into regular order again. They have sometimes been known even to endeavour to board, or pass over a vessel. This army of mice moves chiefly by night, and makes such destruction among the herbage, that the surface of the ground over which they have passed, appears as if it had been burnt.

The multitudes that are found dead on the banks of rivers, and other places, infect the whole atmosphere around by their stench, and thus produce putrid diseases.

They never enter any dwellings to do mischief, but always keep in the open air, and they feed entirely on vegetables. When enraged, they raise themselves on their hind-legs, and bark like little dogs. Sometimes they divide themselves into two parties, attack each other, and fight like two armies. They breed several times in the year, and produce five or six young at once. Sometimes the females bring forth during their migrations, and they have been seen carrying their young in their mouths, or on their backs.

Notwithstanding the ravages which these animals commit in the fields, their presence always indemnifies the inhabitants: for when they begin to file off, from the northern provinces of Sweden, the natives catch vast numbers of foxes, bears, martins, weasels, and ermines, because all those animals, which follow their prey the rats, expose themselves to become the prey of men. The rat-skins would make valuable furs, if they were not so tender and so easily torn.

In the history of quadrupeds, with figures engraved on wood, by T. Bewick, this animal is called the Lemming, or Lapland Marmot. From the description we select the following particulars: "It is somewhat less than the common rat—Myriads of them march together; and, like a torrent, which nothing can resist, their course is marked with ruin and desolation. Neither fire nor water prevents their progress. If thousands are destroyed, thousands supply their place. When they have nothing more to subsist on, they are said to separate into two armies, which continue fight-



ing and devouring each other till they are all entirely destroyed. Wherever they come from, none return. Their course is predestined; and they pursue their fate."

The pious Bishop Pontoppidan has left us the form of the exorcism which the Romish clergy adapted to banish these and other plagues from the countries infested by them. It was equally efficacious against rats, mice, worms, birds, beasts, &c.—Wernius has also inserted in one of his works printed in 1673, the formula of the conjurations, which have so far retained their virtue that they are as good now as they were then.

The economic rats (*Rattus norvegicus*), migrate annually in as extraordinary a manner as the Lemmings. In the spring, says Dr. Grievé, in his history of Kamtschatka, they collect together in amazing numbers, and proceed in a direct course westward, swimming with the utmost intrepidity over rivers, lakes, and even arms of the sea. Many are drowned, and many devoured by water-fowl and rapacious fish. Those that escape, on emerging from the water, rest a while to bask, dry their fur, and refresh themselves; they then continue their journey, and about the middle of July reach the place of their destination; a distance of about a thousand miles. The numbers are so great, that travellers have sometimes waited two hours to let them pass. They generally return in October, but the cause of their travels is not known.

Olafsen thus relates the manner in which this species of rats cross the rivers of Iceland, in their foraging excursions. "The party, consisting of from six to ten, select a flat piece of dried cow-dung, on which they place the berries they have collected, in a heap in the middle; then, by their united strength, drawing it to the water's edge, they launch it and embark, placing themselves round the heap, with their heads joined over it, and their backs to the water, their tails hanging in the stream, and serving the purpose of rudders."

#### FRABS.

The land crabs (*Cancer ruricola*), are natives of the Bihangas, and of most of the other islands between the tropics. They live in the clefts of rocks, the hollows of trees, or in the holes they dig for themselves in the mountains. About the months of April and May, they annually, in a body of some millions at a time, descend to the sea-coast in order to deposit their spawn, and at this season the whole ground seems alive with them. They march in a straight line to the place of their destination, and seldom turn out of their way on

account of intervening obstacles; if they get to a river, they wind along the course of the stream.

They are as regular in their procession as an army under the direction of an experienced commander, being generally divided into three battalions. The first of these consist of the strongest males, which march forward to clear the route, and face the greatest dangers. The main body is composed of females, which are sometimes formed into columns of fifty or sixty yards broad, and three miles deep. The first division is often obliged to halt from want of rain, and the females never come from the mountains till the rains have set in. Then the rear-guard follows, a straggling undisciplined tribe, consisting of males and females, but neither so robust nor so vigorous as the former.

They proceed chiefly in the night; but if it rains during the day, they always profit by it. When the sun is hot they halt till the evening. When tormented, they run back in a confused and disorderly manner, holding up and clattering their pincers in a threatening attitude. If in their journey any one is so manful as to be unable to go on, some of them always fall upon and devour it. They march very slowly, being sometimes three months or more in gaining the shore.

When arrived at the coast they prepare to cast their spawn; for this purpose they go to the edge of the water, and let the waves wash over their bodies. They then withdraw to seek a lodging on land. The spawn is now excluded in a bunch from the body, and adheres to the barb under the tail. This bunch becomes as big as a hen's egg, and resembles the roe of a herring. In this state they again seek the shore for the last time, and shaking off the spawn in the water, leave accident to bring it to maturity. About two-thirds of the eggs are devoured by the shoals of fish which annually frequent the shores in expectation of this prey. Those that escape, are hatched under the sand, and millions of the little crabs may be seen quitting the shore, and slowly travelling up to the mountains.

The old ones in their return are feeble, lean, and so inactive that they are scarcely able to crawl along, and their flesh at this time changes its colour.—Many of them are obliged to continue in the level parts of the country till they recover, making holes in the earth, which they block up with leaves and dirt. In these they cast their old shells, and continue afterwards nearly motionless for six or seven days, when they become so fat, as to be delicious food. They afterwards march slowly back to the mountains.

They subsist on vegetables, and, except impelled by the desire of bringing forth their young, seldom venture out of their mountainous retreats. At this season, the inhabitants of the islands where they are found, wait in eager expectation of their descent, and destroy some thousands of them. They disregard their bodies, and take only the spawn which lies on each side of the stomach, within the shell, about the thickness of a man's thumb. They are much nicer eating of their retreat, when they have cast their shells. They are taken in the holes, and also sought for by night when on their journey, by torch-light. The instant the animals perceive themselves attacked, they throw themselves on their backs, and dreadfully pinch whatever they can lay hold on. But the experienced crab-catcher seizes them by the hinder legs, so that the nippers cannot touch him.

The largest measure about six inches across the body. They are distinguished from other species of crabs by having the first joint spinous, and the second and third furnished with tufts of hair.

#### LOCUSTS

The migratory locusts (*gryllus migratorius*) are found in Syria, Persia, and almost all the southern part of Asia, in such immense clouds, that their ravages are regarded as a calamity as dreadful as volcanoes and earthquakes are to other countries. The whole earth is at times covered with them for many leagues. The locusts fly in hordes on the trees and herbage, and be heard at a great distance. Whenever their myriads spread, the verdure of the country disappears, as if a curtain had been removed, trees and plants, stripped of their leaves, and reduced to their naked boughs and stone, cause the dreary range, winter, to succeed in an instant to the rich scenery of spring. When the locusts take their flight, they literally hide the sun and darken the air. This calamity is the inevitable forerunner of famine, and all the maladies it occasions.

Southerly winds drive these insects into the sea, wherein such quantities of them are sometimes drowned, that when their carcases are thrown on the shore, they infect the air to a great distance for several days.

Clouds of locusts frequently light upon the plains of the Noguais, in little Tartary, not far from the Black Sea; they choose the millet-field in preference to any other, and ravage them in an instant. They approach obscures the horizon, and the cloud produced by the immense multitude of those animals, hides

the sun. If the Noguais, who cultivate the land, are sufficiently numerous, by their agitation and their shouts, they sometimes succeed in turning the storm another way; if not, the locusts settle on their fields, and there form a layer of six or seven inches in thickness. To the noise of their flight follows that of their devouring labour; it resembles the pattering of hailstones, but its effects are much more destructive. There is not more active; and not the least vestige of vegetation remains after the cloud has taken its flight again, to produce new disasters in other places.

The Black Sea swallows up most of these clouds of locusts when they attempt to fly over that barrier.

The last accounts we have of these insects, are by Mr Barrow, who mentions the innumerable multitudes that infested Southern Africa, in 1797. He says, that in the part of the country where he then was, the ground was covered with them, as he was informed, for an area of nearly two thousand square miles. The water of a very wide river was scarcely visible on account of the caterpillars that floated on the surface, drowned in the attempt to get at the reeds which grow in it. This year was the third of their continuance, or rather, as they live only a year, the third generation without interval, and their increase, according to Mr Barrow's account, had far exceeded that of a geometrical progression, whose ratio is a million!

For ten years preceding their present visit, this district was entirely free from them. Their former exit was somewhat singular: all the full-grown insects were driven into the sea by a tempestuous wind, and were afterwards cast upon the beach, where they formed a bank of three or four feet high, that extended nearly fifty English miles when the mass became putrid, and the wind was at south east, the stench was sensibly felt at the distance of at least a hundred and fifty miles.

#### HERRINGS

The deeps of the frozen zone are the great receptacle whence the finny tribe issue, in so wonderful a profusion, to re-stock all the watry world of the northern hemisphere; and this immense icy protuberance of the globe, this gathering together, this hoard of congealed waters, is periodically diminished by the influence of the unsetting summer's sun, whose rays being perpetually, though obliquely shed, during the season, on the widely extended rim of the frozen continent, gradually dissolve its margin, which is thus crumbled into innumerable floating isles, that are

driven southward to replenish the seas of warmer climes.

Amidst these drifts of ice, and following this widely spreading current, teeming with life, the whole host of sea-fowl find in the waters an inexhaustible supply of food; for the great movement, the immense southern migration of fishes is then begun, and shoal after shoal, probably as the removal of their dark icy canopy unveils them to the sun, are invited forth, and, guided by its light and heat, pour forward in thousands of myriads, in multitudes which set all calculation at defiance. The flocks of sea-birds, for their number baffle the power of figures; but the swarms of fishes are multiplied in an incomprehensible degree, they may indeed be called infinite, if infinity were applicable to any thing created.

Of all these various tribes of fishes thus pressing forward on their southern route, that of the herrings is most numerous; closely embodied in resplendent columns of many miles in length and breadth, and in depth from the surface to the bottom of the sea, the shoals of this tribe peacefully glide along, and glittering like a huge reflected rainbow, or *lune d'or*, attract the eyes of all their attendant foes.

Other kinds of fishes, in duller garbs, keep also together in bodies, but change their movements as may best suit their different modes of attack and defence, in preying upon, or escaping from each other as they pass along.

All these various fishes, but particularly the herrings, are in their turn preyed upon by the whole hosts of sea-fowl, which continually watch all their motions, and devour millions. All the monsters of the deep also find them an easy prey.

The foregoing account of these fish is taken from the introduction to the History of British Water-birds, by T. Bewick.

They are found about Scotland in June, in shoals of distinct columns each of five or six miles in length, and three or four in breadth, they then surround Great Britain and Ireland, unite again off the Land's End in the British Channel, in September, and arrive in Georgia and Carolina in January following. For the rest of their voyage till their return to the north when the weather becomes too warm, we refer to their natural history at large; we only mean to give some slight notion of their numbers.

In 1773, the herrings were in such immense shoals on the Scotch coasts, that 1650 boat loads were taken in one place every night for two months.

They once swarmed so greatly on the west side of the Isle of Skye, that more were caught

than could be taken away; after all the boats were loaded, and the country round supplied, the farmers manured their grounds with them. They came into Loch Urn in such amazing quantities, that the whole lake to the very head, about two miles, was quite full; so many of them were pushed on shore that the beach for four miles round was covered with them from six to eighteen inches deep, and the ground under water as far as could be seen when the tide was out, was equally so. The shoal was so thick and so forcible as to carry before it every other kind of fish, skate, flounders, &c. were driven on shore with the first herrings, and perished there.

The following is a short account of the fishery for pilchards on the coast of Cornwall:

These fish, which resemble a small herring, come from the north seas, and about the middle of July reach the Cornish coast. They are taken in sear, or drift nets, each managed by three boats, containing eighteen persons. The sears are 410 yards long, 32 yards deep in the middle, and 28 at each end; with leaden weights at bottom and dicks at top, the cost of each net is about 850*l*. It has been calculated that in a season one sear will take about 100 hogshheads of fish; the number of pilchards in each hogshhead is three thousand.

Twelve thousand persons, men, women, and children, are employed in and about this fishery, and the capital engaged is estimated at 100,000*l*. The fishing continues about ten weeks, after which the pilchards disappear. About sixty thousand hogshheads of these fish are here caught in a season, which contain one hundred and eighty million of pilchards.

#### EELS.

Of the migration of young eels, Dr. Anderson, in his publication called "The Bee," says, "I once observed on the banks of the Dee, in Aberdeenshire, something like a black rope moving along the edge of the river in shallow water. I soon discovered that this was a shoal of young eels, so closely joined together as to appear one continued body moving briskly up against the stream. To avoid the retardation they felt from the force of the current, they kept close to the edge all the way, following the bendings of the river; when they were in still water the shoal dilated so as to near a foot broad, but when they turned a cape, where the current was strong, they were forced to occupy less space, and press close to the shore, struggling very hard till they passed it.

"This shoal continued to move on day and night for several weeks, at about the rate of a mile an hour. It was easy to catch them

though they were very active and nimble.—They were eels perfectly formed, but not exceeding two inches in length. The shoal contained from twelve to twenty in breadth, so that the whole number must have been immense. The place where I saw them was six miles from the sea. Whence they came, and whither they went, I know not, and I was told that the same phenomenon takes place there every year about the same season.”

Kedr, the Italian naturalist, assures us in his works, first published in 1661, that the eels in the river Arno, descended annually in the month of August towards the sea, in order to bring forth their young there; and they returned from the sea up the river to Pisa regularly from February to April. So that probably the grigs, or young eels, which were swimming in such shoals against the stream, were just entered into fresh water, where they would remain till impelled by nature to drop their young.

#### LOBSTERS.

The lobster (*tenax pinnatus*) changes its crust, or shell annually. The pincers of one of its large claws are furnished with knobs, and those of the other are serrated, or like a saw; with the former it keeps firm hold of the stalks of submarine plants, and with the latter it cuts and mangles its food. The knubbed, or numbed claw, is sometimes on the right, and at other times on the left, indifferently. It is more dangerous to be seized by the cutting claw than by the other, but in either case the best way of getting loose is by pulling off the claw.

In the water, Pennant says, they can run nimbly on their legs, and if alarmed can spring, and foremost, to a surprising distance as swiftly as a bird can fly. The fishermen can see them pass about ten yards, and by the rapidity of their motion, it is supposed that they may go much farther. When frightened they will spring from a considerable distance into their lurking-place in the rock, through an entrance barely wide enough for their bodies to pass, as is frequently seen by the fishermen near Scarborough.

#### EGGS.

The eggs of the albatross, or man of war bird (*Diomedea exulans*), are, as large as those of the goose, and have the singular property of their white not becoming hard by boiling.

The eggs of the lapwing (*limosa hiellus*) are the most delicate eggs which are known. The whites when boiled are semi-transparent.—They are usually sold in the London markets at three or four shillings a dozen. Lapwings

abound in Holland, and their eggs are much prized in that country. Valmont de Bomare, in his *Dictionnaire Universel d'Histoire Naturelle*, first printed in 1765, says that the Dutch do not scruple paying a ducat (9s. 6d.) for a couple when first in season.

The eggs of plovers are generally sold for those of lapwings in London. The eggs of all the various species of sea-gulls, are somewhat similar when boiled, but are not so delicate as those of the lapwing, or pewee, as it is sometimes called from its cry, of which that word is an imitation.

#### THE POISONABLE FROG

This frog (*rana exulenta*) is considerably larger than the common frog, and is found in plenty in Italy, France, and Germany. They are excessively voracious, frequently seizing young birds, and even mice, which, like the rest of their prey of snails, worms, &c. they swallow whole. Townson, in his travels in Hungary, in 1793, says:—“These poor creatures are brought from the country, thirty or forty thousand at a time, to Vienna, and sold to the great dealers, who have conservatories for them, which are large holes, four or five feet deep, dug in the ground, the mouth covered with a board, and in severe weather with straw. In these reservoirs, even during a hard frost, the frogs never become quite torpid. When taken out and placed on their backs, they are sensible of the change and have strength enough to turn themselves. They get together in heaps, one upon another instinctively, and thereby prevent the evaporation of their humidity, for no water is ever put to them. In Vienna, in 1793, there were only three great dealers; by whom those persons were supplied who brought them to market ready for the cook.”

These animals belong to the *amphibia* tribe, they have cold blood, and live occasionally both on land and in water. The other animals of this genus are tortoises and lizards. The *amphibia* are divided into two orders, reptiles, which we have just enumerated, and serpents. None of them chew their food, but all swallow it whole, and digest it leisurely.

The bull-frogs of America are from eight to twenty inches long from the nose to the hind feet. Their croaking resembles the hoarse bellowing of a bull. They leap three yards at once: they are edible, and have as much meat on them as a young fowl.

#### SKINS.

The common snake (*coluber natrix*) casts its skin in the spring; all serpents cast their

skins at certain periods, but the *snake* of this species has been more minutely examined than those of the others.

The slough of a large snake appeared as if turned wrong side outward, and as if drawn off backwards like a stocking or glove; not only the whole skin, but the scales from the very eyes were peeled off, and appeared in the head of the slough like a pair of spectacles: the convexity of the eyes was inward. On looking through the scales on the snake's eyes from the concave side, as the reptile used them, they lessened objects much. Thus it appears that snakes crawl out of the mouth of their own skins, and quit the tail part last, just as eels are skinned. While the scales of the eyes are loosening, and a new skin is forming, the animal is probably blind, and must feel its way in an uneasy situation.

The foregoing is taken from White's Naturalist's Calendar.

In the account of a voyage to the East Indies, under Admiral Anson, about the year 1670, it was observed that in one of the ships a cask half full of eggs, which stood uncovered in a cabin, was demolished without any discovery being made by whom and by what manner it was effected. At length, by constant watching, and peeping through holes in the partition, it was found that the thieves were rats. The method they took to get the eggs out of the cask was as follows:—A dozen or more large rats formed a company, three or four of these got into the cask, and one rat laid on his back, holding up his four legs like the pillars of a bed, and between these the other rats placed an egg on his belly. The difficulty was now how to get the rat and his egg out of the cask safe on the ground without breaking the egg, which difficulty they overcame in this way: one rat took the tail of the egg-carrier in his mouth, and his own tail was taken hold of in the same manner by another, and thus by as many rats as were sufficient to form as it were a chain up the inside and down the outside of the cask, and at the bottom four or five rats with united strength pulled the lowest rat till he touched ground, and continued to pull till they had hoisted the egg-carrier to the upper edge of the cask, and then a rat took hold of his ear in order to let him gently down, his own tail being held in the mouth of one of those which remained in the cask; and when he was safely landed, he was dragged, still on his back with the egg, into their hole: and this was repeated as long as they remained undisturbed.

In the neighbourhood of Plymouth there was, in 1722, a dog who daily carried food to

an old blind man, which lay hid in a thicket without the town, regularly on Sundays conveyed him to his master's house to dinner, and as regularly afterwards escorted him back to his covert.

Dr. Franklin found that ants had some means of communicating their thoughts, or desires, to one another. In a summer-house at the end of his garden, there happened to be a small earthen pot half full of treacle. This he found swarming with ants, which were quietly feasting on it. These he shook out except a single ant, and then suspended the pot tied to a string from the ceiling. The captive ant endeavoured to escape, and at last found out the way, by climbing up the string to the ceiling, and from thence down the wall to the ground, and into the garden. About half an hour after, a great swarm of ants came, ran up the wall, along the ceiling, and down the string into the pot. This continued till the treacle was devoured, one swarm coming down the string on one side at the same time that another swarm was going up on the other side.

Citizen Mavorrit, in his "Memoir on the Hospitaliers' Monastery, on Mount St. Bernard," in the year 1800, draws a parallel between the use which the monks who reside there make of their dogs' blood-hounds, remarkable for the fineness of their scent, which are bred to search for travellers who have lost their way in the snows, or are buried under the edges of *avalanches* (this word shall shortly be explained, and that which the Spaniards make of dog which were trained to tear the profligate Mexicans to pieces for the sake of their riches.

A German, in 1806, published a journey which he made over Mount St. Gothard to the Rottomala islands and Milan five years before. On this mountain, an hospital similar to that above mentioned, "in which the poor traveller used to be entertained gratuitously, is now merely a heap of ruins; the roof under which food, warmth, comfort and attendance awaited the weary, the benumbed, and the sick, was destroyed by the *modern heroes* to serve them for firewood. The number of those who formerly resorted hither to ask alms, amounted generally to four thousand in a year."

The author met in the *Fala Mare*, an old heretofore nobleman of what is now called the Kingdom of Italy, who did not hesitate to give to the French the appellation of *Fanals*. That there were some meritorious men among them, he allowed, but sarcastically added—*à peu, non tutti sono buoni, né buoni tutti*.

"It is true, not all are scoundrels, but a good part."—The pun in the Italian is not to be translated.

An *avalanche* is "a ball of snow which is blown down from the top of a mountain by the wind, or falls by some other accident; which, gathering all the way in its descent, becomes instantly of such a prodigious size, that there is hardly any avoiding being carried away with it, man and beast, and smothered in it. One of these balls we saw rolling down, but as it took another course than ours, we had no apprehensions of danger from it."

This explanation is taken from the account written by Baretto, of the passage over Mount Cenis, in the fourth volume of Sir Charles Grandison.

The following description was written on the Pyrenées, in the year 1788, by the author of the article about Bears and Eagles, inserted in the twenty-fourth Number of *Le Belle Assemblée*.

Lavanges or avalanches take place when the snow, falling in vast flakes, is agitated on the flank of the mountains by impetuous winds, which fold it on itself and condense it. At these times a species of balloons formed by the snow, is frequently precipitated, of which the bulk increases so greatly that even the rocks cannot arrest those prodigious masses in their redoubled fall.

Already the terrified inhabitant of the vallies conscious of his approaching destruction, and unable to flee from it, presages the disaster from the horrible hissing noise which attends it. He is often the victim before he is struck. Whole forests have been rooted up, houses, and even entire villages completely overturned and swept away before the immediate shock of the lavange, by the explosion of the forcibly compressed air.

Several chests of goods which were in the cellar of a house thus raised, were burst open by the explosion and hauled into the street. It was seen with wonder that part of the effects contained in them, were cast on the opposite mountain, to the height of sixty feet above the base. It was also observed that the house was

overthrown some little time before the mass of snow and the shock reached it.

When these masses, driven on declivities, proceeded and followed by the ruins which they drag along, happen to melt in the vallies, not the least vestiges of the inhabitants or their flocks remain: every thing is annihilated, or at least buried under the ruins of the mountain, which often fill up the straits or narrow passages, to a considerable height.

The lavanges are however not constantly so destructive: every thing depends on the locality; they sometimes only form snow bridges over torrents. In the highest regions there are some which last for ages.

These snow-balls are not always formed by hurricanes; they are sometimes produced in calm weather. A single stone casually tumbled from a summit, is enough to cause great devastation in an instant. When the mantle of snow on the mountains begins to condense, the natives dread the least breath of wind, the least vibration; they fear even the noise of the waters. The traveller dares not crack his whip. The shepherds hardly venture to breathe, they moderate the march of their flocks, and take off the bells from the weathers, so much do they dread shaking the atmosphere.

In the rank of avalanches the natives place the overflowing of lakes, especially when they fall one into the other: but then the destruction is no longer partial, the whole canton is threatened.

Those lakes which are situated on the mountains at an elevation of a thousand or twelve hundred fathoms freeze early. When the surface of the lake is frozen over, it sustains the snows and icicles which perpetually keep falling into that large funnel. Here they heap up in a pyramidal form, and this heavy mass, when the borders of its floor melt, displacing a quantity of water equal to its enormous bulk, occasions an inundation which continues fourteen or fifteen hours: so that strangers at Barege are surprised to see in the finest summer-days, the little river Bastan swell suddenly and that without any previous tempest.

## THE BRAZILIAN EMPIRE.

## EMIGRATION OF THE PORTUGUESE TO THE BRAZILS.

MR. EDITOR,

In the eventful age in which we live, perhaps no event has arisen, more glorious in the conception that gave it birth, or more useful in the consequences that must flow from it, than the emigration of the Court of Lisbon to the capital of the Portuguese colonies. New things in a new world—Such was the pithy prophecy of Mr. Burke, respecting the result of the crisis in which Europe was placed by the French Revolution. Every day tends to unfold the prophecy; and the emigration of the Portuguese Court may not be among the minor incidents that tend to its accomplishment. So connected is this event with the feelings, the interests, and the honour of the British nation, that we cannot look upon any thing that touches this pregnant subject, without an anxiety to communicate it to the public. Under that impression we have the pleasure of laying before our readers the following particulars respecting Rio Janeiro, (the future seat of government of the House of Braganza) and all the bearings of its physical and political situation, which we do so more confidently, as we know the memoir we are proceeding to publish, is, upon these matters, the result of accurate observation and of pertinent enquiry. It is taken from the journal kept by a gentleman, who was every way qualified to undertake such a task.

The approach to the harbour of Rio Janeiro is marked by a number of hills of various forms and heights, and a profusion of small islands. Its entrance on the left, or west point, is distinguished by a high inaccessible mountain, nearly resembling in shape a sugar-loaf, which it is called. On the right, or east point of the bay, and nearly opposite the Sugar-loaf, there is a strong fort called Santa Cruz, to defend the entrance, which mounts from forty to fifty guns. The distance from this fort to the foot of the Sugar-loaf may be about one thousand yards, the height of the Sugar-loaf itself is probably nine hundred or a thousand feet; a high hill within Santa Cruz, and on the same side, is fortified. Another fort, called Fort Sozia, on the west or opposite side presents itself, and a chain of fortifications all along the harbour from the entrance to the town, show how anxious the Portuguese have been to secure it against an attack by sea, and it is yet to be ascertained whether it is possible to

get on shore without the harbour and to approach it by land.

Rio Janeiro, on the coast of Brazil and continent of South America, is situated in 22 deg. 51 min. 10 sec south latitude, and 42 deg. 43 min. 45 sec west longitude. It is so called from a river of South America, which rises in the mountains west of Brazil, and, running east through that country, falls into the Atlantic Ocean near the city of the same name. It is the principal of the Portuguese settlements in South America, and is governed by a Viceroy, whose power is absolute. The harbour is very deep and spacious, capable of containing the largest fleet. On each side are mountains covered with vegetation; many of them, especially on the side next the town, or St. Sebastian, (so called from the name of its titular patron,) with churches and other buildings on their summits, which give them a very lively and pleasing appearance. Immediately opposite to the town the harbour may be about two miles and a half broad; of the town itself it may be said that it is regular and tolerably well built. The Viceroy's palace has no grandeur equal to the idea one is led to form from his power and authority; on the contrary, it strikes one on comparison as mean and insignificant. The skirts of the town are beautiful and on the south-west side there is a fine spacious plain called the Campo, which is used as exercising ground for the cavalry. Beef, mutton, and poultry, are to be had here; the former cheap, the latter very dear—beef less than 2d. per pound, a sheep 10s. turkey 5s. fowl 2s. 6d. duck 3s. Fruit is in a great plenty, especially oranges, with which every garden in the country abounds. Here is a tolerable market, constantly supplied with vams, salad, rice, &c.; few pine-apples are to be procured at this season, which is their spring; their hottest summer months being November, December, and January: even now the thermometer is generally at 72 or 73, and the middle of the day is extremely close and sultry, especially before the sea-breeze sets in, which it generally does from ten to twelve o'clock and continues till sun-set. The Portuguese wisely keep within doors in the day-time, and the women are never seen in the streets until the evening, when they have their parties, tea-drinkings, &c. &c. There are many churches, and five principal convents, in Rio Janeiro;

three of the latter for men, called the Carmelites, Benedictines, and Franciscans, and two for females, St. Theresa and St. Juda. The convent of St. Antonio is complete in all its parts, and the monks appear to live very comfortably and in good fellowship. The church, and private chapels which are very numerous, are handsomely decorated. We heard grand mass performed on the occasion of the anniversary of the founder of the order, St. Francis, and experienced great civilities and attention from the monks. The music was good, and composed by an old Portuguese, resident at Rio, and the performance by no means contemptible. Our conductor was a monk, born at Exeter, of English parents, their name Bander, and spoke the English language tolerably, considering that he had been estranged from his native country since the age of eleven. He is at present called Domiango de Nazareth, and appears to be well respected by his brethren. By him we were introduced to the superior, a man of a very engaging presence, who was held in great veneration by the monks for his kindness and benevolence. His power expired on the day of our visit, a new superior being elected every three years; and as he owes his situation to the good opinion of the monks of his order, by whom he is regularly ballotted, this circumstance is at once a guard to themselves against his tyranny, and a proof of the estimation in which he is held by his brethren. The convent contains 160 monks of the order of St. Francis, who are very comfortably lodged in different cells: the library belonging to it is spacious, and well filled. Amongst other things, it contains a copy of Latin verses, composed and presented to the convent by Mr. Meir (who had touched here in his way to Botany Bay), as a mark of his gratitude for the kindness he experienced, in which he laments his hard destiny in being driven from his native country. The water supplied to the town is brought from the hills through an aqueduct, which, between the mountains on which the convents of St. Theresa and Antonia are built, is supported by a double row of forty arches about fifty feet high, that have a very grand and pleasing appearance; the water is conveyed to a fountain at the foot of the steps leading to the convent of St. Antonio, and afterwards to the great fountain in the centre of the square near the Viceroy's palace at which all the ships are supplied, and the inhabitants of course apply to that, which is the nearest to their habitations.

Rio Janeiro produces excellent coffee; but the cocoa and chocolate are considered by the  
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inhabitants of an inferior kind. It is extraordinary that butter is not to be purchased, and milk very scarce, as the cattle are large, and pasture plentiful. The Guinea grass is every where cultivated, and is excellent fodder. The horses bred here, are small and active. The carriages used by the inhabitants are a kind of cabriolet, drawn by two mules, resembling that described in the third volume of *Ed. Blas*, and generally used in Spain. These carriages may be hired by strangers, to enable them to go a few miles into the country. The roads are tolerable, and scented with houses and gardens, some of which are neat and pretty; and being romantically situated between the hills, which are scattered every where in great profusion, and in various shapes, form altogether a scene highly gratifying to a stranger.

In the Campo before mentioned a spacious building was erected for bull-fights, capable of containing four or five thousand spectators. Its form is octagonal, the two long sides about one hundred, and the six small sides about fifty yards each, and in the centre is a handsome box, or apartment for the Viceroy, his family, and attendants, opposite which are seats for the music, trumpets, &c. From the idea I have formed of the knights of Rio Janeiro, I should not expect much gallantry or heroism, and probably their bulls are as tame as themselves.

The natural jealousy of the Portuguese would render them cautious of giving to foreigners any information regarding the state and number of their troops, the situation and extent of their arms, &c. added to which we had to encounter an impediment no less insurmountable, which was total ignorance of their language. On the subject of their military force at Rio Janeiro, it appeared that there were five regiments of infantry for its defence, each consisting of seven companies, which at one hundred men per company, amounted to 3500 men. Three of these regiments were originally from Europe, but not having been supplied with any recruits from Portugal since their first establishment at this place, near twenty-four years ago, and the casualties having been supplied with creoles, or the children of the Portuguese settlers, must have considerably degenerated both in spirit and discipline, and are hardly to be distinguished from the two regiments of Rio, which are composed of the European inhabitants, and may be denominated the militia of the place. The corps of artillery is said to consist of a Colonel, Lieut. and Colonel, Major, and 1000 men; besides which there is a small body of cavalry, whose principal duty



is to attend on the Viceroy. There is also a provincial regiment of native Americans employed as guards over the slaves at Rio and the mines; this statement is exclusive of the force stationed in the interior of the country, of which I could not obtain any information.

The town appears to be populous, and the shops well filled, particularly the druggists, which seems to corroborate the apparent unhealthiness of the climate at particular seasons. A great number of miserable and diseased objects appear in every quarter, and even among the better sort, we see legs swelled to an enormous size, from a disorder incident to this place, and produced no doubt by the excessive heat and want of due circulation. The mechanics carry on their respective trades in distinct parts of the town, each having its separate street.

The fortifications commenced in 1778 are more numerous than respectable; and from what I could judge, at a distance of the artillery mounted on them, it did not appear to be in the best state for service.

The work of the mines, and all ordinary labour is performed by African slaves, chiefly brought from Angola. The government, it is said, import from ten to twelve thousand (Captain Cook says forty thousand) annually, to supply the deficiencies arising from the hardship and unhealthiness of the work in which they are employed.

An inquisition is established at Rio, which is said to perform its functions with great severity, and some courts of justice; but the superior court, or that of appeals, is settled at St. Salvador, which was originally the seat of government, but by some accident it was omitted to transfer that court to Rio with the superior power in 1771.

The custom of all officers going to the Viceroy's palace every day vide Captain Cook, still continues, as well as the practice of sending guardboats, with an officer and six or seven men to every ship in the harbour. The inhabitants are very civil to strangers, and those dressed in a military uniform are particularly respected. On our first landing it was usual to have a soldier to walk after us, but this ceremony was soon laid aside, and we had cause to regret it, especially when the ladies were in company, as our military attendant was not only useful in keeping off the negroes whom curiosity drew round us in such numbers as to be perfectly troublesome, but in our dealings in the markets and with the inhabitants, as well as in settling the hire of our chaises, &c. he took care that we should not be imposed on, on which account we frequently applied for a

serjeant to attend us, and found them uniformly respectful and useful.

The Portuguese reckon their money in rees, an imaginary coin, twenty of which make a copper piece called a vintia, and sixteen vintias a pettack, or two English shillings. Silver coin has lost its value here, and dollars will be found the most passable money; even this is only 4s 7½d or 50 rees.

The name of the present Viceroy is Don Pedro de Castro, Count de Pezenda; he enjoys very sufficient health, and his disorder being nervous, he has the character of being in general of a peevish and unaccommodating disposition. The Viceroy has two aids-de-camp, as they are termed, adjutants of order, who are constantly waiting at the palace. One of these officers is the Viceroy's son, the other the Colonel of artillery; and there is besides an officer constantly from this camp, whose business is to see the orders of the Viceroy executed, and to report whatever occurrences may happen. The established salary of the Viceroy is said to be 12,000*l* a year, but his patronage is very extensive and lucrative, and there is every reason to suppose that it is turned to the best account; so that even a moderate Viceroy may in a few years acquire an immense fortune. The Viceroy is Captain-General of all the troops, Admiral of the fleet in South America, &c. and also Chief Judge, which gives him an influence that does not by any means procure to the inhabitant an equal distribution of justice. The predecessor of the present Viceroy, it is reported, amassed the sum of nearly two millions sterling in less than three years.

It appears, notwithstanding the idea of hidden dangers politically held out by the Portuguese pilots, &c. that the harbour of Rio Janeiro may be entered by a person who before was a perfect stranger to it, without the least risk; the Rodney's boat had five fathoms close to Santa Cruz, and the Henry Dundas, in working out, tacked so near this fort and the Sugar fort on the opposite side, as to convince us that the entrance, as well as the interior part of the harbour is perfectly safe. In the middle of the bay, where we were at anchor, there were nineteen fathoms, and excellent ground, and we never could, less than eight in all our working, coming into or going out of the harbour. Captain Cook says there are sunken rocks off each fort (Santa Cruz and Sesia), and that in this port alone there is danger. The distance between the forts he reckons about three quarters of a mile, and remarks that the narrowness of the channel causes the tides to ebb and flow with consider-

able strength, and that they cannot be passed without a fresh breeze. He advises keeping in the middle of the channel.

Rio Janeiro is the emporium and principal staple of the rich produce of the Brazils. The mines, which are called general, are the nearest to the city, being about seventy-five leagues distant. They annually bring in to the King, for his fifth part, at least one hundred and twelve arghas of gold; in 1792, they brought in a hundred and nineteen; under the government of the general mines are comprehended those of Rodas Mortes, of Sabara, and of Sero Frig. The last place, besides gold, produces all the diamonds that come from the Brazils. They are in the bed of a river, which is led aside in order afterwards to separate the diamonds, topazes, chrysolites, and other stones of inferior goodness, from the pebbles among which they lie.

All their stones, diamonds excepted, are not contraband: they belong to the possessors of the mines; but they are obliged to give a very exact account of the diamonds they find: and to put them into the hands of a surveyor, whom the King appoints for this purpose. The surveyor immediately deposits them in a little casket, covered with plates of iron, and locked up by three locks; he has one of the keys, the Viceroy the other, and the Procurador de Hacienda Real, the third. This casket is inclosed in another, on which are the seals of the three persons above mentioned, and which contains the three keys to the first. The Viceroy is not allowed to visit its contents; he only places the whole in a third coffer, chases which he takes out of it, and pays their price to the possessors of the mines, according to a tariff mentioned in their charter.

The possessors of the mines pay the value of a Spanish piastre, or dollar per day, to his Most Faithful Majesty, for every slave sent out to seek diamonds; the number of these slaves amount to eight hundred. Of all the contraband trades, that of the diamond is most severely punished. If the smuggler is poor, he loses his life; if his riches are sufficient to satisfy what the law exacts, besides the confiscation of the diamonds, he is condemned to pay double their value, to be imprisoned for one year, and then exiled for life to the coast of Africa. Notwithstanding this severity, the smuggling trade with diamonds, even the most beautiful kind, is very extensive; so great is the hope and facility of hiding them, on account of the little room they take up.

All the gold which is got out of the mines cannot be sent to Rio Janeiro, without being previously brought into the houses established in each district, where the part belonging to the crown is taken. What belongs to private persons is returned to them in wedges, with their weight, their number, and the king's arms stamped upon them. All the gold is assayed by a person appointed for that purpose, and on each wedge or ingot, the alloy of the gold is marked, that it may afterwards be easy to bring them all to the same alloy for the coinage.

The arrival of the fleets that come from Portugal, and especially of that from Lisbon, renders the commerce of Rio Janeiro very flourishing. The fleet from Oporto is laden only with wines, brandy, vinegar, victuals, and some coarse cloths, manufactured in and about that town. As soon as the fleets arrive, all the goods they bring are conveyed to the Custom-house, where they pay a duty of ten per cent to the King. It must be observed that the communication between the colony of Santo Sacramento and Buenos Ayres being entirely cut off at present, that duty must be considerably lessened; for the greatest part of the most precious merchandises which arrived from Europe were sent from Rio Janeiro to that colony, from whence they were smuggled through Buenos Ayres to Peru and Chili. In short, the mines of the Brazils produce no silver, and all which the Portuguese receive come from this smuggling trade. The negro trade was another immense object; the loss which the almost entire suppression of this branch of contraband trade occasions cannot be calculated. This branch alone employed at least thirty coasting vessels between the Brazils and Rio de la Platy.

The mines of S. Paulo and Paragua pay the King four arrobas as his fifth in common years. The most distant mines, which are those of Pracaton and Quibab, depend upon the government of Matagrosso.

All the expences of the King of Portugal at Rio Janeiro, for the payment of the troops and civil officers, the carrying on of the mines, keeping the public buildings in repair, and refitting of ships, amount to about six hundred thousand piastres. I do not speak of the expence he may be at in constructing ships of the line and frigates, which he has lately begun to do.

F II

THE RIDICULOUS DISTRESS.

Among La Fontaine's tales in verse, first published in 1684, is one entitled *Le Gascon Puni*. This is told in prose in one of the numbers of the *Tatler* (1709), with the motto,—*Anguillam cauda tenes*—T. D'Urfy,

"You hold an eel by the tail."

And about forty years after, it was versified and printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

In the year 1770, this same story, but with some variations, was printed in Ireland, and as it has not yet appeared here, we shall present it to our readers, inviting them to peruse previously the above mentioned tales, and also another of the same kind, inserted in the *Speaker*, first published in 1711, with this motto,

*Magnus est veritas*

*Inconveniens.* KING GEORGE III. V. 90

"In vain he burns, like hasty stubble fires"  
— DRYDEN.

This refers to a gentleman between two ladies. Our story is as follows—

*Tu necis inanis jactas, spectat et inde sonant,*

*Nec satis erat unum est corpus an aqua torrens*

— OVID.

"I lay without life's animating spring,

"A dull, enervate, worthless, lumpy thing."

Don Carlos, an accomplished gentleman, but of slender fortune, had a long time paid his addresses to a lady of great wit and beauty, and was shortly to have been joined to her in marriage, had not her parents, from mercenary views and the allurements of a title, married her to an old nobleman, who had a magnificent seat on the banks of the river Pisuerga, near Valladolid. About a year after the marriage she wrote a letter to her former lover, signifying how much she regretted having been married to the old Count, but that she still retained her love for him and always should; she also informed him that her husband had just set out on a long journey, and desired him to come at a time which she appointed, to a particular place near her house, accompanied only by his friend Don Alfonso. Don Carlos was so surprised and delighted on the receipt of this letter, that at first he looked on the whole as a dream, but recovering a little from his transports, and knowing the hand-writing, he repaired to his friend, and they both went at night to the place appointed.

They had not been long there when, about

eleven o'clock, an old woman came up, and desired them to follow her. The night was dark, and she conveyed them with great privacy into an apartment in the palace, where the Countess presently made her appearance, and received them with great demonstrations of joy. After a few short compliments, she addressed the companion of Don Carlos thus: "Don Alfonso, the time we have to enjoy this meeting can be but short, I know the friendship which binds you to Don Carlos, and this obliges me to request your favour from you. The Count, my husband, in consequence of being taken ill on the road, is returned before he had finished his journey, and being much fatigued is gone to bed, where I have left him fast asleep; but as he may possibly wake, and stretch out an arm or a leg towards my part of the bed, and not finding me there, I should run the greatest danger of being detected; all I desire is, that while Don Carlos and I are entertaining one another with a little chat, which cannot be above a quarter of an hour, you will be so good as to go to bed in my place; and I assure you that you will run no sort of risk, for the old gentleman seldom wakes in the night, and if he does, he turns himself and immediately falls again to sleep."

The rest of the story is told by Don Alfonso as follows:—"What a terrible quiet was this of the Countess, to put myself in such imminent danger! However, as I considered that my refusal would carry all the marks of pusillanimity, and be inconsistent with the obligations of friendship that subsisted between Don Carlos and me, I told her she might dispose of me as she pleased, but I begged she would not keep me long in that dangerous situation, as I engaged in it merely for thence takes. They both promised that they would not keep me there above an hour at most.

"The Countess then put one of her own bed-gowns and night-caps on me, and led me to her bed-chamber, where she made me go to bed, and then retired. There was not the least glimmering of light, all was dark and silent. I fixed myself on the bed-post, where I remained without so much as stirring a finger, not a quarter, nor a half, but five whole hours; in short, till it was just day. Let any person fancy himself in my situation for such a long time. What care that I should not be known! what dread of being discovered! the course

quence of which would have probably been instant death; for though I might have been able to cope with the old Count, how could I, naked and unarmed, escape from his numerous domestics?

"But these were not all my sufferings, for Don Carlos and the Countess talked and laughed at times so loudly that I could hear their noise, which made me continually dread the Count might hear them too; and in the situation I was in, I could not communicate my fears to them. I was quite enraged at their indiscretion.

"At length, finding the day coming on apace, they came, hand in hand, into the room with a light, flitting and skipping, and making a noise with their feet as well as with their tongues. I now began to imagine that they were become intoxicated and mad with pleasure, so that I grew concerned for their misfortune as well as my own, as the injury and the punishment would light upon us all three.

"In this state of apprehension I had a thousand schemes in my head, none of which could be of the least service to me. In the midst of this conflict they came to the bed side, and the Countess drew back the curtain.

"I was now quite beside myself, and would have fled, had I known whither; but I was quickly relieved from my apprehensions, for the Countess, lifting up the bed-clothes, showed me that I had by my side, not the old Count, but a lovely young lady, a sister of her's.

"My shame and confusion were so great at the trick that had been played upon me, that I was not able to speak a word, nor knew what to do, but bounce up in my shift, and run to look for my clothes."

We do not ourselves believe a word of Don Alfonso's narrative; because, as his bed fellow was in the secret, she would hardly have re-trapped from a little chat with him, in the manner her sister was engaged with Don Carlos, and it does not appear that he deserves any punishment.—The epilogue motto might be,

*Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*

"If it be not true, it is well found."

We give the preference to the *Spectator's* story of the poor swathed and unmercifully tantalized Monsieur de Pontignau.

## ON PLURALITY OF WIVES;

WITH ORIGINAL REMARKS ON THE TREATMENT OF TURKISH WOMEN.

THE Baron de Tott, a Hungarian, after having been educated in Paris, was sent, in 1755, as engineer to Constantinople; he there acquired the Turkish language, and was some years after appointed ambassador from France to the Cham of Tartary. He remained in Turkey, and in various parts of Asia, twenty-three years; and in 1784, his memoirs were published at Amsterdam, in the French language. From the introduction to these memoirs, the following authentic account of the Turkish ladies is given:—

Of what import is it to humanity that a private person, to whom fortune and the prejudices of his country permit the free enjoyment of forty women, collects and keeps them together? This picture only invites us to bewail the group of unhappy victims; and we may, without examination, warrant that they are not thus gathered without feeling some impatience.

I shall endeavour to remedy the disorder of the notions we have about them, by making some observations on the plurality of wives, on their manner of existing in that sad kind of society, and on the abuses which result from this very association.

The Koran, which unites religious worship, morality, civil and criminal law, and which, allowing the right of interpretation attributed to the judges, provides for every thing, restrains the Turks to four wives (*Nikahs*); but marriage with Mahometans is only a civil act, a contract passed before the tribunal of the judge, who, in this case, only does the business of a notary. The dowry, as well as the household goods, are inventoried in that act. These are returned in case of repudiation: the act is called *Nikah*.

Another kind of marriage similarly fixes the sum of the reprisals, and at the same time marks the period of the separation. This con-

tract is termed *Kapin*, and is, properly speaking, only a bargain made between the parties, to live together for such a sum during such a time.\*

Another law, called *Namaken*, forbids nubile girls and women to show their faces uncovered to any man than their husband. This law is certainly not favourable to marriages from inclination. A Turk thus espouses the daughter or widow of his neighbour, without knowing her; he can only determine himself by the report of his own wives, or of go-betweens.

We need only consider a moment to perceive that the *Namaken* law cannot be so scrupulously observed by the lower class of women, who act, as by those who are in easy circumstances, and remain idle. A tradesman can then sometimes use his eyes to direct his choice, when the want of fortune annuls, as to him, the right of plurality.

Misfortune is generally followed by its indemnification: only the abuse of good fortune is deprived of it.

The plurality of wives belongs to this last case: who is he that can afford them?

Excepting those who are in trade, and who, rich by their economy, ought to be excluded from fastuous people, the Turks only attain to opulence by their employments; thence they obtain only by favour of the great, who have risen by the same means. Their fortune consists in capitals which their avidity accumulates, which terror buries, which luxury dissipates, and which are casually renewed. The uncertainty of their situation also adds to their ardour for acquiring and for dissipating.

The Turks seldom leave large fortunes to their children. Sums sufficiently considerable to form shares, would be enough to excite the avidity of the sovereign; he would find, in the manner in which they were acquired, sufficient pretexts to seize them.

A Turk, then, is generally not rich enough

\* When a single man is permitted to possess forty women, and to keep them under lock and key, the thirty-nine men who, by this unequal partition, are deprived of the sweetest consolation afforded to humanity, deserve likewise some regard. It is every where seen that a law, which thwarts nature, is soon followed by another law that disavows the first. Thence the *Kapin* marriages, the asylums in favour of debtors, the hospitals for foundlings. Governments resemble those mad gamblers who are perpetually at variance, but never mend.

to maintain a harem, till by his patron's favour he has risen to employments of great authority, and which authority becomes lucrative in proportion to the abuse which he makes of it.

Till then, confounded in the throng of young men, who from the same ambitious motive are attached to the same master, reduced to live with men only, drawn on by the fury of his passions, separated from women, annihilated by their vicinity, if he must yield to nature, he can only swear from it.

It is already evident, that the Turkish women, such as can be procured without marrying them, and who cannot be known before, are equally reduced to live among themselves. What must their education be? Born in opulence, they are either daughters of a legitimate wife, or daughters of a slave who may have been in momentary favour. Their brothers and sisters may have had different mothers, who did not differ from the other slaves kept in the same house. Without any other occupation than the jealousy, which animates them against each other, scarcely knowing how to read and write, and reading nothing but the Koran; exposed in stove-baths to all the inconveniences of a forced, and too frequently repeated transpiration, which destroys the freshness of the skin, and the grace of the contours, even before they are nubile; indignant from pride, and often humbled by perceiving the uselessness of the means employed in their presence to please their proprietor. Lastly, destined to the same lot, without hope of better success. What comfort can such women dispense to the man who marries them? But he has not counted on them for his happiness; let us see whether he has more justly calculated the advantages of multiplying his slaves, whom he has the right to choose, whom he may espouse without formality, and whom he has the more precious power of alienating.

This is the proper place to give clear ideas of the Georgian and Circassian slaves, whose beauty is so celebrated. It may, perhaps, be of more importance to determine the laws of slavery in Turkey, and men are already guilty

\* Harem never means any thing but the women's apartment, the enclosure which contains them; this must not be confounded with seraglio, which means only palace. All the rich Turks have a harem, the Vizier himself has no seraglio. Ambassadors from crowned heads have a seraglio, but no harem. The Grand Seigneur has both.

enough, without adding to their enormities by a vague and ill-founded opinion.

Neither the Turks, the Greeks, the Armenians, nor the Jews, are subject to any natural slavery. The despotism of the Sultan cannot seize on a girl, with whatever passion she might inspire her sovereign; and although the Grecian blood still presents forms singular to those which served as models to Praxiteles, the Turkish annals have not hitherto furnished any example of such atrocity.

Georgia and Circassia are not more subject to slavery than any other province more immediately under the dominion of the Grand Seigneur; but the right of war supplies the defect of the natural right. It has procured many thousands of slaves, taken by the Chans of Tartary, in Servia and Moldavia, without any regard to the sovereignty of the Grand Seigneur. Any province in Turkey that revolts, is given over to pillage, and its inhabitants are reduced to slavery. This is the public right of all Asia, and it is on such famous principles that half the world is still governed, and that Georgia and Circassia provide for the slave-markets in Constantinople.

The incursions of the Lesghi Tartars constantly supply them. These Tartars are situated between the Caspian Sea and the Black Sea, between Georgia and Circassia, and are always at war with the people of those two provinces; they send the slaves they have made to the eastern side of the Black Sea, and there sell them to Turkish merchants, who resort thither by sea at stated times. The inhabitants of that coast likewise forcibly steal their countrymen and women from the neighbouring villages, in the way of trade. We are assured that fathers and mothers sometimes sell their children there.

A country which is colder from its mountains than from its latitude, people so miserable as to sell their own children, so ill governed as to steal those of others, so feeble as to yield to the rapine of strangers, do not announce any sort of inquiry or of education. The children, then, are the only slaves whose beauty may be attended to. The avarice of the merchant endeavours to increase the value of his slave, by having her taught a few agreeable accomplishments; indecent dancing, accompanied by eastants, raises her price considerably.

Lady Montague assures us, that those dances are voluptuous. I have seen every thing of the kind in its utmost perfection; but I have no terms to describe them, and I shall never use those of voluptuousness to paint them.

I may, however, add, that the dancing-girls in Turkey are despised; and a slave who by that talent may have first pleased her master, soon ceases to exercise it. Thus they are only employed to revive and stimulate automata; beauty is not sufficient, indecency succeeds better. Grace, vivacity, and expression alone seduce, and do not need any regularity of features; whilst profound ignorance and neglect of decency render beauty itself insipid.

I have been convinced by my Turkish friends, that excepting some new slave, who may for a while pique their curiosity, the harem only inspired them with disgust. Numbers of Turks never set foot in it, but to restore tranquillity, when the superintending eunuchs cannot succeed: but, although riot is severely punished, its causes cannot be destroyed. That disorder, proceeding from the constraint of such a number of women shut up together, is the second result of the law which establishes plurality. Nature, equally thwarted in the two sexes, must lead them equally astray.

In an assemblage of women, who are constantly under the observation of their companions, causes them not even to attempt to dissimulate their likings, nor their jealousy, they must only conceal their quarrel. Too happy still, if nature, calmed, stifled, and deceived, does not impel them to escape from their prison in pursuit of the reality: but of these excesses, they are always the victims.

Notwithstanding the constraint in which Turkish wives are accustomed to live, it must nevertheless not be thought that they cannot send their slaves on errands, and go out themselves to purchase what they require. I know no Turk who deprives them of that liberty; they even frequently walk out together, and visit other harems. In this case, the strict rule would oblige the Turk, to whose wives the visit is paid, not to enter his harem whilst strange women are there; but how many means has he not of evading the law; and if the parties are agreed, who is to complain?

If the streets be full of women, who go and come freely about their business; if the closest harems often open to let their flocks take a walk, we must not conclude, with Lady Montague, that gallant intrigues are carried on in the shops, where women sometimes stop; they would there be easily observed. It is only in the country, or on the most remote sea coasts, that debauchery seeks an asylum, stanning itself to the danger of being discovered by the guards who ferret into the most hidden lurking-places.

The Bostandgi Bachi, whose power extends several leagues round the residence of the Grand Seigneur, has the inspection over those pretended gallant intignes; he acts in these cases as a lieutenant of police, he derives from them the chief profits of his office, and from them likewise there results the most terrible abuses.

The word Sultan (pronounced Soultan) is only a title reserved to the Ottoman princes, sons of the Grand Seigneur; no idea of sove-

reign authority is attached to it in Turkey or Tartary, although Soudan is in Egypt substituted for King. The title of Kam belongs exclusively to the sovereign of the Tartars; it is equivalent to that of Shah, which signifies King with the Persians. Among the slaves of the seraglio, she who becomes the mother of a Sultan, and who lives to see her son on the throne, is the only woman who at that only time acquires the title of Sultana Valide (Sultan mother).

### ACCOUNT OF A SPANISH PLAY.

*Extract of a Letter from Madrid, giving an account of a Spanish Play, entitled "La Monja Concienca acasa," (Remorse of Conscience). By D. Augustin Morato.*

It must not be an indifferent task for a Spanish author to compose a play, when he does not confine himself to historical facts. No sooner has he taken up the pen, than his imagination becomes progressively heated till at last it mounts to such a height that his laborious efforts must inevitably affect his health, and even shorten his existence. I look upon the drama, which I am about to describe, as the delirium of a disordered brain. Yet the style is animated, and the descriptions in some parts sublime; an author cannot be sufficiently praised when he is excellent, nor sufficiently blamed when he openly disregards common sense. The following are the principal characters:—*The Duke of Parma, Carlos, Henriquez, Tuso, Margarita, Estella.*

The opening is interesting. The Duke of Parma, the usurper of his nephew Carlos' state, has placed him in a small domain, where this youth lives with his sister Estella, like a philosopher wholly void of ambition. The tyrant confides little in this tranquillity, and his remorse begets suspicion.

He goes to the chase on his nephew's domain, and sends Henriquez, his relation, to sound the young recluse and penetrate his secret designs. The Duke is accompanied by his daughter Margarita, who, having strayed in pursuit of a bird, meets Carlos, and is much struck by his figure. Henriquez, on his side, falls in love with Estella. Carlos' sister, of whom he has caught a glance by a similar chance, and these four personages feel a reciprocal passion for each other. The plan is already made, and the author must conclude by these two weddings; but we are curious to discover by what means they are to be brought about.

Henriquez acquits himself of his commission, though Carlos appears to be really totally

insensible to grandeur; at first he allows a few disdainful words to escape his lips, but when Henriquez endearments to sound him, he appears to be more upon his guard.

He assists at a fête which the villagers give in honour of his sister Estella. This fair maid, occupied with the image of Henriquez, whom she has seen while hunting, becomes thoughtful, and finds the spot where they dwell ill suited for a fête. Carlos obligingly offers to conduct her to the borders of a charming river; and scarcely have they proceeded a few steps before they are most opportunely met by Henriquez. She has not, however, the courage to remain, but when departing says to her attendants: "How delightful is now the spot which I am leaving!" Henriquez takes Carlos aside, and reveals to him that he is related to the Duke of Parma, of whom, as well as himself, he has to complain; he adds, that having discovered who he is, and that he merits a more exalted station, has been the cause of his wishing to converse with him.

*Carlos.* I complain! you are mistaken. The Duke is too just to do you the smallest injury. It was you whom I saw just now with the Princess. It was to me a subject of much astonishment to see her hunting in these parts.

*Henriquez.* She is passionately fond of the chase.

*Carlos.* She is a prodigy of beauty.

*Henriquez.* I am waiting for her attendants to assemble, in order to conduct her back to court.

*Carlos.* I should feel much honoured if this rude spot could afford you some refreshment.

*Henriquez.* Although the spot is rude your possessions seem to be considerable.

*Carlos.* Those who wish for nothing have always enough.

*Henriquez.* I am surprised that the Duke should reduce such a man as you are to a state of mediocrity.

*Carlos.* I am the happier; in a higher station I should be more likely to experience misfortune; the reed will escape the same wind that overthrows the mighty oak, and I ought to be grateful to the Duke for securing me from similar dangers.

*Henriquez.* What, you do not reflect on the injury he is committing towards you?

*Carlos.* I think only of enjoying this peaceful retreat, where I possess all the comforts and luxuries of a palace. That fountain serves me for a mirror, this green turf is to me more delightful than the most splendid sofas, and this oak is preferable to the most magnificent canopy; none of these decay, they are yearly renewed without any expense; these possessions, which are not subject to the vicissitudes of fortune, are far dearer to me than those which you think I should regret.

*Henriquez.* What, you do not long to triumph over his rapacious cruelty?

*Carlos.* All my wishes are limited to the enjoyment of this rural spot, which has never deceived me.

*Henriquez.* Is it possible so far to forget that you were born to reign?

*Carlos.* It is but a vain dream; of all these vanities what does a man really require?—Food and clothing. Why then should I wish to possess frivolities which I could not enjoy?

*Henriquez.* How, do you not then think your exile an outrage?

*Carlos.* On the contrary —

*Carlos* continues to moralize in this style for some time, but with a few points which are not much to our taste.

*Henriquez* returns to the Duke, and relates the above conversation. The suspicious tyrant fancies he can discover something mysterious hidden beneath *Carlos*' apparent tranquillity, and orders him to be brought to him that he may interrogate him himself. He is conducted to the palace accompanied by *Tirso*, his *gracioso* (fool), who asks him to explain to him the subjects of the tapestry. *Carlos* shows him *Thalia*, inspiring poets. "That is then the reason why she is represented naked," replies the *gracioso*. *Henriquez* asks *Carlos*' opinion of the magnificent furniture.

*Carlos.* I should admire much more had I not, on my way hither, met so many miserable creatures covered with rags.

*Henriquez.* What have they to do with my question?

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*Carlos.* Humanity sufficiently explains it; it appears to me very unjust that walls should be so splendidly covered while men are allowed to remain naked.

*Margaretta*, who is listening to this conversation (for in Spanish plays there is always somebody *al piano* behind the tapestry), becomes more warmly attached to the young stoic who speaks of riches with a sovereign contempt.

The Duke enters, accompanied by his daughter, the sight of whom confuses *Carlos* so much that he can scarcely find words to answer the Duke; but (according to the Spanish custom) *Tirso*, his fool, says a thousand extravagances. *Carlos*, however, recovers himself, and says to the Duke, who has offered him a post in the palace, that he prefers a country life; that at court he only loses time, and that he would resign all its advantages to those who would better know how to enjoy them. These replies confirm the Duke's suspicions; he could not have imagined, he said, that a man of his valour (for he is accustomed to fight with lions and bears) should prefer a state of repose to glory.

*Carlos.* Are you not at peace? should any enemy have the temerity to take my arms against my country, and raise his proud head on an equality with yours, then, leaving my state of repose for the trammels of war, I would make the whole universe tremble at the wrath his audacity would kindle in my soul.\* I would grasp the thunder of Heaven, and rending asunder the degrading clouds with which the sun is surrounded, would drag that luminary by its golden and curling mane, and lay it at thy feet, a trophy on which to rest thy glory.

We have given a literal translation of this speech in order to enable our readers to form an idea of the hyperbolical language of the Spaniards. This figure must, however, please them, for nothing is more common; and what is still more astonishing is, that the persons in whose mouth the author places it, are supposed to be really brave. With us it would only have a good effect from the lips of an arrant coward.

*Duke.* Would you really put what you say in execution?

*Carlos.* Yes, I really would.

*Duke.* Good God! he terrifies me.

After this exclamation, he concludes in a short soliloquy aside, that he must seize so dangerous an enemy, and that tyranny cannot be in safety without this precaution. He then reproaches *Carlos* with ingratitude and meanness. "I leave you," he adds, "to your mis-

\* The performer kindles as he speaks.



taken notions, and as you are insensible to all that ought to affect you, you are only deserving of my contempt, though my blood runs in your veins.

The Duke having departed, Margaretta also makes Carlos some reproaches, but of a different nature. She tells him that there is a species of cowardice in not endeavouring to engage in some glorious enterprise. He answers, that he knows one to which he would willingly have the temerity to aspire. He does not declare it, but she understands his meaning, and answers, that he can never attain his wishes unless he has the boldness to think himself equal to them.

This rouses Carlos from his lethargy, and he reflects on his rights. He has received letters from the Duke of Milan, his relation, in which he offers him his protection, and he takes the sudden resolution of being revenged, and reigning in his turn. Henriquez now enters for the purpose of arresting him; the Duke and Margaretta return to witness this seizure, and the lovers exchange a few faltering words which mark a secret intelligence. The foolish father, who does not observe this, desires his daughter to visit Carlos in his prison. "There can be no harm in this," he says, "as he is your cousin; you are handsome, he will fall in love with you, and you will easily draw his secret from him." Margaretta very willingly obeys this command, smiling at her father's simplicity. Estella now enters, accompanied by Tirso, who has been made judge of the village, to ask the Duke to restore her brother to liberty, whom she justifies with great eloquence. Far from yielding to her reasons, he causes her to be confined in the apartment of his daughter.

Margaretta repairs to her lover. He begins immediately by declaring his passion, and though she feigns to be offended, he still continues, until she tells him that the purport of her visit is to enquire whether he acts in concert with the Duke of Milan, who has just entered the states of Parma with a large army. Carlos is much surprised at hearing this; and his cousin adds, that he may fearlessly confide his secret to her, as she will protect him from her father's wrath. He does not hesitate to acknowledge that a hidden intelligence exists between himself and the Milanese; but as he is proceeding to enter into particulars, Margaretta perceives her father, *al piano*, listening to their conversation. She endeavours to silence Carlos, but he does not comprehend her signs, and continues revealing his intentions and criminating himself. She vainly tells him that he is talking nonsense, as just

before he had said the contrary; still he persists in declaring every thing, so that the Duke cannot doubt his designs. After this highly wrought scene the Duke enters.

Suddenly an alarm is sounded, and Henriquez comes to say that the Milanese have surrounded the walls, and threaten to take the town by storm, if Carlos is not immediately restored to them. "Well," replies the Duke, "they shall have him, but they shall have him dead." He then orders Henriquez to poison him during the night. "After this," he adds, "your courage shall inclose his body in a bier with his arms, and the same ornaments as if it were myself. This accomplished, we will restore him to the Duke of Milan, declaring publicly that grief at being imprisoned had caused his death; and during this time I shall have assembled my troops.

The Duke promises as a recompence to give him Margaretta in marriage. Henriquez is tempted by this offer, although he is in love with Estella; but the one, he says, is a large fortune, and the other only an inclination. Margaretta hears all this; for though her father ordered her to withdraw, she has remained *al piano*.

Tirso is now brought in for having attempted to gain admittance into the prison; and they accuse him of having something hidden beneath his cloaths, which he declares to be nothing but a hump, but it has not the appearance of one; he is searched, and bread and cheese, wine, some tools, and a cord are discovered upon him. The Duke orders him to be confined.

Henriquez, who secretly condemns the tyrant's injustice, cannot make up his mind to poison Carlos, and acquaints the spectators that it is his intention to give him a sleeping potion, and then deliver him to the Milanese.

Night arrives, and Margaretta remembers that the prison has a communication with a tower which stands in the garden, of the door of which she has a key; and being desirous of saving her lover, one would think that she could not do better than open the door and let him out; but she will not adopt this plan; she repairs to the wicket, calls Carlos, and tells him that a lady who is much interested in his fate will procure him his liberty; that at a certain sign which she will explain to him, he has only to approach the door of the tower, where he will find horses to favour his escape.

He confides little in this offer, and while he is reflecting on it, he hears the rattling of chains near him, he shakes his own in reply, and soon recognises Tirso, who, in exploring the prison, has found his way to Carlos' cell;

this produces a scene in which the fool excites much laughter. A loud knock is soon heard at the door of the tower: Carlos plays Tirso the trick of making him stand beside the wicket from whence he receives his provisions, and on hearing the signal repeated repairs to the tower, and leaves Tirso behind.

Henriquez, escorted by the Duke, gives the provisions to Tirso, who appears much pleased, and promises himself a good meal. The scene changes, and Margaretta is discovered, dressed in man's apparel, with Carlos whom she has fired; she speaks to him of the lady who has rendered him this service, and makes him promise never to marry without her consent. After having received his promise she leaves him and retires; but soon her voice is heard calling Carlos several times. He answers, and she informs him that she is Margaretta, his cousin; that his death had been resolved, that she has saved his life, and entreats him not to forget her; she continues calling on his name until her voice seems to be lost in the distance. He remains much astonished, declares that he will be grateful, but that he will commence by being revenged of the usurper.

Instead of immediately seeking the Duke of Milan, for he is seen sometimes without the walls and then again within them, without our being informed what means he used to pass and repass them, he spends the night in reconnoitering the camp of his ally. Day-light surprises him in this wily manœuvre; soon he hears the sound of many voices repeating,—"Long live Carlos;" and sees the Duke of Milan beside the walls holding converse with the besieged. One would have imagined that this would have determined Carlos to discover himself; but no, he also possesses the art of listening. He cautiously approaches, and is much astonished to hear the Duke of Parma's party propose to deliver him up to the Milanese. This astonishment augments at beholding Henriquez, at the head of a detachment, escorting a corpse with great funeral pomp, to the sound of drums and trumpets. At length an envoy approaches the Duke of Milan, and presents him with a bier containing the remains of Carlos, who, she says, has suddenly died during the night. At this the Duke appears furious with rage against Henriquez, and declares that if he did not respect the laws of war he would punish him on the spot. Henriquez replies, that his character of ambassador insures his safety for the present moment, and that in two hours he will answer his threats as his equal, and a Duke of Parma. "How Duke of Parma in two hours?" exclaims the Milanese. "Doubtless," rejoins

Henriquez, "since in a few minutes I shall be the husband of the heiress of that state." After having said this he re-enters the town.

The astonishment of Carlos may be imagined on hearing his own death and Margaretta's marriage. He says that he knows not whether he is dead, alive, or asleep, and resolves not to discover himself until he has ascertained the truth of what he has heard. He however concludes that it is possible that Tirso has been poisoned in his stead. A noise is now heard within the coffin; it is hastily opened, and the fool comes out armed and clothed as a knight of the order of St. James. The Duke of Milan questions him, and is fired with indignation at the insult which he thinks the enemy has offered him. He furiously advances, and gives orders for an immediate assault. Carlos ought now, at least, to place himself at the head of a detachment. But no such occurrence happens; he is seen within the walls of the city, without our being informed how he could gain admittance, as his allies are still without. He meets Henriquez, and attacks him; the latter wishes to enter into an explanation, and refuses to fight; but Carlos is resolved, and will listen to nothing from his rival. Notwithstanding his violence, Henriquez succeeds in making him hear his justification; he tells Carlos that he has saved his life, that he is neither in love with Margaretta, nor ambitious, that he has always acknowledged the justice of his cause, and that he would himself have re-established him in his dominions, if he had acted differently, but that as he has defied him, the sword must now decide. Carlos, who does not exactly comprehend all this, wishes in his turn for an explanation and no duel. Henriquez now will do nothing but fight. At length they attack each other; Henriquez falls; Carlos tells him to rise and continue the combat, but he has had enough of it, they enter into an explanation, and Carlos promises to give Henriquez his sister Estella. They now hear a cry of "Long live Estella!" and Henriquez says that it is the people who are rising in her favour. Instead of taking a part in this event, they avail themselves of the tumult to enter the palace, where Carlos hopes to find his mistress.

Estella is seized in Margaretta's apartment to be conducted to prison. The princess complains of this to her father, who tells her that state reasons compel him to it, and informs her that she must immediately marry Henriquez.

He leaves her in a state of inquietude bordering on despair. She exclaims in a transport of grief, "God of love! work a miracle in my

favour. As my lover is present in my heart, grant that he may hear my lamentations; beloved Carlos, listen to me." "I do," he exclaims, discovering himself. They now begin to converse as if they had nothing else to think of, until they are interrupted by the voice of the Duke.

No one would divine where she now hides her lover; in the same prison where he had already been confined, which is conveniently contiguous to her apartment, to the garden, and to the walls of the city. No dungeon was ever so commodious.

Spanish authors think only of composing scenes, the spots where they are to take place are always *appos*. If the action requires that they should appear in a street, in a house, or from one apartment to another, without changing the scene, there is always a little curtain, a few feet in width, the actors have nothing to do but to walk round it, and then return to the spot where they were but a second before. Many will suppose that this may have existed a century ago, but the same custom still exists; side scenes are now however substituted instead of screens; but upon the whole the theatre is but indifferently managed; the prompter is also seated behind a curtain, through which his light and his shadow are plainly seen, and he is heard reading aloud, without stopping the piece, which the actors are repeating after him.

The Duke of Milan sends back Tierso to the Duke of Parma, still equipped as a knight, vowing vengeance against him. The tyrant is much surprised at seeing the peasant; he interrogates him, but can only obtain unconnected replies. He is much embarrassed, as he had himself beheld the prisoner swallow the poisoned wine; he however concludes that the peasant must have been found asleep in the dungeon, that he has been mistaken for the prince and placed in the coffin, and that consequently Carlos must still be lying dead in the prison. He is going there when his daughter wishes to detain him, and endeavours to frighten him, by telling him that she has seen Carlos' ghost dressed in armour. He laughs at her fears, and attempts to enter, when Carlos appears sword in hand, and the terrified Duke calls for assistance. Henriquez now enters, and informs the Duke that the city is taken; he adds aside, "I myself opened the doors." Doubtless he had the key in his pocket, as Margaretta had that of the prison.

The Duke of Milan appears furious, and seems desirous of destroying the whole town;

the tyrant submits without making any resistance; but his enemy declares he will avenge on him the death of Carlos. "If to restore him to you living will appease your wrath," says Margaretta, "I will conduct him to you instantly." She without any further ceremony goes to fetch him; he appears, his dukedom is restored to him, he marries Margaretta, gives his sister to Henriquez; and thus ends the play.

The characters are not well drawn; the Duke of Parma is a weak and cowardly tyrant, incessantly a prey to remorse, and always having recourse to perfidious measures with which fear inspires him.

His daughter entertains neither fear nor respect for him; she falls in love with Carlos, whom she has only seen for an instant, makes him very unbecoming advances, and betrays her father without the least repugnance, whom she sacrifices to her lover.

Carlos possesses no character at all; he commences by being a philosopher, and finishes by being nothing; he is neither very much in love, nor very ambitious; he is occupied in gallanting his mistress whilst his allies are fighting for him.

Henriquez acts the part of a traitor, who lays snares for Carlos in order to obtain his secrets; he loves Estella, yet fear of the tyrant makes him consent to marry Margaretta; he at last betrays his master, who places entire confidence in him, and gives him up as well as the city to the enemy.

The *gracioso* is a vulgar peasant, whose occupation is that of taking care of pigs; he is often very disgusting, however he is the favourite of Carlos and Estella, and is chosen a councillor, or judge of his village.

From this it may be imagined that this piece is insupportable; and yet it is impossible to read it, and much more to see it, without being much pleased. The language is in general extremely good; the scenes, though wretchedly brought together, are well filled; even the peasant, who is incessantly appearing in some burlesque situation, cannot fail to entertain; and, upon the whole, the amusement which must be derived from its scenes ought to make us forget its inconsistencies.

D. Augustin Moreto, the author of it, always erred against rules and probability; he had but one aim, which was to amuse the spectators, and he certainly was not unacquainted with the means.

E. R.

## THE LADIES' TOILETTE OR, ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 299, Vol. III.]

*Of the Cosmetics for beautifying the Skin, continued.*

## OIL OF CACAO.

THIS is the best and most natural of all oiles. It is particularly suitable for such ladies as have a dry skin, rendering it soft and smooth without giving it the appearance of being greasy. It is much used by the Spanish ladies of Mexico. In France and England it cannot be used pure, because it grows too hard; it is, therefore, necessary to mix it with some other oil, for instance, oil of ben, or oil of sweet almonds extracted without fire. Oil of ben is likewise used with success as a lenitive for burns, acrid eruptions, chapped lips, and sore breasts.

## OIL OF BEN.

This oil is extracted by expression from the nuts known by the same name. It possesses the property of never becoming rancid; it has neither taste nor smell. In consequence of this latter quality the perfumers make use of it with advantage to take the smell of flowers, and to make very agreeable essences.

The ladies also use this oil to soften the skin, when mixed with vinegar and nitre it is employed for curing pimples and itchings.

## TALC.

The ancients bestowed high encomiums on a water, or oil of talc, which according to them, possessed the property of whitening the complexion, and ensuring to women the freshness of youth till the most advanced age. We know not in what manner the ancients composed this precious cosmetic. A French author gives the way of composing a liquid that may serve as a substitute for it; and a German chemist has also published a method of supplying the loss of this secret possessed by the ancients.

## WATER OF TALC; BY THE AUTHOR OF ABDEKER.

"All those who have directed their attention to cosmetics, have regretted the loss of the secret of making water of talc, and have looked upon it as a discovery of the utmost importance to the graces. The following composition perhaps approaches nearest to that

highly vaunted cosmetic," says the author of Abdeker.

"Take any quantity of talc, divide it into laminae, and calcine it with yellow sulphur. When calcined, pound it, and wash it in a great quantity of hot water. When you are sure that you have extracted all the salts by this lotion, gently pour off the water, and leave the pulp at the bottom of the vessel to dry. When dry, calcine it in a furnace for two hours with a strong heat. Then take a pound of this calcined talc and reduce it to powder, with two ounces of sal ammoniac. Put the whole in a glass bottle, and set it in a damp place. All the talc will spontaneously dissolve, and then there is nothing more to do than pour off the liquor gently, taking great care not to disturb it. This liquor is as white and as bright as a pearl, and it is impossible to present the sex with a cosmetic whose effects are more astonishing."

## OIL OF TALC, ACCORDING TO M. JUSTI.

M. Justi, a German chemist, has likewise endeavoured to recover a secret of such importance for the fair sex. His process is as follows:—

He took one part of benetian talc, and two parts of calcined borax. After he had perfectly pulverized and mixed these substances, he put them into a crucible, which he covered with a lid, and placed in a furnace. He exposed it for an hour to a very violent heat, and at the end of that time, he found the mixture transformed into glass of a greenish yellow colour. This glass he reduced to powder, then mixed it with two parts of salt of tartar, and again melted the whole in a crucible. By this second fusion he obtained a mass, which he placed in a cellar, upon an inclined piece of glass, with a vessel underneath it. In a short time the whole was converted into a liquid in which the talc was perfectly dissolved.

"It is obvious," say the authors of the Encyclopædia, "that by this process you obtain a liquid of the same nature as that called oil of tartar *par defaillance*, which is nothing but fixed alkali dissolved by humidity. It is very

doubtful whether the talc contributes any thing or nothing to the properties of this liquid: but it is certain that fixed alkali possesses the property of making the skin perfectly white and clean, and of taking away any spots which it might have contracted. For the rest it seems that this liquid may be applied without any danger to the skin.

#### OIL OF TARTAR.

Take a pound and a half of white wine tartar, two ounces of saltpetre, an ounce and a half of calcined tin, and an ounce of rock-alum. Pound them all together; put them into an earthen plate and expose them to a reverberating fire till they are calcined; then put an ounce of this substance calcined quite white into a pint of brandy.

Though those who have written on the subject of the toilette, have recommended this composition as one of the best cosmetics that can be used for whitening the complexion, it is necessary to be careful not to use it to excess. I have already given a caution respecting the danger of applying to the skin such compositions in which metallic calcares are ingre-

#### LOTION OF THE LADIES OF DENMARK.

Take equal parts of bean-flour, of the four cold seeds, and of fresh cream; beat the whole up together, adding a sufficient quantity of milk to make an ointment, which apply to the face.

This receipt is extracted from the *And des Femmes*. Another author asserts, that the lotion used by the Danish ladies is totally different; it is what is called *Eau de Pigeon*. It is composed in the following manner.

Take juice of water-lilies, of melons, of cucumbers, of lemons, of each one ounce; briony, wild suecory, jilly-flowers, borage, beans, of each a handful; eight pigeons hashed. Put the whole mixture into an alembic, adding four ounces of lump sugar well pounded, one dram of borax, the same quantity of camphor, the crumb of three French rolls, and a pint of white wine. When the whole has remained in digestion for seventeen or eighteen days, proceed to distillation, and you will obtain pigeon water, which is so favourable for the complexion.

It is by washing themselves with this water, we are told, that the Danish ladies, who have naturally a fine complexion, preserve all the freshness of early youth till the age of fifty.

#### ALUM.

Some persons, in order to give lustre to the skin, make use of water in which alum has been dissolved; but this practice is pernicious. Alum, which possesses a highly astringent property, gives the skin too great a degree of tension. It becomes brilliant, it is fine; but the too great tension takes away its elasticity, and premature wrinkles are the consequence. The astringent quality of the alum must, therefore, be attempted. This is done by means of the following composition which may be used without danger.

#### SACCHARINE ALUM.

Boil white of eggs and alum in rose-water; make them up into a paste, which mould into the form of small sugar-loaves. The ladies use this paste to give greater firmness to the skin.

#### ANOTHER.

Take two ounces of borax, two ounces of alum, and two drams of camphor. Pulverize the whole, and beat it in a considerable quantity of spring water. Then dilute the whites of two eggs with a little vinegar, and throw it into your water when it is taken from the fire. Leave it exposed to the sun for the space of twenty days. This lotion, says *Le Docteur Camus*, produces wonderful effects and seems to restore youth to decayed faces.

#### FAUX DE VEAU

Take a calf's foot, and boil it in four quarters of river water till it is reduced to half the quantity. Add half a pound of rice, and boil it with crumb of white bread, steeped in milk, a pound of fresh butter, and the whites of five fresh eggs, with their shells and membranes. Mix with them a small quantity of camphor and alum, and distil the whole. This cosmetic is one that may be strongly recommended.

#### ANOTHER.

Take three calves' feet chopped small, three melons of middling size, three cucumbers, four or five fresh eggs, a slice of gourd, two lemons, a pint of skimmed milk, a gallon of rose-water, a quart of juice of water-lilies, a pint of juice of plantain and wild tansy, and half an ounce of borax. Distil the whole in a *Bulnea Marie*.

[To be Continued]

## SICILIAN LOVE.

CUENNA was born at Florence. She was the only child of opulent parents; but had their family been ever so numerous, she would probably have been the greatest favourite, such was the beauty of her person, the precocity of her wit, the brilliancy of her understanding, and the enchanting vivacity of her soul. Before she had completed her tenth year, she lost her mother, and in her twelfth she was absolute mistress of her father, a man of so weak a mind that it appeared as if he could not live without being governed by somebody.

She had now attained her eighteenth year: the fire peculiar to her countrywomen seemed to burn in her with three-fold strength. Her genius despised every thing common; and for this reason her native country soon disgusted her. She thought it uniform and disagreeable, was ardently desirous of a change of scenery, and soon found means to inspire her father with the same sentiments.

He possessed estates in Sicily. Cuenna had often heard of the beauty of that island spoken of in the highest terms; she fancied that she should there meet with new friends, and better company; in a word, that in Sicily she should enjoy superior happiness. She incessantly importuned her father to remove thither, and he at length complied with her desire.

They arrived at Messina; and though upon a nearer view much of the glory of the island had disappeared, still, in many respects, Cuenna's judgment seemed to have been correct. Sicily abounded with beautiful females, but this stranger threatened to eclipse them all. A crowd of young men of the noblest birth, of the highest rank, and of the greatest fortune, soon collected round her. All aspired to her love, many solicited her hand. The heart of Cuenna, however, remained unmoved. The conquest of it was reserved for a foreigner.

The Sicilians had about this period begun to attract the notice of all Europe. The weight of the iron yoke of Spain, which threatened to impoverish and depopulate a country resembling Eden itself in fertility, at length became insupportable to its bold inhabitants. They endeavoured to shake it off, and implored the assistance of France. France listened to their intreaties, and sent to their aid a considerable force commanded by Vivonne, brother to the celebrated Madame de Montespan. If her

feminine charms were irresistibly captivating, his manly beauty was not less dangerous; she possessed the love of the monarch, and he enjoyed his favour. He entertained a high regard for every art and science, from each of which he had borrowed all that can polish and adorn the mind. The influence of his sister elevated him to the rank of marshal of France; his heroic and profound military knowledge rendered him worthy of the post. He seemed to be as invincible in the field as in the chamber of the ladies. In the former, the man of honour, courage and fidelity never manifested irresolution; in the latter, his conduct was more commonly governed by the principles of the gay and fashionable world.

Vivonne now made his solemn entry as the viceroy of Messina. The people welcomed him with all the acclamations with which they are accustomed to hail a new government and that of their own choosing. That court displayed all its magnificence in order to give him a suitable reception. A band of martial music led the way, and was followed by a troop of the finest French cavalry. Next came the immediate retinue of the viceroy: a great train of servants magnificently dressed, and of noble youths, beautiful as Ganymede, and perhaps in other respects resembling that favourite of the gods; gilded state coaches, drawn by superb horses, and lastly Vivonne himself, upon a stately charger, at once handsome and dignified; pride on his brow, affability in his look, and condescending complacency in his demeanor—in every point of view a most accomplished man!

Every balcony at Messina was filled with spectators; they were occupied by the fairest daughters of the land in the most sumptuous apparel. Vivonne turned to each and respectfully saluted the ladies as he passed. His eyes had often lingered for a moment, but when he was opposite to Cuenna's balcony they became suddenly fixed. In a white robe, with only a flower in her hair, she stood—nothing owing to art, but to nature infinitely indebted—among twenty young females sparkling with diamonds, and eclipsed them all. No sooner did the viceroy behold her than every former impression was effaced. For a minute his stiffened hand involuntarily checked the progress of his horse. He rode forward, but not without looking back at least a dozen times. To him the other streets appeared empty and

dull. The most fickle mortal on the face of the earth was now transformed into the enthusiast.

But Signora Cuenna was as much, or perhaps still more, thunder-struck than Vivonne. She had now met with her conqueror, and she felt in its full extent, the wound inflicted on her heart. Though convinced that she had never beheld so handsome a man, yet she heard but too plainly the objection which reason urged against such a passion. She recollected his levity, with which she was already acquainted by report; reflected that she was in Sicily, and that this amiable foreigner was a Frenchman. On the spot where in those horrid vespers, his forefathers, atoned for their wickedness with their blood, ought she to conceive an attachment for a man whom she beheld for the first time, and who probably would not return her passion? Even if he did, what was to become of her honour, her reputation, her virtue; was she to ruin irrevocably either her peace of mind or her good name? Was she to sacrifice every thing to her passion, or should she not rather sacrifice the latter to her duty and to conscious rectitude?—Unavailing contest! In every region love proves victorious, but scarcely in any so soon as in Sicily. A voluptuous climate there renders every nerve more irritable, heightens every joy, and adds keenness to every sorrow. Cuenna felt to her cost in what country she resided, and all the ardency of the blood that there circulates through the veins.

Agreeably to the practice of French politeness, Vivonne began the next day to pay visits to all the ladies of Messina of a certain rank; and it may easily be imagined that he did not forget Cuenna. But the tone of his conversation was less polite with her than with any of the rest; that graceful levity and ease which, as a Frenchman and an accomplished courtier, were doubly his own, entirely forsook him. In every other place he was accustomed to act as if he was at home; with her he had great difficulty to conceal his embarrassment. No story of the court of his great Louis, no flattery which he otherwise lavished upon the charms of every beautiful female none of those *bon mots* for which he was so distinguished could he here produce. He was but half himself.

This half Vivonne, however, established his power so much the more firmly over Cuenna's heart. What cared she about King Louis? What did she want to know about his court? How insipid would the most refined flattery have appeared to her! She looked at Vivonne's eyes alone, and they told her that she was beloved. Her wishes were now converted into

hope; this hope formed plans, fugitive as the breezes of May, but not less delightful.

Vivonne gave public entertainments to the nobility of Messina. Cuenna was invited among the rest; she was the only individual of her sex and age who did not join in the diversion of dancing, and yet never failed to be present. How indeed could she have staid away! Vivonne was there; she saw him, she spoke to him, and drank copious draughts of the nectar and wormwood of love. One day when she had declined the invitations of many of the noblest young men to dance, Vivonne timidly approached and ventured to solicit her for his partner. Crimson blushes overspread her cheeks, and her knees trembled when she was about to rise and to comply with his desire; she was scarcely able to support herself, and by an obeisance to refuse his request. Immediately afterwards she was taken so ill that she was obliged, though with the utmost reluctance, to retire.

Next day Vivonne hastened in person to inquire after her health. He found her pale and restless; her eyes announced the agitation of her mind, and sighs half suppressed, burst from her bosom. What Frenchman, conscious like Vivonne, of the whole extent of his merits, could any longer have doubted his victory? He was fully aware of the cause of her indisposition. He made a declaration of his love. He did it with ardor, and with ardor it was returned. No feigned coyness disguised the real sentiments of the heart; no forced modesty revolted at his confession. The heart of Cuenna flew to meet him. With what tenderness, with what fire glowed her first embrace!

"Yes, Vivonne," replied she, "I love you, I cannot conceal the darling passion of my soul, and with pleasure I follow whithersoever it leads me. In your country they act with greater caution and reserve. In France you love not as we do; but you have there no Etna. Impressed by your merits, transported by your manly beauty, and still more by the love which beams from your eyes, you are from this moment the ruler, the sovereign of my heart."

From that moment Cuenna actually abandoned herself entirely to the impetuosity of passion. From her earliest youth an enemy to all restraint, and long accustomed to govern all around her, not excepting her own father, she now took no pains to disguise the feelings of her heart. She was equally indifferent to public opinion; reputation was in comparison of her love, a trivial consideration; Vivonne was the only person in the world on whose good opinion she seemed to set any value.

"O God, how I love this man!" she once exclaimed, at the same time putting her arm with the utmost tenderness round the marshal's neck.—"Ah Louis, how I love you! And you love me too; this I know; and hope that you will ever continue to love me. But if you should prove inconstant, were you to do what I can scarcely utter, what I can scarcely endure to think of; O Vivonne, do you know what I would do? Do you know what I have carried close to my bosom, since the first day of our love?"

"What then?"

"See here, this dagger! Louis, in that bosom which I now press so fervently to my breast, into that heart, for which, if it now ceased to beat I would purchase returning pulsation for ever so short a time, at the expense of my life—into that very heart would I plunge this dagger."

At these words a secret horror seized Vivonne, but he replied with the most impassioned protestations of love and constancy—constancy! How seldom does this quality accompany excessive warmth! And yet to do justice to the marshal, he was less of a Frenchman than a thousand others would have been in his place. With his whole soul he had formed this connection, and remained true to his engagement long enough for a courtier. He divided his time between war and love, and that so conscientiously as to do justice both to his country and his mistress. But what general, what viceroy was ever without enemies! One of those who secretly envied Vivonne sent word in a letter to Versailles, that the viceroy was blindly governed by a passion, which so entirely absorbed his soul, as to render him incapable of those exertions which the service of the King required. "While the bold Ruyter," continued the slanderer, "is approaching the coasts of Sicily with his fleet, Vivonne is wasting the precious moments in the arms of his Cuenna; and the Dutchman will gain an easy victory, and utterly destroy us, unless some other leader than our marshal goes out to meet him."

The rumour of this letter was soon circulated through the whole court: it was with difficulty that Madame de Montespan prevented its reaching the ear of the King; and in a severe letter to her brother, she immediately commanded him to break with his Signora. The answer of Vivonne was that of an ardent lover and an intrepid warrior. His sister, he observed, must know from her own experience, that the chains of love cannot be broken at pleasure; and her own heart must tell her, that perfidy to a person who has sacrificed to us every thing,

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friends, relations, reputation, nay virtue and honour themselves, is a grievous crime. He was therefore determined to remain constant to his Cuenna; but never should the service of the King, or his duties as a viceroy and a general be neglected on account of this passion.

He soon afterwards proved that he was in earnest with respect to the latter assertion. His courage was but too speedily put to the test.—Enfeebled Spain now called upon the same States-General with whom she had once waged such a long and sanguinary war, for assistance against France. They resolved to grant her aid, and to send a fleet to Sicily. The squadron itself was not very numerous, but the great Ruyter, himself a host, was appointed the commander. This extraordinary man, who from the condition of a cabin-boy, had raised himself to the rank of admiral, and on whom the Spanish monarch now intended to confer the ducal title, one of the first naval heroes of his own or any other age,—Ruyter, more than once the saviour of his country, esteemed even by the English as their enemy, and dreaded by all the other maritime powers of Europe, now far advanced in years, yet still possessing all the energy and activity of youth; Ruyter appeared with his vessels in the Mediterranean. To tremble a little before him would have been pardonable, even in the brave, but Vivonne needed not this pardon. He, on the contrary, rejoiced in the opportunity of contending with such a foe, and hastened from Cuenna's arms, bedewed with her tears, and almost suffocated with her embraces, to the fleet commanded by Du Quesne, who might almost be denominated a French Ruyter. With loud shouts the French advanced under the conduct of such leaders to meet the foe; and the Dutch admiral, with the most phlegmatic composure, prepared for the engagement. Serenity and *ang-froid* had always been the principal traits of his character.

While Messina was yet in anxious suspense, and uncertain whether its defenders or its assailants would prove victorious, Cuenna was filled with apprehension, not for the issue of the conflict, nor for her lover, but his heart, rather than his fate, was the object of her concern. At his departure he had vowed to her fidelity, eternal fidelity; but his ardour already seemed to have suffered some diminution; and now at a distance from her, upon a cold and faithless element, surrounded perhaps by men who might hate and vilify her; unfortunate Cuenna, what sleepless nights must these reflections have occasioned thee.

A new report was suddenly whispered about  
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in Messina. The court of Versailles, it was said, had been informed of the passion of Vivonne; the haughty Montespan had ordered her brother to break off this connection, and had received from him a promise of amendment. This rumour reached the ears of Cuenca, who snatched a pen, and wrote the following letter to Vivonne:—

"Why did you never mention a word to me concerning your imperious sister? Is it true that she has the audacity to disapprove the engagements of our love? Answer me without reserve.—Let her even be the mistress of your mighty King; what exalts her in the estimation of thousands, only debases her in mine. I am attached at least to one who is my equal. Love without equality is a phantom of the imagination, and the haughty Montespan is a stranger to real affection. With what front then, can she presume to pronounce an opinion on love!—But away with such a sister! I hate her. Let me now speak of yourself! How do you receive her command to forsake me? Most assuredly you have broken with her before this time. Give me an answer to this!—But I would about my own feelings! I scarcely know what I feel. This infernal news absorbs my whole soul. Answer me, I enjoin you."

To this note, dictated by half smothered rage, Vivonne replied in the gentlest and most polite manner, and confirmed the declaration of his constancy with hollow protestations.

"I am right," exclaimed Cuenca; "he has ceased to love me. But down with him to the ground! Down with him!" Disguised in male attire, she forced her way, much against the will of the captain, on board a frigate that

was sent after the fleet. Swiftly as the ship ploughed the billows, every moment appeared an age to the impatient Cuenca. At length she descried the fleet, and the admiral's ship which carried Vivonne. She procured a boat, and was conveyed to it. How astonished was Vivonne, when he was informed that a young man was enquiring for him in a fierce tone. How he was thunder-struck when the youth himself entered the cabin, and at the first glance he recognized Cuenca!

"I am come," said she, "for a verbal answer to my letter. Your written reply I did not like"—The marshal stammered some ineffectual words. The Florentine looked round, and beheld a young female of extraordinary beauty, whom Vivonne would have concealed from her view by standing before her, and who had withdrawn in alarm into a corner. Cuenca was on the point of rushing upon her perfidious lover; she advanced one step and suddenly checked herself. Not a word escaped her lips; she hastily retired from the cabin, beckoned to the boat, and returned to Messina. She sat the whole way with her head resting on her right hand; not a tear bedimmed her eye, not a sigh burst from her labouring bosom, but all hell raged in her soul. Revenge was brooding over a mighty project, and scarcely had she the patience to wait till she could begin to put it in execution. Beyer, she knew, lay at anchor at Agosta. A boat, hired for a large sum, carried her thither. With the same boldness as she entered the cabin of Vivonne, she now sought the Dutch hero on board the admiral's ship.

[To be continued.]

## POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

### TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN EPILOGUE,

TO THE PLAY OF THE EUNUCH, AS ACTED  
BY THE WESTMINSTER BOYS.

Spoken by *Thais*, *Thraea*, *Gnatho*, and *Pythias*.

*Thais* entering.

So far so well—*Gnath*. He comes, your  
General see,

*Thais* (*aside*). No fonder fool, no happier  
depraved than he.

*Thraea*. Knowest thou what's done—*Tha*. I  
do—*Thou*. This woman's love

The Gods shall witness—*Gna*. And your  
pocket prove.

*Thais*. Now let me live, who've been so fond  
and true,

As suits my station, and becoming you,  
Our altered house must choicest taste confess,  
Our furniture and dress.—*Gnath*. You mean  
address.

*Pyth*. Ah petticoats invisible!—*Thra*. sweet  
I know.

*Proth*. thee the happiest taste will ever flow.

*Thais*. By thee (of all mankind alone adored)  
To fortune, fashion, and to fame restored,

The world shall be one blaze, and fashion's  
host,  
My countless guests, shall fill the MORNING  
POST.

Known or unknown, or friend or foe shall  
come,  
Squeezed they shall be when *This* is at home.  
What time, what envy shall we not create,  
Our taste, our splendour in a dashing fête!

*Thous.* But I with thee will dance—to thee  
still steady—

*Guth.* And I will watch the door till sup-  
per's ready;

Saga shall cook his best—*Fine.* He cook my  
best!

*Thous.* And ten Frenchmen for the treat.

*Lyth.* But servants!—*Thous.* Right, I want a  
black—*Thous.* Ah, no!

Slaves are not slaves, *the* *Tidals* all say so.

*Thous.* Slaves they shall be;—no tenants we'll  
sabor,

But such as have the talent to adorn.

*Thous.* Be that my care, for I'm the very  
man

To furnish houses, on the newest plan  
No *unfashion* I, but still of fashion sure,

Not an upholsterer, but an amateur;

None with such art a footstool's fringe can  
place,

Or hang a curtain with such swelling grace;

None knew like me, if hangings brown or red

Invite the softest slumbers to a bed;

Or who to tell the world so well is able,

What elms may best support a *dinner table*?

Who with like skill hath ventured to explore

Which best may hold a light, a serpent or a  
hoar

To mix with graver taste the true grotesque,

And join the Egyptian to the Arabesque.

This is true taste.—*Lyth.* But mind you do not  
fail

To give your human beasts a horse's tail!

*Thous.* But think what wondrous art each  
house discovers

In tripods, cabinets, and cups and covers;

A triffin here, and there a prostrate sphinx,

A ponderous eagle, and an eyeless lynx.

*Guth.* Such talents sure, no mortal e'en  
possest;

*Thous.* And I of women sure, most proud and  
blest.

*Thous.* But, my dear life, what untried  
beauties ead

For a new place upon our outward wall;

The Greek's exploded, in the nicer age

The Gothic ornament is all the rage

Pull down these shapeless fronts, and at your  
door

This Grecian plainness shall be seen no more.

*This* (alluding to the stage being, given many  
years ago by the late Archbishop of York).

No! many a day these much lov'd scenes shall  
stand,

And Heav'n avert your desolating hand

No barbarous taste shall this our stage deform,

To alter is not always to reform.

For us the Grecian style is still most fit,

Their glass of elegance, and attic wit,

For ever here be Grecian taste approved,

That Grecian taste our wise forefathers loved

## RICHMOND HILL.

*General view of the site of Richmond Hill,  
including the Royal Gardens of Richmond and  
Kew, comprising the most celebrated objects of  
interest—Richmond and the Palaces, and the  
Palace of the Temple of Bona.*

LOVELLIEST of hills that rise in glory round,  
With swelling domes and glistening vines  
crown'd!

For loftier though majestic Windsor tower,

The richer landscape's thine, the nobler tower

Imperial seat of noble grandeur, hail!

Rich diamond! sparkling in a golden vail.

Or vivid emerald! whose serene rays

Beam mildly forth, with unobscured blaze,

And, midst the splendors of an ardent sky,

With floods of verdant light refresh the eye.

Richmond! still welcome to my longing sight,

Of a long race of kings the proud delight

Of old the sainted sage thy groves admired,

When with devotion's hallow'd transports fired,

From Shcen's monastic gloom thy brow he

sought,

And on its summit paus'd in raptur'd thought,

Stretch'd on the horizon's bound his ardent  
gaze,

And hymn'd aloud the great Creator's praise

And still, where'er I turn my wondering  
eyes,

The dazzling visions, like enchantment, rise

And with you glowing o'er the solstitial beam,

The kindling hills reflect the vivid gleam,

Round their broad base, and down their ver-  
dant sides,

Full many a sparkling stream meandering  
glides,

And urging to the Thames its shining way,

Flames on the view beneath the fervid ray

Rich pastures here, and swelling lawns invite,

And all Arcadia charms the raptur'd sight;

There courteous Ceres waves her golden stores,

There all her blooming wealth Pomona pours,

The searching beams each darksome glen in-  
hume,

And penetrate the grotto's deepest gloom,

From lofty Windsor to Augusta's fane,  
One burst of song, one blaze of glory reigns;  
While wafting from La Plata's distant shores,  
Brazilian gems, and bright Peruvian ores,  
Through green savannahs, and embow'ring  
woods,

Majestic rolls the sire of British floods;  
In whose bright mirror, cloudless and serene,  
The beauties of the blue expanse are seen.

What radiant tints adorn th' enamell'd  
ground!

What rich Arabian odours float around! :  
For on this beauteous brow, where kindly  
dews,

And vernal gales their genial warmth diffuse,  
And in the spacious vale that spreads below,  
In many a fragrant garden taught to bloom,  
Each costlier shrub the bounteous spring be-  
stows,

And every gorgeous flow'r that summer knows,  
Call'd from each distant clime, and ransack'd  
shore,

Their mingl'd scents in rich profusion pour!  
But chief in those delightful lawns display'd,  
Yon proud Arbustum of exotic shade!

While Britain's Queen in rural grandeur reigns,  
The Guardian Genius of the pictur'd plains—  
Bids to our view Hesperian gems unfold,  
And clothes those walls with vegetable gold—  
Where breathe the rose-buds of eternal spring,  
And Zephyr ever spreads his halcyon wings,  
While Taste and Aytton all their skill combine,  
And with the tropic fruits the polar join—  
Concenter'd all the charms of nature bloom,  
And ev'ry gale comes loaded with perfume.

Hail to thee, lovely Richmond! hail, once more,  
Thy beauteous blossom'd vale, and winding  
shore;

Raptur'd I plunge amid the inmost bow'rs,  
And range, enamour'd, all thy beds of flow'rs;  
Kiss the dear earth in youth's with transport  
trod,

And with my bosom press the fragrant sod.

Ye radiant children of the vernal year,  
Flora's gay tribes that gild our darkling sphere,  
Models of beauty, in the rainbow dyed,  
Whose native charms art's proudest boast de-  
ride;

That, flush'd with crimson, now superbly blow,  
Now robed in bright imperial purple glow;  
Oh! in full pomp your mingled glories spread,  
Oh! in full tides your confluent odours shed;  
Around me let nectareous rivers glide,  
And all the seasons burst in all their pride.

Not that fam'd mount, within whose hal-  
low'd bow'rs,  
The lyre of Greece pour'd forth celestial  
sounds,

Sublime Parnassus; nor th' unmeasur'd height  
Of vast Olympus, thund'ring Jove's delight!  
Nor hoary Ida from whose pine-clad brow,  
A thousand gushing springs salubrious flow—  
Thou fair Parnassus of the British isles!

Where freedom still 'midst crumbling empires,  
smiles;

Not these, though high in classic song they  
soar,

And glory wafts their fame round ev'ry shore,  
Not these, sweet hill! thy proud renown excel,  
Where noblest bards have smote the deep-toned  
shell,

Sovereigns, like Jove, the world's bright  
sceptre sway'd,

And many a goddess haunts the Elysian shade;  
Thy beauteous vale their boasted Tempe  
shames,

A nobler Peneus glides thy winding Thames,  
Through lovelier pastures rolls his foaming  
wave,

And nourishes a race more nobly brave

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF STRAN-  
GORD'S TRANSLATION FROM CAMOENS.

O THOU to whom the strains are dear,  
By fancy pour'd at feeling's shrine;  
Whose heart is true to passion's tear,  
Whose brows the wreath of song entwine.

Come hail with me the gleams of joy  
That brighten round the poet's head;  
With me the vocal shell employ,  
To mourn the gloom that wraps his bed

Hast thou not own'd in passion's trance,  
The power that dwells in beauty's sight;  
Hung on the charm of beauty's glance,  
And shared the bliss of beauty's eye.

Then turn'd the pensive step away,  
With chaster thoughts to virtue given;  
With all of love's diviner sway,  
With vows of purer life to Heaven!

Come hail with me the gleams of joy,  
That brighten round the poet's head;  
With me the vocal shall employ,  
To mourn the gloom that wraps his bed

By valour's spell the forms shall crowd,  
So wont his bolder tores to hear;  
The din of war shall murmur loud,  
And bright shall gleam the threat'ning spear.

For he who breath'd the sweetest shell  
Could rise to valour's loftier strain;  
Could bid the breeze of battle swell,  
And brave the foils of danger's plain.

Come, beauty, shed the tear for him  
 Who tun'd for thee his silver lyre;  
 The heart is cold, the eye is dim,  
 That throbb'd to love, that beam'd with fire.  
 But oh! thou dream of pale distress,  
 That frowns upon his parting soul;  
 Dreg'd his last cup with wretchedness,  
 And bade Despair's loud thunder roll  
 Hide from soft beauty's gaze thy form,  
 Nor rise to wound the feeling breast.  
 Nor chill with fear the accents warm,  
 That bid his parted spirit rest!

## LINES;

*Written on being told by a worthy Clergyman that  
 a Robin us'd to come and look in his glass, and  
 sing while viewing himself therein.*

SWEET bird, again thy pretty likeness view,  
 Again thy charming melody renew,  
 Again with rapture swell thy little throat,  
 And please my ear with thy delicious note  
 Say lovely minstrel, say what moves thy tongue  
 To warble thus thy soft delightful song,  
 While as my mirror's clear reflecting ray,  
 Does to thy sight thy beauteous form display?

Can pride of conscious charms inspire thy  
 breast,  
 To see such lively tints thy plumes invest,  
 As when the blooming maid surveys her face,  
 Proud that her mien possesses such a grace?  
 Or dost thou fancy 'tis thy dear lov'd mate,  
 And swell'st thy song her ear to serenate?  
 Or else does grateful ardour thee inflame,  
 To Him, the author of creation's frame,  
 Who on thy form such colours did bestow,  
 And bid thy bosom with such beauty glow,  
 Who in so rich a down thy limbs array'd  
 While in thy food his bounty's display'd?

Whate'er the cause, sweet bird, thou shalt not  
 want

For each indulgence that my hand can grant;  
 My open'd window still shall tempt thy sight,  
 My mirror still thy fancy shall invite;  
 My crumbled bread its dainties shall dispense,  
 To please thy palate and regale thy sense.  
 Nor shall my cat, each feather'd songster's foe,  
 Whilst thou art there her dreaded visage show.

Then come, O come, my charity repay,  
 Come please me with thy sweet and varied lay;  
 And when cold winter's chilling wind shall  
 blow,  
 Thou in my house a shelter warm may'st know,  
 May'st hop at pleasure on my sprinkled floor,  
 Eat up the crumbs, nor fear the bolted door?

And when fair spring revisit earth again,  
 And I lora blushes o'er the verdant plain,  
 Don't wander far from my green bank's sweet  
 side,

But there thy nest among its verdure hide;  
 Then tune thy louder notes, and let my ear  
 Thy vernal song's more sprightly music hear;  
 I still will often bless thee with a treat,  
 Thou still shalt find some dainty crumbs to eat;  
 And if thou lov'st thy pretty form to see,  
 My mirror to thy sight is always free.

## VERSES,

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH BIRTH-DAY OF MRS.  
 STEPHENS, BY HER SON

THIS morning, ere yet I arose from my bed,  
 Your birth-day, dear mother, came into my  
 head.

With an heart full of pleasure I welcom'd the  
 date

That mark'd your arrival at seventy and eight.

Then reflecting how few, either men or women,  
 Ever attain to the limits of threescore and ten,  
 I ador'd the Almighty, whose goodness so great  
 Had preserved your existence to seventy and  
 eight.

But, when I consider'd the years that are fled,  
 And of those you lov'd living, how many are  
 dead!

Surely vain, I exclaim'd, is the mortal estate;  
 And I pity'd the sorrows of seventy and eight.

Still to those who so number the days that pass  
 o'er,

As of virtue and wisdom to lay up a store,  
 Whose wishes are humble, whose thoughts are  
 sedate,

Some comforts remain even at seventy and  
 eight.

Yes: they who have early accomplish'd the  
 mind,

Even in such old age many comforts may find;  
 And such is the case, I exultingly say 't,  
 Of my excellent mother at seventy and eight.

Her patience and piety, goodness and sense,  
 Will live in remembrance for many years hence;  
 Her praises too highly I never can rite,  
 Nor account all her merits at seventy and  
 eight.

Her tender regard, her attention and care,  
 I have felt from a child, but want words to  
 declare;

O! let me then pay, ere it yet be too late  
 Due honour to her, and to seventy and eight

Contented I'd live in the lowest degree,  
To see you from care and anxiety free;  
And while some court the rich, others flatter  
the great,  
I bow to my mother of seventy and eight.  
Might I live to behold her an hundred years  
older,  
In the arms of affection I still would enfold  
her;

No distance of time would my ardour abate,  
I'm so fond of my mother of seventy and eight  
And now I have only to sing and to say  
"May you see many happy returns of this  
day;  
And, O! may the office and pleasure be mine,  
To hail your arrival at seventy and nine."

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JANUARY.

### KING'S THEATRE

THE differences of the Opera Proprietors have been so far accommodated that the house was opened on the second of January: when Madame Catalani came forward in the favourite Opera of *Scaramouche*, the music of which was composed by Portogallo, expressly for herself.

Her talents were alone considered and not her recent conduct; she was applauded therefore as she merited for the one, but not condemned as she deserved for the other. It seems a kind of fashion to put up with the insolence of a singer, and a foreigner; and it is a disgrace to the national feeling that Madame Catalani, instead of being presented with a *carte blanche* from the Opera Managers, had not been saluted with a warrant from the *Almon Office*.

The Opera House does more to *frivolize* and corrupt the national taste than any other amusement of the age.—It makes our old men fools, and our young men *dilettantes*;—and, too often, something worse.

A woman of quality gives more money in one season for her Opera box, than she spends in useful purposes all the rest of her life. The rent of one of these PAINTED SEATS exceeds the annual income of two score of Welch curates. And amongst whom does the money go? Amongst singers, whose best character in the country is that of being spies; and to dancers, who get paid, and wish the nation at the devil.

With respect to Madame Catalani we make no present application.—She may be a good character, but she is tolerably insolent.

The ensuing musical season is likely to be full of bustle, as Philogton hobnobly enters the lists in competition with Catalani.

### COVENT GARDEN

On Tuesday, January 12th, was brought forward at this house a new piece (we know not well what to call it), in three acts.—It was entitled *The Wanderers; or, the Rights of Hospitality*.

As it usurped that precedence and portion of time upon the stage which is usually allotted to Tragedy and Comedy, we are bound to consider it as a first piece, and not as a Melo Drama, or a Pantomime.

This involves us in some difficulties.—Had it found its place amongst the latter species of compositions, our observations would have assumed a different colour of criticism; but as it comes forth arrayed in the usual circumstances of length, gravity, order, and precedence which belong to the first class of dramatic works, we are bound to remark upon it in a style somewhat more formal and solemn.

In a few words then,—This piece is reputable to none of the parties concerned it; neither to author, actors, nor manager. It is said to have found its way to the English stage through the double conveyance of the French and German, and it must be confessed to have strong marks of both,—it has the insipidity of the French, and the heaviness of the German; but the English author (whoever he be) has executed his task well; he has most admirably preserved the spirit of the original; he has felt the fire of a cognate mind, and translated *con amore*: neither the more volatile, nor the grosser particles, have escaped in the translation; the insipidity of the French has not evaporated, nor has the heaviness of the German been suffered to precipitate. Considered as a first piece, it is a most miserable performance.

Prince *Seigismund* the hero, and grandson of the great Gustavus, is a fugitive from his

country; having been vanquished by a rival monarch in battle, who usurps his throne; or, we believe (for it is not well explained) interferes with his pretensions to one, and sets a price upon the apprehension of his person.

The play, therefore, is a narrative of the dangers and escapes of *Sigismund*. He is introduced as a *Wanderer* on an island in the Baltic; is protected by a compassionate *Countess*, by whose means he escapes finally to the Danish Court. And here we cannot but observe upon the want of taste, and all dramatic power, in the construction of the character of *Sigismund*.

His fortune as exhibited on the stage, unless supported with great dignity and pomp, excites more of disgust than pity; misery, unless in some particular modes of suffering, is almost universally an object of contempt,—there is no beauty in mere sorrow. When Mr C. Kemble first presents himself, in a ragged coat, in the house of the *Countess*, his appearance, and the style of his character and acting, revived us more of *George Barnard*, pursued by the Bow-street Officers, than a Prince flying from a powerful rival in the field.

Had this piece been brought forward as a *Melo Drama* we should have treated it with more kindness, but when usurping the place of the regular drama, it deserves every species of reprobation and contempt.

A new Pantomime, called *Harlequin in his Element*, has been brought out at this theatre. This is the manufacture of one of the most useful bands of the day,—in conjunction with his *Elbow Labours* the mechanists and painters, and the company militia of the theatre, the carpenters, scene-shifters, and dressers. In truth, Mr. Dibdin's muse is a perfect *Queen of all Work*, she can turn her hand to any thing, Comedy, Pantomime, Opera, and Melo Drama, and deserves encouragement for her industry for nothing else.

With respect to this Pantomime, it is better than that of Henry Lane; but, according to the vulgar phrase—*Bad as the rest*.

#### DRURY-LANE.

On Monday, Dec 28th, was brought out the expected Pantomime, entitled *Fairbond; or, Harlequin Negro*.

This piece commences with a view of a coffee-plantation. *Sir Percival Antigua* having visited his possessions in the West Indies, and arranged his affairs, prepares to return to England. The hand of his daughter is solicited by *Fairbond*, an enchanter; but she prefers a negro slave, who is changed into Harlequin by

the fairy *Baniana*. The scene changes to Greenwich Park, with a view of the river, &c. All the parties are brought to England, where the business of the piece proceeds to the conclusion, which consists in *Fairbond's* being consigned to his cell, while Harlequin and Columbine are transported to the palace of the fairy.

We are concerned that we cannot speak of this Pantomime with any degree of praise; its great error is, that the little action which it contains is too sombre. The latter part presented us with a scene of Undertakers, and the antics of a *dead body*.

For this only, if for nothing else, this Pantomime should have been hushed from the stage. To say the least of it, it was grossly indecorous, and most barbarous indecency.

If the antics of death are ever introduced with effect by our first poets, as they sometimes are, their worth is always accompanied by a sad moral.—“The King of Ferrous smiles, ‘he grins horribly aghast!’ and if in addition in respective mood, he is playing antics at which angels weep.”

Thus being, if so he may be called, as embodied by the fancy of poet, and too gross to grave, but too sublime, as a subject of feeling, and Pantomime has set good subjects enough already, without unparaphrasing the entries of the dead, and entering into the caverns of real darkness.

Let her keep to her music, these are real realities which should convert her CADUCEUS into a staff.

#### THE STAGE.

[Continued from p. 310, Vol. III.]

In order to rectify our opinions, and to enlarge our conceptions of the human mind, we must study its operations in the conduct and deportment of others. We must mingle in society, and observe the manners and characters of mankind, according as casual or unexpected incidents may furnish an opportunity. But the mind, not being an object of the external senses, the temper and inclinations of others can only be known to us by signs either natural or artificial, referring us to our own internal sensations. Thus, we are exposed nearly to the same difficulties as before. We cannot at pleasure call forth the objects of our researches, nor retain them till we have examined their nature. We can know no more of the internal feelings of another, than he expresses by outward signs or language; and consequently he may feel

many emotions which we are unable easily to conceive. Neither can we consider human characters and affections as altogether indifferent to us. They are not mere objects of curiosity; they excite love or hatred, approbation or dislike. But, when the mind is influenced by these affections, and by others that often attend them, the judgment is apt to be biassed, and the force of the principle we contemplate is increased or diminished accordingly. The inquirer must not only beware of external difficulties, but must preserve his heart, both from angry and from kind affection. The maxim, that all men who deliberate about doubtful matters, should divest themselves of hatred, friendship, anger, and compassion, is as applicable in philosophy, as in politics.

Since experiments, made by reflecting on our own minds, or by attending to the conduct of others, are liable to difficulty, and consequently to error; we should embrace every assistance that may facilitate and improve them. Were it possible, during the continuance of a violent passion, to seize a faithful impression of its features, and an exact delineation of the images it creates in us, such a valuable copy would guide the philosopher in tracing the perplexed and intricate mazes of metaphysical inquiry. By frequently examining it, every partial consideration, and every feeling tending to mislead his opinions, would be corrected: his conception would be enlarged by discovering passions more or less vehement than his own, or by discovering tempers of a different colour. We judge of mankind by referring their actions to the passions and principles that influence our own behaviour. We have no other guide, since the nature of the passions and faculties of the mind are not discernible by the senses. It may, however, be objected, that according to this hypothesis, those who deduce the conduct of others from malignant passions, and those who are capable of imitating them, must themselves be malignant. The observation is inaccurate. Every man, unless his constitution be defective, inherits the principles of every passion: but no man is the prey of all the passions. Some of them are so feeble in themselves, or rather, so entirely suppressed by the ascendant of others, that they never

become principles of action, nor constitute any part of the character. Hence it is the business of culture and education, by giving exercise to virtuous principles, and by rendering them habitual, to bear down their opponents, and so gradually to weaken and wear them out. If we measure the minds of others precisely by our own, as we have formed and fashioned them by habit and education, and make no account of feeble and decaying principles, our theories must necessarily be inadequate. But, by considering the copy and portrait of minds different from our own, and by reflecting on these latent and unexerted principles, augmented and promoted by imagination, we may discover many new tints, and uncommon features. Now, that class of poetical writers that excel by imitating the passions, might contribute in this respect to rectify and enlarge the sentiment of the philosopher: and, if so, they would have the additional merit of conducting us to the temple of truth, by an easier and more agreeable path than of mere metaphysics.

We often confound the writer who imitates the passions, with him who only describes them. Shakespeare imitates, Corneille describes. Poets of the second class, no less than those of the first, may invent the most elegant fictions, may paint the most beautiful imagery, may exhibit situations exceedingly interesting, and conduct their incidents with propriety: their versification may be harmonious, and, above all, their characters may be judiciously composed, partaking of no incongruous qualities, and free from the discord of jarring principles. But the end of dramatic poetry not only requires that the character be judiciously moulded, and aptly circumstanced, but that every passion be naturally expressed. Perfect imitation can never be effected, unless the poet in some measure become the person he represents, clothe himself with his character, assume his manners, and transfer himself into his situation. The texture of his mind must be exquisitely fine and delicate, susceptible of every feeling, and easily moved by every impression—Such a Proteus is Shakespeare! he changes himself into every character, and enters easily into every condition of human nature.

# SWEET BIRD ART THOU FLOWN.

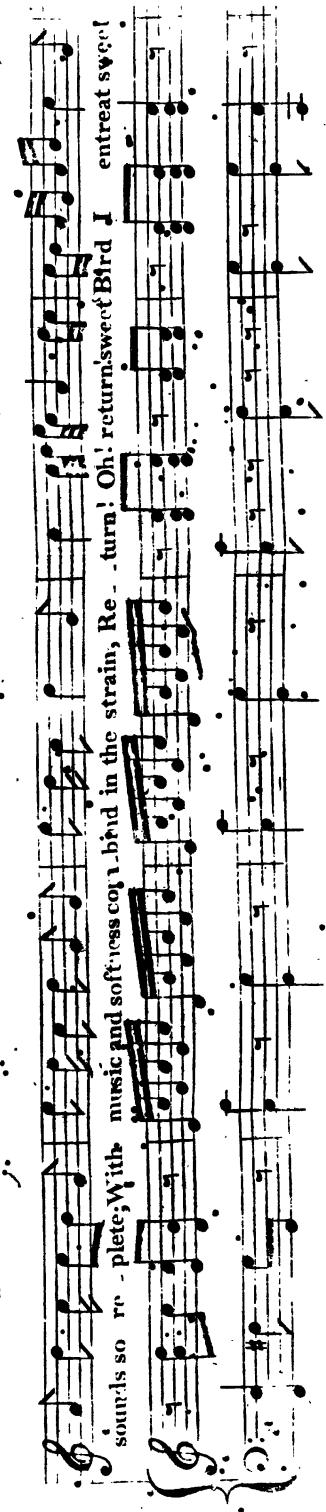
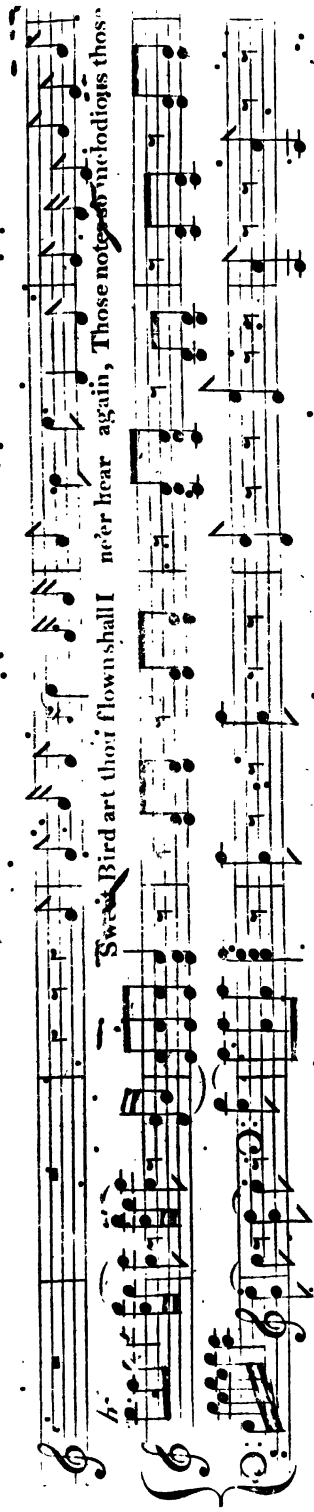
COMPOSED BY W. SLAPP,

Expressly & exclusively for La Belle Assemblée & to be had only with that work.

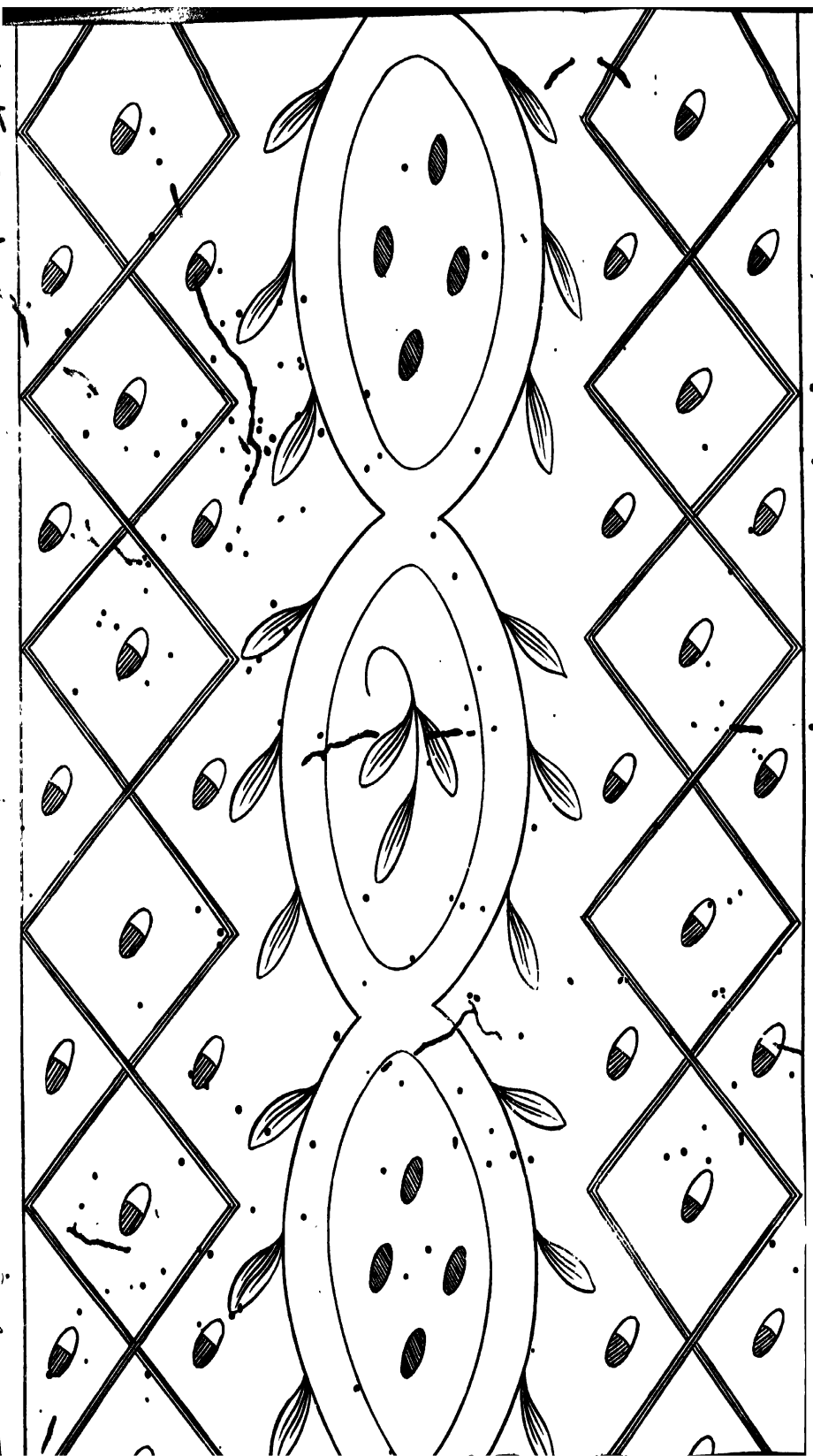
Andantino

*Ad*

Espressione







Quilt design. Quilt for placing down the floor. Toward the bottom of a quilt.  
 The outer border is made of a pattern of small squares. The inner border is made of a pattern of small squares.







*A Cardinal Mounted in the Birth day Court Dress. Jan. 18. 1804*



*A Chinese Lady of Distinction.  
in her Habit of Ceremony.*

*A Mandarin of Distinction.  
in the Habit of Ceremony.*



# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

## FASHIONS

For FEBRUARY, 1808.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION

#### ENGLISH COSTUME.

##### NO. 1.—THE MOST GLENDID AND ELEGANT COURT-DRESS.

A white satin petticoat, covered with gold spangles scaling, ornamented round the bottom and draperies, with a deep border of white velvet, embroidered in an elegant pattern of gold; and finished with a rich fringe of the same. Body and train of purple velvet, trimmed with a similar fringe; pocket-holes ornamented with a rich gold cord and tassels. Crescent stomacher of gold mosaic, finished with a splendid diamond brooch; front of the sleeves ornamented with the same.

Diamond necklace, earrings and bracelets. Hair a *la Madona*, ornamented with a gold net; confined at the back of the head with a diamond comb and star, from whence descend court lappets of Brussels lace. Two curled ostrich feathers placed towards the left side. Plain tucker of lace corresponding with the lappets, brought to a point at the centre of the bosom. Shoes of ruby velvet, embroidered and trimmed with gold. Gloves of superfine French kid, worn above the elbow. Fan of carved ivory, with ruby stud; mount of ruby crape, richly embroidered with gold and spangles.

#### CHINESE COSTUME.

##### NO. 2.—A MANDARIN OF DISTINCTION, IN HIS HABIT OF CEREMONY.

The dress of a Chinese is suited to the gravity of his demeanour. It consists, in general, of a long vest extending to the ankle; the sleeves are wide at the shoulder, are gradually narrower at the wrist, and are rounded off in the form of a horse-shoe, covering the whole hand when it is not lifted up. No man of rank is allowed to appear in public without boots, which have no heels, and are made of satin, silk, or calico. In full dress he wears a long silk gown, generally of a blue colour, and heavily embroidered; over this is placed a surcoat of silk, which reaches to the hand, and descends below the knee. From his neck is

suspended a string of costly coral beads. His cap is edged with satin, velvet, or fur, and on the crown is a red ball with a peacock's feather hanging from it: these are badges of distinction conferred by the Emperor. The embroidered bird upon the breast is worn only by mandarins high in civil rank, while the military mandarins are distinguished by an embroidered dragon. All colours are not suffered to be worn indiscriminately. The Emperor, and the princes of the blood only, are allowed to wear yellow; although violet colour is sometimes chosen by mandarins of rank on days of ceremony. The common people seldom wear any other than blue or black, and white is universally adopted for mourning. The Chinese carefully avoid every word or gesture which may betray either anger or any violent emotion of the mind. They utterate the highest reverence for their parents, and respect for the aged. They are enthusiastic admirers of virtue, and venerate the memory of such of their nation as have been celebrated for a love of justice and of their country. With this singular people neither riches nor birth can ever establish the smallest claim to honours, personal merit is the sole basis upon which any man can raise himself to distinguished rank. Talents and virtue are indispensably requisite for those in power; and where they are deficient, every adulations or hereditary pretension is totally disallowed.

##### NO. 3.—A LADY OF DISTINCTION, IN HER HABIT OF CEREMONY.

This is, properly, the figure of a Tartar lady. The women of that country are said to decline imitating their neighbours in the custom of misfashioning their feet; in every other respect—in manners, dress, and features—they accurately resemble the Chinese.

This figure represents a female of the highest class in her finest habit. The outer dress is of embroidered satin, which is placed upon one of silk; under this they have a kind of waistcoat, and next their persons is worn a silken net. They constantly wear drawers which are of materials adapted to the season; their gown

reach almost from the chin to the ground; the long sleeves conceal their hands, and their faces only are perceptible.

Transparent drapery, or clothes fitted exactly to the shape, would be held in China as outrages upon decency; the police of that correct country never tolerating such public exhibitions. The fashions of the Chinese never vary; they are almost of antediluvian invention, and are perhaps emblematic of the stolidity of their affections.

Those ladies who are advanced in years confine themselves to dresses of the graver colours, such as dark violet or black. A tobacco-pipe and a handkerchief are frequently carried in their hands; with the use of the former they are by no means unacquainted, blending the fumes of that plant with the most fragrant oriental odours. The Chinese women are familiar with the art of painting their skins, using a composition of white and red, which imposes a sort of enamel appearance upon their complexions. They pretend that the latter colour is of a less pernicious quality than what is used in Europe; but we must imagine that their joint association is equally efficacious, with any disguise of the kind, in destroying natural bloom, and inducing premature wrinkles. They do not however adopt factitious charms with any design to allure or to deceive the multitude by concealing the evil condition of their minds or of their bodies; the motive originates from the anxiety to render themselves more excellent in the eyes of one man—that man the sole acknowledged guardian of their existence. Upon this principle, the solicitous care of a Chinese lady to heighten her natural beauties, becomes in many cases as innocently superfluous as it would be to attempt the brightening of the lustre of a polished gem, or improving the hue and perfume of a rose.

The features of these women are remarkably small and feminine; their eyes emulate the colour and vivacity of those of the antelope. A Chinese has only one wife, but generally as many handmaids to wait upon her as his fortune will support. A state of virtuous widowhood is held in high esteem, and this esteem is secured by her having very little intercourse with society, and by being attended only by domestics of her own sex.

After the manner of other Asiatics, modesty and taciturnity are the peculiar ornaments of the Chinese ladies, who are brought up in seclusion and retirement; and who, like many curious flowers, born equally to blush unseen, are reared by their proprietors, come to maturity, fade, and die in their possession.

## GENERAL REMARKS

### ON THE MOST

### SELECT FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON;

### WITH A COMPLETE DELINEATION OF BIRTH-DAY DRESSES.

ALTHOUGH the description of the Birth-day attire will necessarily occupy a large space in our pages of fashionable intelligence, and oblige us to confine our general remarks within a narrower compass than usual, yet before we enter on our delineations of court splendour we shall endeavour to collect for our numerous correspondents, information on that style of costume which, though less brilliant, is more generally essential.

The appropriate decorations for the anniversary of a Birth-day, cannot be consistently adopted on every public occasion; but the style, colours, and texture of the articles which compose this species of attire, may justly be considered as the standard of fashion for the season. On this subject, however, our anxiety to promote that duly organized system of adornment which is the offspring of a correct taste, and elegant fancy, induces us to offer a few remarks on that essential part of personal decoration which we denominate a just appropriation. In the beginning of this popular work will be found recommendatory observations on the choice of colours adapted to the several complexions and seasons; and of that varied style of costume which best decorates the several figures they are destined to array; and we have ever insisted on the imposing effect which such an attention produces.

Agreeably to our former sentiments on this head, we cannot but express our disapprobation at the introduction of the colours of lilac, pale blue, green, and pale pink, at a season when the deep and glowing shades which dispense a sort of imaginary warmth, accord best with the association of our feelings. We wish to be as liberal in our remarks as we select in our delineations, and we will not therefore suppose in those fair fashionables any narrow motive, who chilled us on the 18th of January with those pale hues which were more properly adapted to the 4th of June. Many splendid, appropriate, and tasteful dresses were predominant; and the amaranth, ruby, purple, *coquelicot*, and bright amber, were universal. Velvet trains of these animating colours were very general on the Birth-day; and we did not remark more than two dresses of cloth or kerseymer. Indeed the chief quality which recommended this last-mentioned article for robes and trains is the gracefulness and pliancy



with which they yield to the varied movements of the figure; in point of lustre, richness, and beauty of surface, they must ever give place to velvet, brocade sarsnet, and gossamer satin; articles which now compose both evening robes and morning pelisses. Mantles and coats are still, however, formed of kerseymer, or Georgian cloth; and are thus constructed both becoming and appropriate. Since our last communication little novelty is observable in the general formation of these articles; except the Hungarian wrap, we have remarked nothing particularly striking in this line. This graceful habit is usually formed of velvet, or brocade sarsnet, generally shaded, and lined throughout with a correspondent silk; it has large loose sleeves, and the skirt (which flows loose from the back and shoulders) is wrapt in varied folds round the figure by the disposition of the hands. Long mantles of Devonshire, or cinnamon-brown velvet, trimmed round with a broad leopard skin, or chinchilla, and worn with bonnets of the same, are very fashionable and attractive. Sable caps, and fur of various qualities, are now much in esteem; indeed we never remember the period when skins of every kind were so much in fashionable request. Gowns are now formed in adverse extremes, either very low on the back and shoulders, or sitting high in the neck behind; and worn with an antique ruff of fine lace, brought to a point in front of the bosom. The Savoyard dress of cloth, or velvet, is formed in this style, buttoned and laced with silver up the front. Polish vests of blue, or ruby satin, trimmed with silver or ermine, and worn with a short train dress of muslin, are considered very elegant and select.

Some few head-dresses of gold and silver tissue, spangled velvet, or embroidered cloth, are observable at the Opera; but in full dress the hair in the Chinese and antique style, ornamented with gold, or fancy combs, tiaras, agrettes, and bandeaus, worn low on the forehead, is most distinguishing and fashionable. The bosoms of white dresses are chiefly composed of lace, and though variously constructed always sit close to the bust. Long sleeves are more universal than ever; in full dress they are composed of lace, transparent net, or silver embroidery. The most novel and fashionable short sleeve is of the Spanish form, sloped away in front of the arm, and hanging in a point below the elbow behind, where it is terminated with a tassel. Little variation is observable in trinkets since our last Number. For a more enlarged and splendid representation, we conduct our fair readers to the following delineation of Court-dresses.

## LADIES' DRESSES ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

*Her Majesty*—As usual on her own birthday, was not very splendid; her dress was composed of British point, interspersed with gold Turkish tissue; the draperies tied up with rich pearl bows, and rich gold cords and tassels, gold fringe at the bottom of the petticoat; the mantle of purple and gold tissue, trimmed with gold fringe.

*The Princess of Wales*—Displayed her usual elegance in a dress of amethyst-coloured velvet, the train and petticoat richly embroidered with a sapid gold and silver Vandyke border, with a most magnificent diamond-cut steel fringe round the train and pocket-holes, which, from its peculiar elegance and effect, surpassed all we ever saw, the drapery most elegantly ornamented with magnificent diamonds, forming wreaths of roses and beautiful stars, the body and sleeves superbly studded with diamonds, the pocket-holes and belt richly embroidered to correspond with the drapery. Her Royal Highness wore a superb head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers. The whole had a most magnificent effect.

*Princess Charlotte of Wales*—A silver tissue frock, covered with Brussels lace; diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a diamond comb. Her Royal Highness is very much grown and improved in person since last year.

*Princess Augusta*—A rich lilac satin petticoat richly embroidered; the sashes with a rich gold border representing chestnuts and leaves; the drapery on the left side with a very rich border on black velvet, the drapery on the right side with rich points; and a very elegant black and gold border at the bottom of the petticoat; the effect was truly beautiful; train of lilac and gold.

*Princess Elizabeth*—A rich brown satin petticoat, richly embroidered with gold, and enriched with point lace in sweeping draperies; the sleeves of point lace. Train of brown satin, embroidered with gold. Head-dress, a bandeau of diamonds and feathers.

*Princess Mary*—A superb embroidered petticoat of gold upon rich lilac satin; the train composed of the same materials, embroidered all over, and terminated with massy borders, studded in waves with dead and bright gold, bunches of fancy flowers and vine leaves, tastefully interspersed with thick gold coils, in festoons, as a support to smaller draperies of beautiful black lace; the whole looped up and finished with magnificent gold cords and tassels. In this dress there were tastefully

blended, the beautiful colours of spring, with the richness and costume of the present season. Robe, lilac and gold tissue, trimmed all round with broad gold fringe; body and vest ornamented with gold and point lace.

*Princess Amelia.*—A rich lilac satin petticoat, richly embroidered; the sashes with a rich gold border, representing chestnuts and leaves; the drapery on the left side with rich points on black velvet; the drapery on the right side with rich points, and a very elegant border; the bottom of the petticoat; the effect was truly beautiful. Train of lilac and gold.

*The Duchess of York.*—A Devonshire brown velvet petticoat, ornamented with draperies of the same, richly embroidered with gold lams and spangles, the draperies were relieved by a sweeping drapery of gold in flowers and plumes, train of the same richly embroidered with gold, gold cords and tassels.—Head-dress of ostrich feathers and diamonds. Her Royal Highness, we are happy to add, looked uncommonly well.

*Princess Castiglione.*—Dress of white crape, with draperies of patent net, and green velvet, trimmed with broad bands, and festoons of white beads, hands one bead cords and tassels; robe, green velvet trimmed with point lace.

*Duchess of Montrose.*—A white satin petticoat, with drapery of white crape and satin, richly embroidered with wreaths of green and gold ivy, a handsome Vandyke fringe of green velvet and foil; train of green velvet, richly embroidered with gold concave rings.

*Marchioness of Scotland.*—A splendid dress of violet velvet, richly embroidered in shells of matted gold; draperies edged with wreaths of shells and gold oak-leaves, looped up with rich ropes of gold bullion and acorn tassels, which had a beautiful effect.

*Marchioness of Salisbury.*—A purple velvet, trimmed with silver and sable.

*Marchioness of Downshire.*—A rich white satin petticoat trimmed with swandown; drapery of white satin looped up in festoons, and falling in a point on the left side; train of white satin, forming a drapery suspended with an aigrette of diamonds from the right shoulder, and terminating in finishing the drapery on the left side of the petticoat.—Head dress, white satin, with a bandeau of diamonds and white feathers.

*The Marchioness of Lansdown.*—A blue satin petticoat, richly trimmed with silver fringe, along the top of which was a rich border of real pearls on black velvet, with a large drapery tastefully placed across the petticoat, with a magnificent border of Corinthian points, richly worked with pearls on black velvet, and the ground very richly rosetted with pearls, and silver, a small drapery on the left side, rosetted and trimmed with pearls; pocket-holes, trimmed with Corinthian points of pearls, the whole looped up with silver cords, and tassels; train blue satin; the sleeves and breast richly trimmed with pearls and silver.—Head-dress, diamonds and white feathers.

*Marchioness of Thomond.*—Ruby-coloured velvet robe; petticoat white satin, ornamented round the bottom; and the drapery with wreaths of gold roses, gold fringe, &c; arm bands of diamonds.—Head dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

*Countess of Capoten.*—A dress of marine blue velvet, richly embroidered with sprigs and stripes of gold spangles; the draperies embroidered in gold, and looped up with rich gold rope and tassels.—Head dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Countess of Carligan.*—A dress of gold tissue, ornamented with point thrown over white satin, tied together with gold cords and tassels; train and head-dress to correspond. Her Ladyship wore a profusion of diamonds.

*Countess of Cradock.*—A rich puce-coloured satin petticoat, thickly sprigged with gold, an elegant gold border round the bottom; draperies of puce velvet, embroidered with a rich Etruscan border of gold, the ground sprigged to correspond with the petticoat, ornamented with gold cord and tassels, train of gold tissue, body and sleeves richly trimmed with point lace.—Head-dress of gold tissue and ostrich feathers.

*Lady Murray.*—A beautiful dress of pale blue satin, embossed in shells of matted silver; body and train to correspond.

*The Lady Majore.*—Was superbly dressed in a petticoat of white satin, embroidered with silver, and ornamented with chains of matted silver; body and train of violet embroidered with silver.—Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1809.

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### EMBELLISHMENTS.

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1. An elegant PORTRAIT of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS SOPHIA AUGUSTA, engraven, by special permission, from an Original Picture painted by Sir WILLIAM BEECHY.
  2. DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE; by B. WEST, Esq. President of the Royal Academy.
  3. A WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURE in the PROMENADE COSTUME for Hyde-Park.
  4. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the TYROLIAN COSTUME.
  5. AN ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, by Mr. J. KEMP.
  6. An elegant new PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.
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Well's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE  
MAGAZINE,  
For FEBRUARY, 1808.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

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The Twenty-eighth Number.

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS SOPHIA AUGUSTA.

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IN the Fifth Number of *La Belle Assemblée*, for the month of June, 1806, we gave a portrait of her Royal Highness PRINCESS SOPHIA AUGUSTA; this portrait, we confess, was a very imperfect resemblance, and the graphic execution of it was necessarily defective; not certainly from any want of skill in the engraver, but from the slight manner in which the portrait had been painted.

As this plate did not give satisfaction to those exalted and Royal Personages, whom we are proud to reckon amongst the foremost patrons of this work, and as a wish was expressed that a more pleasing and faithful copy should be given, in order that the set of Royal Portraits might approach nearer to excellence, the Proprietor of *La Belle Assemblée* has not hesitated to

engrave a new plate, and flatters himself that it will prove agreeable to the readers and friends of this publication.

The kindness of Lady CHARLOTTE FINCH has accommodated him with a portrait of the PRINCESS AUGUSTA: the painting is from the eminent pencil of SIR WILLIAM BEECHY; from whom, indeed, almost all the Royal Portraits in our collection have been copied.

The present picture is esteemed by the Royal Family themselves as the only faithful and finished likeness of the PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

With respect to our slight biographical sketch, all that we had presumed to say upon this subject has already been given in the Fifth Number of this Magazine.

## THE ARTIST.

No. II.

*Including the Lives of living and deceased Painters, collected from authentic sources,—accompanied with OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Continued from Page 9.]

MR WEST's love for the art of painting has been paramount to all things else; he cultivates it in himself as well as in others, and not a day passes in which he does not put in practice the golden rule of Apelles, "*Nulla quis sine lineâ*." It is one of his principal gratifications to impart his long acquired knowledge to others, without any other reward but that of beholding their success. As a stimulus to himself to attain excellence, and for the purpose of instructing others, he has formed a select specimen of paintings and drawings by the great masters; he frequently consumes the hours of rest and midnight in determining the task of the succeeding day; and frequently by the same lamp paints the luminous points of his pictures, and always laments the necessity of sleep and relaxation. The sensibility of Mr West's feelings has ever rendered to his God acknowledgments and gratitude for bestowing on him uninterrupted health; and to his Sovereign every duty and testimony of affection which a grateful heart can give, for enabling him to pursue painting in its higher department; for without his royal munificence he would not have found patronage sufficient to procure subsistence for himself and family, even in this country of opulence and liberality, whilst producing the works which he has painted.

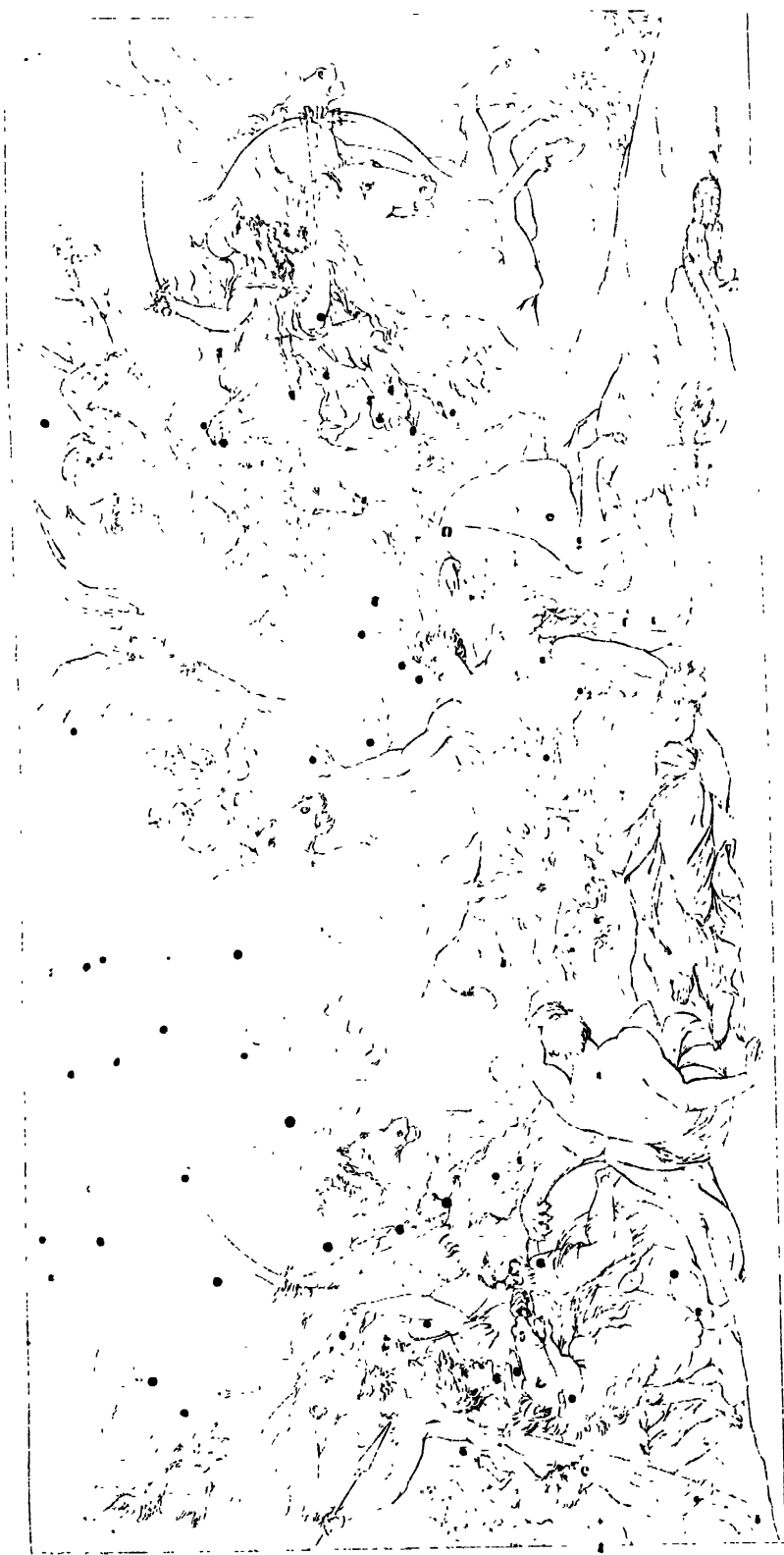
So little are the higher excellencies taken into consideration, from the want of that knowledge which education gives, that an artist is scarcely bold enough to combine with propriety those essentials which constitute the excellence of historical pictures; whereas, that juggle of the art, which gives to such objects as the eye is in the habit of seeing the appearance of deception, of that the uneducated mind can best judge, and to that it is consequently most partial. In appreciating the higher pro-

ductions of the art, this defect of the public judgment is most observable. A glass exhibited in the act of falling from a shelf, or a hand or leg apparently projecting from the canvas, shall astonish and enrapture the town, while the more dignified and natural minutiae of chaste historical composition are wholly unnoticed. It is thus that the coarse but foeneries of farce and tricks of pantomime are preferred by the multitude to the sublime and placid dignity of just representations of life, and unforced colourings of character. Not that these little extravagancies of genius are to be despised when they produce a natural effect, as the appendages of nobler composition; they are only contemptible when employed to gratify an erroneous taste, and excite unworthy estimation in the public mind.

That the patronage of the public should run wholly among portrait and fancy painters, and that the sublimest historical compositions should receive only a barren admiration from those of taste to appreciate them, and be gazed upon with stupid wonder by those who cannot, is matter of extreme surprise and regret; but, at the same time, it has been productive of an advantage in advancing the art of portrait painting to the highest perfection, and supporting in circumstances not only easy but opulent, a race of esteemed and distinguished artists. Affection, relationship, marriage, absence, departure, courtship, and the whole train of public and private passions, promote a constant interchange and circulation of portraits; the want is general, and the taste is general, for it is easy to judge of a likeness, and still easier to be pleased with it. That remuneration, not to say that subsistence-money, which the artist must demand, obliges him therefore to throw open his doors to the purchasers of likenesses, and he is often con-







ed by necessity only to cultivate that department of the arts which, under happier auspices and a more favourable era of patronage, he would probably have changed for the higher walk of composition.

These observations are not, however, meant to attach to individuals: for there is no country in which are to be found gentlemen more competent to judge of all the excellencies to be combined in a good picture than in this; for in no country are to be found men more accomplished, liberal, and refined.

In the present biographical sketch, it is not our intention to speak of the genius and abilities of Mr. West in painting: we leave that to the public, and they will, and have done him justice. It is our intention to pursue him along his general course, and connect some review of the arts with him.

This account is meant to exhibit a tract of his movements in the profession for these last forty years. It has been done from motives to preserve, whilst in our reach, those points, and, as we may say, those *data* of character, which have attended a *genius* so much distinguished, and in order to supply those who may hereafter think it worth their attention to give to the world the details of his life, with certain boundaries and landmarks to direct and shorten their course. But though it is not our intention to touch upon, or offer an opinion of his merits or demerits as a painter, yet we held it not improper to impart what we know respecting his ideas on the subject of historical painting, and we flatter ourselves the pictures we shall mention will justify our publishing the observations, which we have so frequently heard him express; and are persuaded that our readers will agree with us that they are founded on that perspicuity which appears so leading a feature in all Mr. West's compositions.

In his first discourse to the Royal Academy on his being chosen president (a discourse which he permitted to be published), he lamented, when in Italy, to observe the decline of the art of painting in that country. The more he investigated the cause of such degeneracy, contrasted with the glory and splendour of the art a century and an half before, the more inclined was he to impute it not only to the imbecile and corrupt taste of the patrons, but to the selfish manner of inculcating the principles of the art by those professors who elevated themselves to the dignity of masters, and erected their petty schools in every town and city. These institutions produced nothing but an insipid monotony and we some mannerism; the scholar was no

more, and frequently something less, than the master, who, in his turn, was the pupil of some wretched mannerist like himself. The common terms when a painting was held up to invoke praise were, "*This is my scholar, this is my master*." Mr. West was not slow to perceive that this was the sink in which the genius of that once eminent country was engulfed, before it had time to tell or exercise its powers. The professor was almost always the disciple of some such school as that over which he presided, and was retarding manner after manner, till the whole sunk into mannerism and insipidity. All the subjects, therefore, whether ancient or modern, had the appearance of being cast in the same mould, and were painted in strict and unerring conformity to the principles which the school, wherever it might be, and by whomsoever superintended, thought fit to inculcate. Thus nature, and the subjects represented through her, were made to bend to one wretched creation of beings, formed for men, women, and children, to rape out Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and every modern nation throughout the world, whether they were designed to appear in the characters of heroes, legislators, saints, devils, or apostles: in short, whether meant for Madonnas, queens, courtezans, or milkmaids, all were the same in form and feature.

It was the duty of Mr. West, in the station which he filled, to reprobate this mannerism, as well by precept as example; and it becomes us to remark that, in the productions of his own pencil, he has imitated no master, but been content to draw his knowledge from a higher fountain, and instruct himself from the mistress of all art—general and unchangeable Nature. Let us investigate some of his pictures on the principles which he himself lays down; let us try him on those rules of perspicuity and philosophy upon which it is his pride to establish his reputation.

In his *Agrippina* we see the Roman matron, the grand-daughter of Augustus, bearing in her arms the ashes of her husband Germanicus, her children by her side, the pledges of her husband's love, and the only object of concern to her maternal feelings: we see her in the midst of Roman ladies, and surrounded by a Roman people, with all their proper attributes.

In the *Regulus* we see the stern and inflexible Roman, deaf to all the ties of nature, but that of heroic devotion and love to the cause of his country.

In his *Wolfe* we see a British hero, on the heights of Abraham, in North America, expiring in the midst of heroes and of victory,

with all the characteristics of Britons, in 1759.

In the Penn. we see the legislator, with the simplicity and dignity of a man administering justice to others, and diffusing his bounty in the midst of savage tribes, and disarming them ferocity by his *rectitude* and benevolence, whilst himself and those about him rest in perfect security on the consciousness of their philanthropic intention; and a persuasion that they are fulfilling the first duty of Christianity, in rendering to others what they wish to be rendered to themselves, and thus conquering the savage without one weapon to denote any other conquest than that which justice achieves.

In the picture of Alexander III. king of Scotland, attacked by a stag, the monarch a Scottish people, here and here in rescuing their king from the threatened danger.

In the picture of Moses receiving the Law on mount Sinai, we see the Jewish saint with humility in the presence of God, whilst then, however, with a conscious firmness, raises the tribes into heaven for the *supreme* moment of the deity.

In the picture of Cussy and Porteus we behold the youthful hero, his paternal sovereign, and the nobles with their heroic vassals, in proud triumph, their father banners waving in the vifile; and in the battle of Poitiers, we behold the same hero, with nearly done arms, receiving the vanquished king, expressing an air of welcome, and treating him more as a visitor than as a captive; the conqueror is not seen in the reception of the captive, nor the captive in his submission to the vanquisher; all is Gothic, and all is British.

In the picture of St. Paul, taken from a picture from his *thirger*, in the chapel at Greenwich, we see that apostle unshaken in the midst of hounds of armed Roman soldiers, and the poisonous reptile hanging to his hand; the multitude of men, women, and children, cast on shore by the wreck of the ship, bespeaks the deplorable situation of such a mixture of sex and age, composed of Jews, Romans, and islanders.

In the picture of the battle of La Hogue, we see all that marked the courage of the English and the Dutch on the memorable event of that sea victory; we see them sweeping before them the navy of France over a vast extent of ocean, and in the midst of fire and sword, of victory and destruction: the ferocity of battle is mitigated by the national humanity of the conquerors; in the same moment they destroy and save—they conquer and spare. In this battle all is perspicuity and deep research into the subject: the era is marked in every object that is represented, the men, the ships,

the form of battle, are all described in the character of the age in which the event took place, without any manner but that which belongs to the subject, and the element on which the battle was fought.

In the interview between Calypso and Telemachus on the sea shore of Ogygia, the passion, character, and propriety are equally preserved. The astonishment of Telemachus at the sight of the majestic goddess and her nymphs is portrayed so masterly in the composition of the young Ithacan, that the beholder reads his whole course of thoughts upon the canvass. Again, the stately goddess wears the look of welcome and joy at his approach, and her countenance at the same time expresses a deep inquisitiveness, an uneasy curiosity, a mixed indefinable suspicion, at the sight of her companion, the sage Mentor, who, wrapt to disguise beyond the penetration of a divine goddess, stands some few paces beside Telemachus, deeply pondering on the snare which he knew would be set for him, and proceeds with a kind of consciousness of his good intentions, in torturing the suspicious goddess with unquenchable curiosity; but the painter has, at the same time, given her the diffidence and modesty which belonged to the assumed character of the tutor of Telemachus. How wonderfully are the compositions here described, and made to contribute to the lesson of the beholder. If we look at the whole, all likewise in character; it is the Ogygia of Homer and of Ovid.

In the long picture Mr. West appears to have gathered religiously to his subject, and to have bestowed upon them every attribute of *character* and propriety which belonged to them, free from all immorism and constraint, and whether his subject be on earth, heaven, or hell, he follows it through every diversity of region, time, and place, a truth and an accuracy sufficiently attested by the great body of his works. When we see, therefore, the close reasoning of his mind in that extensive work of revealed religion, in his *Mystic* chapel at Windsor; when we behold the antediluvian, patriarchal, mosaical, and revelatory dispensations, conducted throughout with equal perspicuity and propriety of character, we must render to Mr. West that claim to composition which every artist and man of taste must acknowledge him to be entitled to, and assign him a rank among the first of those who have exercised a perfect freedom of pencil, and drawn from the original sources of nature and his own mind.

[to be continued]

## DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

## DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE,

OR THE

## OPENING OF THE SEALS.

FROM A SKETCH, BY B. WEST, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

REVELATIONS, Chap. vi. ver. 7, and 8.—“And when he had opened the fourth Seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see.—And I looked, and behold a Pale Horse, and his name that sat on him was DEATH. And hell followed him, and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and by the beasts of the earth.”

THE class of subjects to which this noble sketch belongs, cannot, with propriety, be designated the historical; as such, therefore, the same principles of criticism are not to be employed in our examination of it; it belongs to an order of composition which embraces the loftier subjects of fancy and the divine flights of inspired poetry: in a word, those subjects, which having their basis in Revelations, are of a class to which the most exalted imagination can scarcely expect to rise.

This subject is intended to express the triumph of Death over all things, by means of that variety of human calamities and mortal sufferings, which pestilence, famine, and the sword, together with the vices of man himself, have introduced into the world.

Its object is to express universal desolation; to depict all the methods by which a world may be destroyed.

To bring out the subject of this composition, Mr. West has divided it into three parts. The fore ground contains a group, extending nearly half the length of the canvass, in which are seen death by pestilence, famine, and despair, and by almost every means which terminate existence in all ages and sexes.

In the second group, we behold lions, men, and horses, in combat with each other, terminated with a furious yell tossing men and dogs in the air.

The third group rises from the centre of the picture. It is the King of Terrors himself on his Pale Horse. On his head is a crown,

denoting his sovereignty over all things. His horse is without reins, and his uplifted arms scatter the shafts of death in all directions around him. His form, in the language of Milton, is “without form”—It is dissolving into darkness—It is awful and terrible obliquity—All the legions of hell are in his train. They are seen in the opening perspective, and terminate the distances almost in the immensity of space. On the fore ground is a serpent, his head bristled with a stone, which indicates his death from the hand of man; near the serpent is the dove mourning over his dead mate.

In the back ground we behold the rage of battle by sea and land, whilst the elements are convulsed by earthquakes, thunder, and vivid lightning. The eagle is seen on his wing, pursuing and destroying the feathered race; whilst the general colour of the picture denotes an atmosphere filled with every thing noxious and pestifential.

Such is the description of a picture which has attracted the notice of the community of arts throughout the civilized world, and upon which an eminent writer, whilst it was upon exhibition in the Louvre at Paris, has passed the following praise, which deserves to be recorded for its equal elegance and justness.

After reviewing the composition at Jargy, he concludes, “This is the most difficult of subjects which the pencil of man could undertake; but the painter has WILLED it, and it has been DONE.”

## LIFE OF RAFFAELLO SANZIO.

HAVING now completed the Cartoons of this illustrious Painter; at the request of many to whom the biography of Artists is not familiar, we submit the following narrative of the life of Raffaello, together with a criticism upon his most celebrated works. For this biography, we have been chiefly indebted to Pilkington, and the learned labours of Mr Fuseli and others.

The superior merit of this sublime genius is too well known to require an encomium, or a description of those amazing powers which he alone possessed, for he excelled in every part of his profession to so elevated a degree, that he secured the applause of the age in which he flourished, and the admiration of all succeeding ages.

He was born at Urbino, in 1483, the son of Giovanni Sanzio, a painter of no extraordinary eminence; who, observing the early inclination of his son to the art of painting, instructed him in the rudiments of it, while he was extremely young; and Raffaello shewed such a wonderful capacity and genius, that in a few years he was enabled to assist his father in some of those works in which he was employed at Urbino. But Giovanni, desirous to give his son the best opportunity of improving his talents, placed him as a disciple with Pietro Perugino, who was then in his highest reputation.

The genius of Raffaello soon displayed itself under that artist, and in a short time he imitated the style of his master in so exact a manner, that the work of the one could hardly be distinguished from that of the other; and as a proof of this, a picture of the Crucifixion is cited, which, by all the ablest judges and artists, would have been accounted the performance of Perugino, if it had not been inscribed with the name of Raffaello.

However, he soon perceived, that by adhering to the manner of his master, he should never attain that perfection to which he aspired; and therefore he devoted himself to the study of the antiques, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with all their beauties, in order to transuse them through his own compositions. The more he studied them, the more he was enamoured of their excellencies; and not content with the perusal of those wonderful sculptures of the ancient artists to which he had access, he employed at his own expence several good painters to design every

object that was curious at Puteoli, Bajæ, and the different cities of Greece, either in statuary or architecture, of which he made a charming and judicious use in his subsequent compositions.

As the works of Lionardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo Buonarroti, at Florence, were at that time universally admired, he went thither; and having observed the style of each of those famous painters with the utmost accuracy, he saw sufficient merit in both to improve his own taste of design, and altered that manner which he had acquired in the school of Perugino.

He considerably advanced his knowledge of colouring, by observing the manner of Masaccio at Florence, and gained an additional skill in perspective, as well as the management and union of colour, by his intimacy with Botticelmo Bacci.

Every accomplishment and qualification necessary to form an illustrious painter were combined in Raffaello; a sublimity of thought, a fruitful and rich invention, remarkable correctness in drawing and design, and a wonderful disposition and expression. His attitudes are noble, natural, and graceful, and contrasted without the smallest appearance of affectation or constraint; and to the elegance and grandeur of the antique he added the simplicity of nature; for, though he admired the antique statues as highly as he ought, yet he studied nature with equal assiduity; from which

he derived that amazing variety and elegance in the forms, actions, and attitudes of his figures, and those delicate and graceful attitudes of the heads which distinguish his compositions from all others; and in which he surpassed the greatest masters, who flourished since the revival of the art of painting.

It has been objected to Raffaello, that, by too strict a regard to the purity and correctness of his outline, his outline often became hard; but whatever small imperfections may be imputed to that immutable artist, he is allowed to have diffused more grace through all his works, more truth, nature, and sublimity, than any painter who has yet appeared. Correggio alone could enter even into a competition with him for grace, but he was unequal to Raffaello in every other branch of his art.

At different periods of his life Raffaello had very different manners. His first was derived from the school of Perugino, which he retained

for a long time; and it is the opinion of some writers, that he never entirely abandoned it. But as soon as he had contemplated the Cartoons of Buonarroti and Leonardo da Vinci, he in a great measure divested himself of the dryness of his first master, and, blending the boldness of Michael Angelo with his own graceful ideas, he formed a style of design more perfect than his model; and at last struck out a manner peculiar to himself, and superior to all others, full of force, dignity, ease, and elegance, which he retained as long as he lived. Every new composition added to his fame, and his latest work of the Transfiguration is accounted his best.

He excelled in portraits as well as in history, and by his pencil immortalized Pope Julius II. and Leo X. with many of the Cardinals of his time; representing them with such life and nature, such dignity of character, and such expression, as surpasses the power of description. He finished his pictures, especially his easel pictures, exquisitely, and took all possible care to give them the utmost perfection; and of it is said he was expeditious in his method of working. From the time he shook off the dry taste of Perugino his draperies were cast in a most noble style, disposed with an excellent mixture of simplicity and grandeur, and always so placed that the finer parts of the naked, particularly about the joints, were discernible in every figure.

It is remarkable, that the most capital fresco paintings of Raffaello, in the Vatican, do not strike one immediately with that surprise which undoubtedly is expected from the fame of that illustrious master, and a story is related that a person of acknowledged taste and judgment, who also was an idolizer of Raffaello, visiting the Vatican with an eager desire to study his works, passed by those very compositions with indifference which were the objects of his inquiry and curiosity, till he was recalled by his conductor, who told him that he had overlooked what he sought for.

That effect is supposed by De Piles to be occasioned by the want of strength of colouring proper for each object, that colouring not being sufficiently supported by a powerful *chiaro-scuro*. But Montesquieu accounts for it in a different manner. He observes, that the works of Raffaello strike little at first sight, because he imitates nature so well, that the spectator is no more surprised than when he sees the object itself, which would excite no degree of surprise at all; but that an uncommon expression, strong colouring, or odd

and singular attitudes of an inferior art strike us at first sight, because we have not been accustomed to see them elsewhere. And to illustrate this point, he compares Raffaello to Virgil, sublime, easy, natural, and majestic; and the Venetian painters, with their constrained attitudes, he compares to Lucan, Virgil, more natural, strikes us at first less, to strike us afterwards more sensibly; Lucan strikes immediately, but strikes us abundantly less after. And certainly there cannot be a stronger test of the excellence of any performance, either in poetry or painting, than to find the surprise we at first feel to be not very powerful; and yet to find, by more frequently conversing with it, that it not only supports itself, but increases continually in our esteem, and at last leads us to admiration.

The prodigious number of works in which Raffaello was engaged loaded him with riches and honour, and constrained him to procure young artists to assist him in the execution of his designs; and by that means many eminent painters were formed under his direction. But he was so particularly careful, that he executed with his own hand whatever he found imperfectly executed by his disciples, and gave these finishing touches to the whole which have rendered those works the admiration of the world.

Though, in several of his paintings, the colouring may not seem to equal the perfection of the other parts, yet most of his portraits, and many of his easel-pictures, for their high finishing, and exquisite colouring, are not surpassed by the pencil of the greatest painter, not even by Titian. And of this, the portraits of Julius, Leo, and Alexander Carnevali, who was afterwards Paul III. as also the St. Michael, and the Holy Family, which are in the royal collection in France, and the St. John in the Desert, are incontestible evidences.

To enumerate the various and extensive works of this astonishing genius, would require a volume; and to describe them justly, in proportion to their merit, would demand an understanding as enlarged as his own. But as they are now universally known to all the lovers of the art, by the multitude of prints published after his designs, and as the works of Raffaello have been examined by the curious of all nations, who have travelled through the different parts of Europe, a particular description, or recital, seems to be the less necessary; though I cannot omit the mentioning of a few.

In the royal collection of his Majesty King George III. are those celebrated Cartoons,

which have been for so many years the glory of France, and the envy of all other polite nations. These illustrious works of art we have faithfully epitomized and presented to our readers in Outline Engraving; copied expressly, and by permission, from the original pictures. They are contained in our last Numbers, and we shall shortly accompany them with the "TRANSFIGURATION," of the same artist, our object being to instruct the taste of our readers in the scientific principles of art, by bringing them acquainted with the best productions of the ancient and modern school. For this purpose Outline Engraving is more appropriate than any other, as it displays the characters, the composition, the grouping, the drawing, the passion, and every other quality of a good picture but the colouring,—which in historical subjects is of inferior importance.

In France are the pictures of St. Margaret and St. George; the latter of which (according to Sandrart) was formerly in possession of King Charles I. as also the remarkable and lovely pictures of St. John in the Desert, and that Holy Family mentioned by Sandrart, in which an angel is represented shedding flowers round the Virgin. In the treasury of Loretto is one of Raffaello's pictures, amazingly fine, representing the Virgin with Christ on her lap, which cannot be looked on without feeling a veneration and awe, as well as admiration; the grandeur of the object excluding all idea of the painter, for it appears more reality than a picture. There appears in the face of the Virgin somewhat that looks more than mortal; and the infant, though in the innocent posture of throwing up the legs and arms, though all the air of infancy is in his face, has yet something that is divine in every part. The look is sweeter than that of a human face, and yet, with all the grace that is diffused through it, there is an air that is awful. The disposition in this picture has an inimitable dignity and ease; the drapery of the Virgin has a noble simplicity, and the attitude of the head hath such an inconceivable grace and softness, as not only charms but astonishes every beholder.

The original design for the famous picture of the School of Athens is preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan.

The general opinion has placed Raffaello at the head of his art, not because he possessed a decided superiority over every other painter in every branch, but because no other artist ever arrived at uniting with his own peculiar excel-

lence all other parts of the art in an equal degree with Raffaello. The drama, or in other words, the representation of character in conflict with passions was his sphere; to represent this, his invention, in the choice of the moment, his composition in the arrangement of the actors, and his expression in the delineation of their motions, and perhaps will be, univalued. And to this he added a style of design, dictated by the subject itself, a colour suited to the subject, all the grace which propriety permitted, or sentiment suggested, as much *chiaro-scuro* as was compatible with his supreme desire of perspicuity and evidence. It is therefore only when he forsook the drama, to make excursions into the pure epic or sublime, that his forms became inadequate, and were inferior to those of M. Angelo; it is only in subjects where colour from a vehicle becomes the ruling principle, that he is excelled by Titian; he yields to Correggio only in the grace and that *chiaro-scuro* which is less the minister of propriety and sentiment than its charming abuse or voluptuous excess, and sacrifices to the eye what was claimed in vain by the mind.

Such was the felicity and propriety of Raffaello when employed in the dramatic evolutions of character; both suffered when he attempted to abstract the forms of sublimity and beauty. Of ideal female beauty, though he himself in his letter to Count Castiglione tells us, that from its scarcity in life, he made attempts to reach it by an idea formed in his own mind, he certainly wanted that standard which guided him in character; his goddesses and mythologic females are no more than aggravations of the generic forms of M. Angelo; roundness, mildness, sanctimony, and insipidity, compose in general the features and airs of his Madonas, transcripts of the nursery, or some favourite face. The character of Mary Magdalen met his, it was the character of a passion; it is evident from every picture in which she had a part, that he supposed her enamoured. When she follows the body of the Saviour to the tomb, or throws herself dishevelled over his feet, or addresses him when he bears his cross, the cast of her features, her mode, her action, are the character of love in agony. When the drama inspired Raffaello, his women became definitions of grace and pathos at once.

He died in the year 1520, at the age of thirty-seven.



ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ALL FOR THE BEST.—A DREAM.

I HAD spent the whole day in reflecting on the happiness which the wicked enjoy in this world, and the woes which fall to the lot of the virtuous; night began to spread her veil over the surrounding objects, but who could taste peaceful slumbers on a bed of down, while the unfortunate pines in wail, whilst his plaintive voice reproaches us with indifferency, and awakens in our hearts most lively commiseration! Not the least to humanity; his feeling soul is too greatly interested in the fate of his fellow-men, to lose themselves and of their equal, and he only longs for a state of felicity, which may be shared with others.

I awoke, however, had insensibly sunk into a slumber, but my thoughts continued to follow out my former reflections. I did not think of the miseries of a large portion of mankind, and my heart still bled for them. I thought dreaming, beheld with indignation the triumph of malignant vice, and the motto which faint virtue is exposed in the wretched world which we inhabit. I expected those pangs, which every man who does not confine his being in the narrow circle of his own existence, must feel, when employed in such contemplations. Sad and gloomy, I wandered through the fertile plains of Azora; but the peace that reigned on the face of nature did not reach my heart. Injustice, crime, and tyranny incessantly recurred to my memory and darkened the beauty of the richest prospects. Now I heard the screams of hungry poverty, calling aloud for assistance, and now the noise of rejoicing and festivity from the dwelling of hardened opulence, rioting in superfluities. All the woes that overwhelm the human-kind, and the sorrows with which it is devoured, afflicted my imagination: I sighed, and the sweet, yet bitter sting of pity wounded my breast. Rushing to and fro bedewed my cheeks, I could not check my indignation, and dared to arraign the wisdom of that supreme intelligence who rules the fable of human events.

"O God!" I exclaimed, "let me hear no more the sobs of misery and the groans of despair; let me see no more man murdering his brother, the threatening sword of despotism, and the degrading fetters with which

oppression loads its victims: or close my heart to the influence of pity, that I may not grieve at sights of woe. Who, alas! hast thou granted life to so many beings, who did not ask for that painful gift? Was it only to see them awake from the sleep of non-existence, to watch over their sufferings and their death? Now overflows this unhappy world, like a mighty torrent, to be eternal snow, whilst pleasure flows over its surface, like a light inconstant breeze."

I was proceeding, when I felt myself carried through the air by an unknown power, the earth shook, the sky flamed with lightnings, and I scanned with terror the boundless space that gaped beneath me. I acknowledged I had sinned, and exclaimed, "Forgive me, O my God! a weak being who adores thee, but who feels too acutely the woes of humanity." On a sudden my feet rested on an unknown soil, and I remained a few moments wrapt in utter darkness, when a beam of light, quicker and brighter than the lightnings flash, burst through the encompassing gloom. I raised my eyes, and beheld a spirit adorned with six dazzling wings. The celestial flame that blazed on his brow, and the divine character of his features bespoke one of the Angels of the Eternal. "Listen," he cried, "with a voice which dispelled my fear, 'Listen, and I will bring thee the wisdom of Providence, or want of being acquainted with her ways.' Follow me." I followed him to the foot of a mountain whose summit cleaved the skies. I ascended, or rather climbed, enormous rocks, whose overhanging weight threatened destruction to the plains beneath. Barren and deserted, the eye looked in vain amongst them for a tree or a plant, the emblem of living nature, it described only a vast interminable chain of crags calcinated by the fires of heaven. Trembling, I accompanied my guide, and the roarings of the tigers and lions, repeated by a thousand echoes, appalled my soul. At every step I was compelled to lean on the arm of the benevolent angel, and beheld around me, unfortunate mortals, who vainly attempted to climb over these steep rocks, hung suspended at their points, but soon exhausted with their violent exertions, tottered, called in vain for help, fell and rolled mangled into the yawning

precipices, where hungry tigers feasted on their scattered limbs and panting carcasses.

I shuddered in the expectation of a similar fate, when the angel addressed me. "It is thus that Providence rewards the proud temerity of men. Why do mortals attempt to penetrate into impenetrable sanctuaries. Their first duty is to know their weakness. The springs of the universe obey the hand of a God, whose will it is to forgive your rashness and enlighten your mind." At these words he touched my hands, and I found myself on the summit of the mountain. How delightful was my astonishment! the side which we now descended, formed a rich and magnificent garden, whose lively verdure, tufted with groves, and enamelled with flowers, refreshed the eye, whilst the harmonious songs of the birds, and the perfumes wafted by the breeze greeted and gratified the senses. A secret but powerful influence would have kindled the heart of indifference into raptures. My heavenly guide pointed to a temple of a wonderful construction, but the road which led to it was so intricate that it would have been impossible to reach it without a conductor.

At our approach the temple's gates burst open, we entered, and they were suddenly closed after us. "By an invisible hand, with a noise like thunder!" No one is able to open, no one is able to close these gates," said the angel, "but the voice of the Almighty." Struck with awe, I read the following words written in letters of gold:—"God is just, his ways are hidden; who shall dare to dive into his designs?" I glanced at the lofty elevation of the temple: the whole of this majestic edifice rested on three pillars of white marble: in the midst an altar stood, from which, instead of the statue of the Divinity, rose an odorous vapour, whose sweet perfumes embalmed the air. On the right of the altar, a table of black marble was suspended, and on the left a mirror of the purest crystal. "Here," said the angel, "you will learn that when Providence overwhelms a virtuous man with calamities, it is to lead him more safely to happiness."—He said, and disappeared. The ice of fear no more chained my faculties, and a tide of pure, soft, and ineffable delight rushed through my heart. I shed tears of tenderness; my knees bent, I raised my arms towards heaven, and could only adore in silence the Supreme Being. A majestic but gentle voice, addressed me thus:—"Rise, behold, and read."

I cast my eyes upon the mirror, and perceived my friend Sadak; Sadak, whose firm and courageous virtue had often excited my wonder, who knew how to contend with poverty and

render it respectable. I beheld him in a room, the walls of which were bare; he rested his languishing head on the last piece of furniture which remained in his possession, his heart torn with hunger and the still bitter pangs of despair. A single tear stole from his eye-lids, a tear of blood! and the unfortunate dared not weep. Four children called upon him for bread, and the youngest, weak, expiring, as I laid on a heap of straw, had already lost the power of crying, and heaved the last sigh of a life of misery. Saddened by grief, and forgetful of her love, the wife of my unhappy friend, reproached him with the excess of their misfortunes. These cruel reproaches stung him to the heart, and increased his torments; he started, turned his looks away from his children, and though weakened by a raging fever, dragged himself into the street to seek some relief for their wants. I saw him meet a man, who owed him the high station which he filled, he revealed to him the deplorable state of his family, the sufferings of his children, ready to expire in his arms for want of a little food. This man blushed at being forced to own his acquaintance, looked round with anxiety to ascertain whether he was observed speaking with a person who wore the livery of poverty, and hid himself of his importunities by deceitful promises, cold civilities, and then hurried away from the wretched Sadak. And it was the tenth time he had heard his prayers, and returned the same answer! Grown desperate, my friend wandered, led by chance, till one of his creditors stopped him, loaded him with imprecations, gathered a crowd round the wretch, threatened him publicly, and was ready to strike him more through contempt than anger. At last I saw Sadak roam from door to door, holding out a supplicating hand, often rebuked, and but seldom receiving an alms granted to importunity alone. He bought a loaf, hastened home, shared it among his children, wept with joy, whilst satisfying their hunger, and on his knees thanked Providence for the rich blessing he had bestowed upon him.

I threw a scream of grief, astonishment, and terror. My eyes, wet with tears, fell on the table of black marble, where an invisible hand wrote these words:—"Continue to observe Sadak, and condemn, if you dare, that Providence who rules the universe." I once more looked at the mirror, and beheld my friend Sadak; but in what a different state! He was no more poor, it is true, but sincere, tender, virtuous, pitiful, full of honour and humanity; he was now enriched by a sudden and unexpected inheritance. Wealth had corrupt-

ed his virtue; sleeping on the bosom of luxury, he was become ill-tempered and imperious; having ceased to suffer, he now forgot the sufferings of others. With respect and admiration I read the words traced on the mysterious table.—“Virtue often pines, because she would be no longer; virtue had she no adversity with which to contend. When the all-wise Providence gives misery as the companion of a mortal, misery is attended by patience, her sister, and supported by courage. This gift renders virtue self-sufficient, and enables her to feel happy even whilst seemingly crushed with misfortunes.”

I cast my eyes eagerly on the mirror, and how anxiously beat my heart when I beheld my country, and the fortunate city where I had drawn my breath! But, heavens! how soon was gladness turned into grief, when I saw its surrounding fields deluged with hostile armies; its strong walls threatened with destruction by an hundred engines of war, the glimmering steel and the fires kindled by vengeance and hate. Rich and magnificent city! thou shudderest notwithstanding the well-known courage of thy defenders. Thy wealth inflamed the thirst for plunder of thy foes; in vain thy sons bled in thy defence; thy enemies climbed over thy haughty towers, and burst into thy bosom. Streams of blood rushed through thy streets, death flew from house to house, and wide spreading flames devoured thy lofty palaces. In a few hours thou layest a heap of stones wrapt in dark and brooding smoke. My unfortunate countrymen, who fled from their burning roofs, and escaped the rage of war, wandered helpless through the woods, and became the prey of famine that consumed them slowly and prolonged the tortures of their death. Merciful God! Exclaim, Shall a million of men fall victims to the ambition of a tyrant? Shall infants redden their mothers' breast with their blood? shall the white hair of age be dragged in the dust, and innocence and beauty glut the appetite of a murderous host? shall a whole city sink into annihilation because a despot thirsts after its treasures?—“A country filled with iniquity,” answered the marble table, “deserves the severest punishment which the long despised justice of heaven can inflict. The innocent are thus prevented from becoming guilty; and if the hand of Providence has struck them with death, it has snatched them from a more dangerous wreck than that of mortal existence: they had an asylum in the merciful bosom of the eternal God.”

The palace of the first minister Aliazin, the gilt pyramids of which reached the clouds,

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shone too magnificent to elude my sight. How often had indignation fired my soul at the aspect of this prosperous villain, who with a venal mind, a barbarous disposition, a depraved conduct, and a despotic genius, had yet found means to yoke fortune to his car. His elevation was the reward of law actions, his treasures, of treachery; for he had sold his country for gold. A whole province groaned beneath his oppressive sway. Now he laughed at the weak murmurs of a people bent under his yoke, and now he styled seditious clamours the still'd moans of a suffering population. Every day was distinguished by a new crime, and every crime attended with fresh success.

Yet the interior of his palace, and the rich hangings of his apartments offered the most sublime pictures of generous and virtuous deeds. The statues of the great men of antiquity crowded the dwelling of the vilest wretch, and these dumb marbles, far from awaking a sense of right in his soul, were even seen by him without a reflection on his own indignity. I beheld this wicked minister, clothed with power, surrounded with flatterers, feared by his enemies, publicly praised, and cursed but in secret. Numberless precious rarities adorned his closet, and the price of each of them was an act of injustice.

The people of his garments was bought with the money of those he had reduced to beggary and nakedness, and the wine which he drank, in a cup sparkling with costly gems, might rightly be called the essence of all the tears which he had caused to be shed.

He rose from a sumptuous table, and laid at the feet of a courtesan the patrimony of a newly plundered orphan. With her he repaired to the window, and quietly beheld the execution of a courageous citizen who had dared to remonstrate with him on the abuse he made of his authority. The innocent was scarcely strangled, when a courier from the Sultan announced to him that as a reward for his valuable services, he made him a present of a whole district. The villain smiled, and thus new increase of power extended the sphere of his crimes.

The hatred with which I loathed this barbarous tyrant, prompted me to glance repeatedly at the table of black marble, with the hope of reading the sentence of his doom, but no word appeared. My eyes fell back on the mirror, and I perceived Aliazin entering a retired closet. With what exultation did I behold his countenance. Nature, his victims, and mankind were avenged. This proud minister who seemed the happiest of men, read

a letter, glowingly thundered, stamped with rage, and struck his forehead with that hand that had lately signed the condemnation of innocence. Torn with pangs that he could not assuage, he started, sunk back on a sofa, started again, and paced his room like a madman, racked with fear, but not with remorse. He plucked all the badges of his high dignities, trod them under his foot, and burst in tears like a child. I was trying to guess the subject of his grief, when one of his favourite partners in crime, still more degraded than his master, penetrated into his closet, and I learned the cause of Aliacim's despair: a spy of his at court had written to him, that a new storm had gathered against him, and that unless he could devise a means of soon dispelling it, it would sweep away his credit, his rank, and perhaps his existence. No sooner had his debased confidant heard the danger with which his master was threatened, than he hesitated not in advising him a deed from which any other would have shrunk with horror. The wretch approved this counsel, and ordered his daughter to be brought into his presence. Nourémi appeared; she was handsome, and possessed many virtues. Despairing, she heard that her father meant to prostitute her to the Sultan's lust, as a victim sacrificed to the shrine of ambition. She fell at his feet, almost senseless; the tears of beauty, of nature, of virtue, of innocence, were vain: a severe look commanded obedience; she obeyed, and died with shame and sorrow.

Aliacim's happiness was not increased. I saw him laid on a bed of down, or plunged in a voluptuous bath, and he seemed to be extended on thorns. He feared for his life, started from his couch, and wandered trembling through the apartments of his palace; he found his slaves asleep, and envied the deep tranquillity of their slumbers. The morning dawned, and still anxious, still torn with suspicions, he shuddered when compelled to take food, lest he should drink the poisonous draught of death. He dreaded even the caresses of the courtezans over whom he tyrannized, but who knew the art of ruling their tyrant. When he heard of a new candidate for courtly elevation the snakes of envy feasted on his heart, and he fancied he beheld the foe who one day would overwhelm his power, and fill the station he occupied.

In a respectful expectation, I consulted the table where the awful judgments of the Almighty were inscribed, and read:—"Truth is the torment of the wicked; it is always present to his sight; he cannot turn his eyes away from the faithful mirror, in which he

beholds his injustice and the deformity of his soul."

On a sudden I heard a voice similar to that of distant thunder; I looked towards Aliacim's palace, but its gardens, its pyramids, its statues, and the minister himself had disappeared. On the spot where this abode of crime and sensuality stood, I descried a airy marsh, alive with crawling adders and unsightly animals. Such is the foundation of those palaces which the hand of guilt had erected! The following words on the black marble revealed to me Aliacim's fate:—"He has been swept from the face of the earth, like vile dust, and future ages will doubt he ever existed."

This terrifying picture shall never be erased from my memory, and I ever since cannot refrain from pitying men in power. The vulgar admire their riches and elevation, whilst I see the vengeful hand of God suspended over their heads. I now looked again at the mirror, and beheld Mirza and Fatmé, two happy lovers, in that blooming age when the enthusiasm of virtue is felt. This morning had dawned on their union, and the sincerity of their mutual affection seemed to promise them a long succession of felicity. The sweet extacy of blisighted their eyes, their hands were entwined together, and their voluptuous sighs heaved responsive. Fatmé's beauty was that of a virgin, as well as her modesty and her graces, and that light rosy hue, the brightness of which is so fleeting. Her lovely bosom contained a heart teeming with noble sentiments and generosity. Dumb with love, and his soul wrapt in unspeakable delights, Mirza clasped Fatmé in his arms, and interrupted words were the only interpreters of the feelings of their hearts. Fatmé rewarded her lover's caresses with an enchanting smile; she blushed, but her blushes sprang from the purest love. How forcibly did their silence express sentiments too strong for utterance. I exulted whilst contemplating the ravishing spectacle of virtue crowned by the hand of love. How could the philanthropist deny two happy hearts without rejoicing at their felicity!

These lovers blessed their union, because it enabled them to do good together. They were rich, and esteemed their wealth only as it afforded them a means of relieving the unfortunate. On the day of their nuptials they resolved that other feeling hearts should taste the same happiness, and married young maidens with their humble suitors, to whom poverty forbade the hope of so speedy an union. Mirza wished that every breast experienced the same raptures as his own; and

his beneficent soul longed for the power of shedding over the surface of the whole universe unbounded joy and unalterable delight. "Dear Fatmé," he exclaimed, "we are happy; and the more so as we can say we do not taste bliss alone; our name is blessed by the voice of gratitude; we have led the god of Hymen into the cottages of the poor, and the heart of innocence has expanded with joy, whilst the comforts which love bestows have effaced the image of grief, the remembrance of misery; and we shall behold their children smiling at our approach. Oh Fatmé, their caresses will be our dearest reward!"

This tender and virtuous couple thus laid the plan of a useful and beneficent existence. They intended to enrich the minds of their children with the pure precepts of wisdom; to teach them to be simple and good, because simplicity and goodness form the roots of every virtue; to foster in their souls pity and the love of humanity; because the being who can feel is alone worthy of the appellation of man. Their raptured imagination already beheld their posterity practising the same virtues, and kindling with the same zeal for the happiness of their fellow creatures. In an extasy of love, of bliss, and exultation, they knelt and adored the Supreme Being—"Almighty father," they exclaimed, "let our children be worthy of being thine; let them tread the path of thy justice; or should they be destined to disobey thy holy laws, stifle them in their birth, or smite thy servants with sterility." Their supplicating arms were still raised towards heaven, and still entwined together, when the roof of the house, shaken by a mighty wind, gave way. Mirza had time to fly, but he scorned to forsake his beloved Fatmé. He raised her in his arms, he ran with the haste of desperation, but the tottering wall fell and buried the two lovers beneath its ruins. The world lost its most precious ornament, and mankind the model of the purest virtue.

I concealed my face with my hands in order to weep more freely, and almost wished to have ended my existence with the unfortunate couple whose fate I had been witnessing.—Dumb and motionless, I long dreaded to look at the marble table, but at last raising my eyes with anxious apprehension, I read the following words:—"The blinded soul of man beholds the present, and Providence alone can know futurity. The most sudden death has rewarded the virtues of Mirza and Fatmé, has transported them to the abode of heavenly joys, such as an inhabitant of the earth cannot even dream of, and freed them from the grief

of giving birth to a vicious and unworthy posterity."

I acknowledged the foolishness of my conclusions, I whose sight could not even grasp the whole extent of my existence. I then glanced again at the mirror, and perceived Agenor, an unhappy youth, weakened by lust and riot, and the most debauched among the dissolute. Pale, disordered, and violently agitated, he paced his room with hasty steps, struck his forehead with his hand, and vented his rage in smothered imprecations. On a sudden he remained as if undecided, then ran to a secret drawer, opened it, and snatching a small parcel, poured the powder it contained into a glass—"Yes," he exclaimed, his eyes on fire, "this powder is my last resource, it will save me from the torments of shame. Faithless Roxana forsakes me for the vile Dabour; my father will no more pay the expences of my pleasures; hungry creditors hunt my steps, and threaten me with a prison—this will punish at once Roxana, my father, and my creditors." The glass already touched his lips, and I expected with little concern the death of the most criminal of rakes, when he suddenly stopped, "What," he cried, "shall I die without being avenged? No; perfidious rival, thy blood shall stain the earth, thy death alone shall soothe my rage." He said, laid the glass on the table, and grasping his scynactar, rushed from his apartment. Scarcely had he reached the street when his father, a venerable aged man, repaired to his room. His forehead betrayed the anguish of his paternal soul. He came to point out to his ungrateful son the sacred laws of honour, of virtue, and duty, which he neglected and despised, and vainly hoped to redeem him from vice and destruction. The wrinkles of his brow, his white hair, and the tears which bedewed his cheeks, inspired me with veneration and pity, and would have melted the most obdurate heart. Tired with the unusual speed which he exerted to meet his son, this unfortunate parent grew thirsty, and perceiving the fatal glass, hastily drank its contents. Soon he felt the effects of the poison, tottered, sunk to the ground, and expired in the midst of excruciating pains and dreadful convulsions. I could not refrain from expressing regret and surprize, and the unseen finger of divine justice wrote the following words on the mysterious table:—"Agenor's father was guilty of his son's excesses, for his neglect and partiality encouraged and supported them. Was it not then just that Agenor should in his turn become the inflicter of his punishment? O ye fathers! learn the whole extent of your

duties, and tremble; to tolerate crimes is to commit them."

I had no sooner perused these lines than they disappeared, and the following met my sight—"Behold the whole, in order not to err." Instantly I descried in the mirror a large island divided into two parts by a river. The right side formed a verdant plain, adorned with magnificent palaces and superb gardens, whose inhabitants were richly clothed; the left, a barren and sandy waste, presented no other object to the eyes but the sheds of poverty filled with obscure and miserable mortals. This island might have been considered as an image of the earthly ball. The country on the right was called the land of the happy; there songs of joy, light dances, luxuriant feasts winged every moment with pleasure; voluptuous love beamed in the eyes of youthful beauties who, with gentle reluctance, followed these fortunate beings beneath cool and solitary shades. I remarked, however, that they deemed themselves completely happy only when seen by the wretches who inhabited the opposite shore. When in the midst of splendid feasts they affected mirth; but I saw their hearts unveiled, and descried the secret worms with which they were devoured; they seemed like those revelling in the delights of heaven, but all hell raged in their bosoms; surrounded with plenty, their wishes remained unsatisfied, and their active and covetous imagination roamed over the earth, and dived into the depths of the sea to seek for new dainties to gratify their inflated palates. Among these self-called happiest of men, there were some who suddenly burst from the arms of pleasure to run after an *ignis fatuus* styled glory, whilst beating drums and thundering cannons animated and supported their courage. They soon returned beset with blood, and sometime maimed, and then assumed the name of heroes. Others exerted all their powers to reach the top of an eminence occupied by others, whilst they might have found a commodious station on the very spot on which they stood; sometimes they were laughed at, and often thrown down to the lowest rank. But though defeated they were not discouraged, they soon began again the painful ascent; and when successful, they had not even time to sit down and rest themselves, but were incessantly employed in repelling the ambitious adventurer who, in his turn, attempted to fill their place. A little farther I saw many idle persons, with a busy look, who ran without an end, scattered gold pieces around them without deriving any pleasure from their senseless liberality, and finished by

setting fire to their own palaces to please the whim of a coquette. They then swam with great rapidity across the river, and landed on the barren shore called the land of the unhappy. There groans and shrieks swelled on every blast, and every individual walked bent beneath the load of a large wen which hung behind his neck. Jealousy and grief tortured the souls of these people when they contemplated the land of felicity. But what availed their vain and covetous longings? the weight of their burden seemed to increase. When they approached the banks of the river they heard the pointed jokes of the rich, who scorned and mocked the miserable wen-bearers. It was not easy for the inhabitants of the land of misfortune to swim across the river and settle on the opposite shore, yet they were not forbidden to put that plan into execution; but after a short distance among the happy, they generally and willingly returned to their former abode, preferring a heavy lump on their backs to a state of eternal warfare with their conscience. If any one complained of the weight of his yoke, he was permitted to exchange it for another, but he soon repented his change, and resumed his former load. The fleshy excrescences did not seem to me so troublesome as the burrs represented them to be; and I began to think that whilst in the land of felicity, pride exaggerated the pleasures it enjoyed, weakness, in that of misfortune, exaggerated the difficulties with which it struggled; but it is in the nature of man to long to be pained. I remarked that the unskilfulness of the latter rendered their burden more unpleasant than it really was; for those who bore it cheerfully seemed light and contented, and scarcely felt its weight, whilst those who did not study to keep a just equilibrium tottered at every step. Another advantage which the unhappy possessed over the fortunate, was that of being able to trust fearlessly to the raging waters. Their wen supported them when swimming across the river; though violently tossed, the severest blasts did not endanger their lives. The inhabitants of the land of felicity, on the contrary, often beheld their rich and level plains suddenly deluged by the overflowing river; carried away by the strength of the current, and sinking beneath the weight of the gold with which their garments were adorned, they themselves perished in the watery waste. I remarked also that the wealthy and happy were less industrious, less skilful, less humane and charitable than the unfortunate.

I looked with eagerness for some other object of comparison, when the sky grew dark

with clouds, loud thunders pealed, livid lightnings flashed across the gloom, and a crushing shower of hail fell upon the island.

Every heart was smitten with terror, when on a sudden the sea upraised her waves, which met the clouds and devoured the island and all its inhabitants. The mirror presented to my sight a waste of waters, whence issued a few indistinct means, and over which a thick and yellow obscurity hovered. At the same instant a celestial splendour filled the temple; the odorous cloud which waved on the altar was turned into a pillar of fire; and the vault of the edifice bursting asunder, I descried a dazzling throne slowly descending from the sky, whilst awful thunders rolled over my head. Struck with fear I fell on my knees before the divinity of this august temple; when an angelic hand raised me, and I perceived standing at my side the seraph who had guided my steps hither. His voice stilled new courage into my soul, and I read these words written in flaming characters on the mysterious marble—"Death levels all men; eternity alone is them their different ranks; justice is slow but immutable, and virtuous men are at last exalted to the station they deserve to fill, whilst the wicked meet with a condign fate." The mirror then became clear, and I beheld a tall and beautiful woman, clothed in celestial majesty, and seated on the base of a column; one of her hands held a pair of scales, and the other a flaming sword. Millions of men of all countries and all nations were gathered around her. She weighed virtues and vices, forgave the errors arising from weakness, rewarded patience and resignation, and punished indiscreet murmur.

I saw with exultation that she dried the tears of the unhappy, who now blessed their past sufferings, which had proved the source of so much felicity. The greater their woes had been the greater was now their reward. They entered the dwellings of eternity in which the father of all good delights to display his mercy, the first and the noblest of his attributes. All the beings whom the breath of the Almighty had warmed with life were born to be happy. The stains which the

vile clay of their mortal bodies imprinted on their souls, melted away in the beams of the sun of truth, whose splendour dispelled every shade. The creator of the wide universe, like a loving father, gathered his children around him after their long and painful pilgrimage, and forgave the errors of the past. Those whose hearts had laboured justice and pity, defended the innocent, and relieved the poor, received a twofold tribute of glory. An everlasting hymn of praise, sung by the whole family of mankind, proclaimed the renovation of things.

Grief, fear, and despair were no more, and the radiant morn of eternity began to dawn; the figure of the world was changed, and no mournful groan disturbed the harmony of universal happiness. The beneficent God, whose hand is imprinted on the face of nature, who has scattered beauties and pleasure among the evils that attend our pilgrimage on earth, received all his creatures in his paternal arms; the divine father and his children formed only one family. I then heard a thundering voice exclaim,—“Now, weak mortal, whose genius is equally rash and confined, learn to adore the ways of Providence, even when they seem unjust and wrong. The Almighty speaks, and his word is invincible; he has considered every thing before he pronounces that word. Limited beings! your systems, your wishes, and thoughts formed part of his august plan; bow down before his wisdom, hope, and do not arraign his ways.”

The voice ceased, and the tottering temple seemed ready to crush my head beneath its ruins; I started, and awoke, doubtful whether reality or a vision had so powerfully agitated my senses. Ought I still to murmur at the prosperity of the wicked and the woes with which virtue is afflicted? No; let us wait till the veil that wraps the universe be torn asunder by the hand of death; for it is death that gives us eternal life, by unfolding to our sight that everlasting and immutable truth that rules the tide of events for the glory of Omnipotence and the final happiness of men.

E. R.

## SICILIAN LOVE. "

{ *Concluded from Page 38* }

"ARE you," began Cuenna, "the admiral of our enemies, the invincible Ruyter?"

*Ruyter (coldly)* I am Ruyter; but the epithet employed by you, Signora, does not belong to me, and would only betray a ridiculous pride.

*Cuenna.* And yet you are at this moment in hopes of conquering the French.

*Ruyter.* I certainly hope it; and no exertion of mine shall be wanting to accomplish that hope.

*Cuenna.* Know, admiral, that it is in my power to ensure you the victory.

*Ruyter.* In your power, Signora? May I request an explanation of your meaning?

*Cuenna.* Do you know Vivonne?

*Ruyter.* I know very little of him, but have a strong desire for a better acquaintance. I saw him once at the Hague; he appeared to me a brave man,—as brave as his sister Montespen is said to be beautiful.

*Cuenna.* Montespen! curses on the wretch!

*Ruyter.* Why so, Signora? She serves the same monarch in the bed-chamber that her brother serves in the field. But let her be what she will, I shall be delighted to find in him the courage and the experience of a *Tromp*. Doubtly glorious would then be such a victory, and doubly intimate I hope would be our acquaintance.

*Cuenna.* Would to heaven that I had never known him! The earth contains not a more accomplished man and a greater villain.

*Ruyter (with some surprise).* That he is accomplished, I have no doubt, and have often heard so; but why a villain? On the contrary, people speak highly of his honour, his valour, and other excellent qualities.

*Cuenna.* And not without reason.

*Ruyter.* I am told that he is as ambitious of glory as he is zealous in the service of his country and his king.

*Cuenna.* Yes, and as faithless in love. Oh, the perfidious man, with whom the most sacred oaths were a mere juggle! Ah, Sir, if you were acquainted with all his crimes—

*Ruyter.* Signora, I understand you not. I am an entire stranger to the manners of your country, and particularly to the character of your sex. I have visited many regions, and have found that men and their notions are totally different in each. In Holland, my native country, our way of life is extremely

simple; the women attend solely to the domestic concerns, and these afford them sufficient employment. They nurse then children, are tenderly attached to their husbands, and superintend their kitchens. When we leave them they weep, but not very long; for they know that when we sail, it is for the defence of our country.

*Cuenna.* Indeed, heroic Ruyter, it is impossible you should understand me, if your knowledge of women is confined to such creatures as those. Where shall I find words to express the force of my feelings, and the full extent of my wretchedness? I loved—loved this villain—loved him, and was weak. (In a different tone.) No, not weak—strong, but too strong was my passion. I lived entirely in him, not in myself. I was repaid with the blackest ingratitude, with the most horrid perfidy. I suspected his inconstancy; I flew after him; and have been on board his ship. There I espied a female—a youthful female of resplendent beauty—They must both die.

*Ruyter.* Some cruel affliction preys upon your heart, Signora. That I can plainly perceive, but the cause of it I cannot comprehend. What can I do for you?

*Cuenna.* Avenge me.

*Ruyter.* Revenge is a passion to which my heart is a stranger.

*Cuenna.* But that cannot be the case with love.

*Ruyter.* O no! love of my duty and love of my country, are sentiments with which I am intimately acquainted. That other love—the offspring of voluptuous indolence, and an important avocation for all those who have no other employment—has never ruled my heart. The place which it might perhaps have occupied has long been better filled.

*Cuenna.* But were you never married?

*Ruyter.* I am at present married to my third wife. The two first were perfectly satisfied with me in every respect, and the third gives me the same assurance. I did all that lay in my power to render their lives as happy as possible. When I was with them, we always lived peacefully together, and when absent I took care that they should not want. On my return I always saw and embraced them with pleasure; and quitted them without pain because my duty called me away. They never



gave me any uneasiness, except by the tears which they used to shed at every parting.

*Cuenna.* What! and have you never felt that harrowing-up of the soul, that inexpressible anguish, notwithstanding its torment is not totally destitute of rapture, with which the parting kiss is imprinted on the lips of those we love, with which fond lovers separate ten times, and as often unite in the ardent embrace?

*Ruyter.* No; my duty commanded me to go, and I went.

*Cuenna.* But your children?

*Ruyter.* I have several. The daughters I left with their mother to comfort her in my absence; the boys I took with me when they were big enough, to show them the way to rise from a common sailor to the rank of admiral. I have two of them now on board with me, and hope soon to introduce them to your marshal.

*Cuenna.* Be not too sanguine, Sir; the traitor is not such an easy conquest.

*Ruyter.* So much the better, as I have already said. The greater the difficulty the greater the glory, and the sweeter the satisfaction.

*Cuenna.* Then you reject my sure, easy, and infallible method of securing the victory?

*Ruyter.* I am yet to learn in what it consists.

*Cuenna.* In the death of Vivonne. Look, Sir, at this dagger! In one of the happiest moments of my life, I shewed it to our common enemy, saying—"For Vivonne, who is constant to his vows, I reserve my tenderest embrace; but this steel is destined to punish his inconstancy." He is faithless, and I am ready to keep my word. I was on the point of fulfilling my menace, but was desirous of first apprizing you, Sir, of my intention. Cuenna does not like to do things by halves. She would not put him to a single death, but inflict on him, if possible, two, three, nay a hundred deaths. She is desirous of punishing not the traitor alone, but of including all his treacherous countrymen in her vengeance. To accomplish this end, she requires nothing but your assistance.

*Ruyter (in a half angry tone).* Nothing but my assistance?

*Cuenna (with extraordinary animation).* Spread all your sails, brave Ruyter; arm all your crews, and approach with your fleet near the harbour of Messina. When I hasten towards you with the bloody dagger, or if the report of Vivonne's death outstrips my speed, bear down without delay on the ships of the French. Deprived of their commander, and

horror-struck by the fell of their king, they will be incapable of resistance. You will conquer, will annihilate them, and the faithless Vivonne will even in death be doubly discomfited; history will brand his name with twofold infamy.

*Ruyter.* And you expect me to assist you in accomplishing this plan.

*Cuenna.* Yes, you.

*Ruyter.* God preserve my soul from the mere idea of such a compact. Signora, I am now sixty-nine years old, and probity has ever been the guide of my conduct. Never was my conscience yet polluted with falsehood, treachery, and guilt. I have hitherto cherished in my soul the principles of genuine virtue and valour, and I would at this moment submit with joy to a thousand deaths rather than alter my sentiments—I have navigated almost every sea; I have been engaged in battle with almost every nation in Europe, and towards each I have conducted myself, as far as fortune permitted, according to its deserts. Right towards the English, haughty towards the Spaniards, formerly our enemies but now our faithful allies, frank towards the French, magnanimous towards the Swedes, when I protected the King of Denmark, I have every where conquered and invariably gained the respect of the vanquished. Even when I had to go with the pirates of Salice and Algiers, I forgot not the rights of humanity, neither will I lose sight of them on this occasion. In Holland and in France, they know not such a weapon as the dagger. Honour put into the hands of our forefather the sword and not a dagger; the assassin only employs the dagger, not a man like me.

*Cuenna (staringly).* Is this your last, your final resolve?

*Ruyter.* It is; and as to yourself, Signora, let me conjure you to relinquish your design! Such a project makes me shudder, though, as a man and a warrior I have grown grey amid dangers. How could it ever have been formed in the bosom of woman—of an individual belonging to that sex whose greatest charm is gentleness!—Recollect yourself! Courage does not appear to be a stranger to your soul. Only give it a proper direction and relinquish the odious plan of revenge!

*Cuenna.* I have been told that in the Belgian seas all animated nature is rendered torpid by the cold, and that the souls of the inhabitants of its coasts are endued with little or no sensibility; but such a degree of apathy as this, I never could have expected. Farewell, undaunted man, whom the idea of a dagger affrights! Adieu, man of monastic virtue and

yet the defender of a villain who has inflicted on me more than twenty deaths—Ah! now I perceive that men of the most hostile sentiments agree for the purpose of oppressing our sex! They all cordially concur in seducing, deceiving, and assassinating us.

She hastened away. "Now I am convinced," thought she, "that violent passions admit not of allies. In themselves alone must they seek assistance, weapons, and support." With dishevelled hair, with pallid cheeks, and the quick pace of despair she hurried back to Messina. Her strength was reduced by long fasting; but she heeded not the calls of hunger. The sun scorched her face, but she felt only that flame which consumed her vitæ. She was unattended, save by love and revenge, the most dangerous of guides. Without friends, for she had sacrificed them all to Vivonne—without father—for him too she had forsaken, and now like a malefactor avoided his sight;—alike shunning and shunned by all, the perfidious Vivonne, and the punishment of his perjury, occupied her whole soul. Nothing else was capable of engaging her attention, till the intelligence that both fleets were making preparations for an engagement excited some interest in her. She bestowed on the French a thousand execrations, though she could not cordially wish success to the phlegmatic Ruyter.

The hostile squadrons bore down upon each other, and a tremendous spectacle succeeded. Du Quesne's superiority was decisive, and his ships fought bravely. Ruyter's example, however, performed wonders. His crews engaged with such desperation that you would have supposed them to be fighting for their country and not in a foreign cause. Their opponents at length gave way and two of their ships were sunk. This intelligence struck terror into Messina. Cuenca hailed it with transport. "The traitor lies then!" exclaimed she. "This is some gratification, though small, for my revenge!"—Unhappy Cuenca, how short-lived was thy pleasure!

Reinforced with ships, men, and ammunition, the French prepared to renew the engagement. Ruyter possessed none of these advantages. The ships of his Spanish allies were ill built, badly manned, and worse managed. His own squadron had suffered considerably from tempestuous weather; and the recent conflict, and to aggravate his misfortune, he was obliged to divide it, because Spanish pride, notwithstanding its weakness, demanded to be placed in the centre of the line. Ruyter had nothing but his courage to place in the scale against these various disad-

vantages; but the greatest intrepidity cannot protect a man from danger.

In the hottest of the engagement, at the very moment when victory again seemed disposed to favour the veteran hero, a cannon ball carried away his left leg, and shattered the right. He fell, and with him the fortune of his fleet. The issue of this day's conflict was not, indeed, decisive; but the loss of Ruyter, who soon afterwards expired of his wounds, was succeeded by the defeat of the allies in a third engagement. Du Quesne and Vivonne returned in triumph.

Cuenca shuddered at this information. Her soul had hitherto been alternately actuated by fear and hope, shame and revenge. Often had she, in spite of herself, trembled at the thought of her inconstant lover's death; cursing him with her lips, and yet loving him with her heart. Now when he returned with glory and victory in his train; when all the inhabitants of Messina thronged to meet him; when young and old hailed him with loud acclamations, and the most beautiful females of Sicily in their balconies seemed to bloom only for the victor; now, when she recollected her feelings at the moment when her eyes first met his, and all the consequences of that look—Cuenca's rage must either have found a vent, or have burst heart in which it was confined.

She hastened to the principal square of Messina; she there heard the populace chanting songs in honour of their supposed deliverer, and heard them observe to each other, that a statue ought to be erected to Vivonne. A loud laugh of mingled scorn and malignity alleviated the sensations of Cuenca. This, together with her extraordinary air, soon collected around her a great number of idle spectators, and Cuenca secretly rejoiced at the circumstance. She hoped that the moment of revenge had now arrived, and thus addressed the gazing crowd.—

'Whence, ye deluded creatures, whence this general enthusiasm for the cause of France? How long have people, more opposite than poison and its antidote, been such cordial friends? How different were the sentiments of our forefathers. With our mother's milk they instilled into us an abhorrence of these people whom ye now embrace, and to whom ye will but too soon be obliged to kneel. The Sicilian verses were the first words which they taught us to lip. The devastations committed by the French in this our native land, and the tyranny of their government, were the subjects of the tales with which our nurses amused our infant ears—Have you forgotten,

how often these French armies have carried fire and destruction into your towns and villages? Have you forgotten what streams of your noblest blood they have shed; and how often your sisters, your wives, and your daughters have been made subservient to the gratification of their lascivious desires?—There is not a nation—not one on the widely extended surface of the globe, that is more dangerous for you than this inconstant, fickle, and venomous race, which seems to have been endowed with fascinating graces, only for the purpose of producing misery, dissolving the closest ties, and polluting the most sacred places; which thinks nothing disgraceful that tends to satisfy its lusts; and like a swarm of locusts, devour in an instant the produce of the land, and leaves behind its embryo brood to destroy the hopes of the coming year.”

Cinna paused for a minute. She observed that her harangue operated, but not in the degree that she wished. Her voice became more impassioned, and on some of her words she had a more pathetic emphasis.—“There,” continued she, “you stand irresolute. Perhaps you want proofs that the French are still what they formerly were. Of this, alas! I am myself an example.—I, that unfortunate Cinna, to whose name it is impossible that you can all be strangers—I, who was once so enviable when I yet constituted the joy of my father, when my heart was not yet seduced, nor my honour contaminated. At that time many a noble youth was enraptured with the small portion of beauty which heaven had been pleased to confer on me. At that time enlightened persons praised my understanding, and my reputation in this happy island, which I had myself chosen for my country, was not insignificant.—But now, now I am robbed of all this by the atrocious Vivonne! He flattered me till he obtained my love; he swore oaths which an infernal would not have ventured to break, and nevertheless he has forsaken me, he has basely sacrificed me.—Me—me, ye men of Sicily! Which of you can now think his conjugal couch secure from pollution? Which of your daughters will now be safe from the like dishonour?”

A loud murmur of indignation filled the second pause which Cinna made. Animated by the hope of success, she thus continued: “Ha! I perceive that I have not been speaking to senseless stones but to men. You are affected by my misfortune; but it is not sympathy alone that you should afford—you must avenge me. Cursed be Vivonne and every one of his countrymen. What he has been to me, these will be to the other daughters of Sicily—

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seducers and perfidious.—Such was not the conduct of our former rulers of the nobler race of Arragon. Even when they burdened us with imposts they still regarded the dearest rights of humanity. Their rigid virtue hated every immoral indulgence. They lasted at most after our gold, but never after our honour. Now that our resistance has shewn them what energies we possess, they would not give us even the former causes of complaint, were we to submit again voluntarily to their sceptre, but would conduct themselves towards us with equal justice and generosity.—O let us amend our errors! Let us now, before it is too late, make a merit of that which otherwise may but too soon be a necessity. For Spain still holds Palermo, and different parts of the island are yet in her power. The vicinity of Naples, the alliance with the Dutch, the Emperor's friendship, all contribute to strengthen her cause. While Ruyter lived, Vivonne was obliged to fly; but since the death of the hero, he gives full scope to his vanity. Holland has more Ruyters, who will soon make their appearance; and the conquered Sicilians will then be forsaken by these dastardly French. Come, join me, my friends! Let *Spain for ever!* be your cry, and assist me to take vengeance! Assist me to renew the grand spectacle of the Sicilian vespers.”

The Sicilians have ever been characterized as a people fond of change, impatient, and susceptible of any impression. Hence the crowd which a few minutes before extolled Vivonne to the skies, and praised his nation as the most generous under the sun, were now converted by the eloquence of a woman and the spectacle of her sorrows, into the enemies of France. Spain for ever, and death to Vivonne! was the universal cry. Regardless of the garrison of Messina, unmindful of the victory so dearly purchased, they all prepared for insurrection, and a multitude, which soon increased to many thousands, proceeded toward the vice-regal palace. They provided themselves with arms of every description; some even carrying fire-brands in their hands, and the leader of this insensate and infuriated mob was a woman.

Vivonne was enjoying the pleasures of the table when he received intelligence of this unaccountable insurrection. Without a moment's delay, he put himself at the head of his body-guard. The gates of the palace-yard were opened and Vivonne with his men went to meet the maddened populace. The first object that presented itself to his view was a woman stabbing a French officer with a dagger. The marshal ran towards her: she aimed

ablow at him, but he arrested her arm. A long conflict ensued between female rage and masculine strength. At length he wrested from her hand the weapon reeking with the blood of his companions, and then for the first time looked her in the face. He recognized Cuenna, whose eyes seemed to dart upon him flames of fire. What astonishment on his part, and what augment'd fury on hers! She endeavoured to disengage her arm, but in vain; she attempted to speak, but her tail heart denied her utterance. Her eyes alone continued to speak with silent but impressive eloquence. Vivonne sought to pry it, but his efforts were unavailing. The tone of his voice, once so fascinating to her, now served only to redouble her anguish. He at length asked, "And who is your intention, Signora?" "Release this arm," replied she, "and you shall see."

He released her, and again she fell of that tenderness to which she was once so accustomed, and with which he had seduced her in her happy days. Cuenna felt the full force of this look. Love, which she had endeavoured to banish from her heart resumed its empire.—"Ha! traitor," exclaimed she, "do you really yet know the power you possess over me? Or do you think yourself secure because you have wasted one dagger from me? Cuenna is better provided than you may sup-

pose. That blunt weapon was intended only for your companions. That which is destined for you, I carry nearer to my heart. Already could I have avenged myself with it. But I see your remorse and to that I consign you. It is now my turn to die."

With another dagger which she had kept concealed, she instantly pierced herself to the heart. Before Vivonne or any of the astonished bystanders could seize her hand, she was extended on the ground. The marshal threw himself upon the corpse regardless of the presence of so many witnesses, and of the menacing attitude of the populace, who were disposed to tear him in pieces. His grief, however, restrained their rage; they beheld his tears, they heard his lamentations, and they sympathized in his distress. They all returned to their duty; but in Cuenna life was extinguished forever.

He then shed the portion of Vivonne throughout the remainder of his life. The amiable man was never afterwards a soldier. War and the sciences were his sole occupations. The most celebrated poets of France employed their talents in his praise: Bolleau himself paid him, on several occasions, the tribute of applause, but nothing could ever restore the peace of mind which he had lost.

## THE LADIES' TOILETTE OR, ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 64.]

*Of the Cornet for beautifying the Skin, continued.*

### VARIOUS COSMETIC WATERS.

TAKE half a dozen lemons, cut them small, and infuse them in a quart of cow's milk, with an ounce of white sugar and an ounce of rose-water. Distil the whole in a *bellin d'acier*. Rub the face with it at night to give it great lustre to the skin; it may be recommended with safety, and its effects are certain.

### ANOTHER.

Take an ounce of sulphur, two ounces of oilbassum and myrrh, six drams of amber, and one pound of rose-water; distil the whole in a *bellin d'acier*, wash yourself with it at night

before you go to bed, and in the morning with the barley-water mentioned farther on. It will not fail to give you face a younger look.

### ANOTHER.

Infuse wheat bran for three or four hours in vinegar; add to it a few yolks of eggs, and a grain or two of ambergris, and distil the whole. You will obtain a lotion that will give an astonishing lustre to the face. It is advisable to keep it for eight or ten days in the sun, with the bottle carefully corked.

### ANOTHER.

Take equal parts of lemon-juice and white of eggs; beat the whole together in a varnished

earthen pot, and set it upon a gentle fire. Stir the matter with a wooden spatula till it has acquired nearly the consistence of butter. Before you make use of it add a small quantity of any odoriferous essence. Before the face is anointed it should be carefully washed with dew-water. This is one of the best methods to make the skin beautiful, brilliant, and polished.

#### ANOTHER.

Take equal parts of mastic, olibanum, and ysaia, pound them together on marble, and dilute the mixture with very good white wine, so that the whole may be perfectly clear, and distil it in a glass alembic. Anoint yourself with the product before you go to bed, and you will find that it communicates a brilliant white, which no other lotion can take away.

#### ANOTHER.

Take equal parts of water of wild rose and extract of hense-leek, and for every half pound add two drams of sal ammoniac.

#### VINE-WATER.

Catch the drops which distil from the vine in the months of May and June, and wash your face with them. Such is the cosmetic which nature presents to us ready-made.

#### BARLEY-WATER.

This is an excellent cosmetic, but it cannot be made except in one particular season. Gather the barley when the yet unopened grain resembles a milky substance. Pound these grains in a mortar with ass's milk, and then distil the whole in a glass alembic. Wash yourself with this lotion; it gives extraordinary purity to the face, and is productive of no inconvenience.

#### ROSE-WATER.

Though this water does not possess many virtues as a cosmetic, the ladies make a good deal of use of it on account of its agreeable smell, and perhaps also on account of its name, consecrated to the loves and the graces. My fair readers will not be displeased if I inform them how they may procure it in a very short time, and in the easiest manner. For this purpose it is sufficient to put roses into water, and to add two or three drops of vitriolic acid. The water assumes the colour, and becomes impregnated with the aroma of the flowers.

#### PIMPERNEL-WATER.

The effects of this water for whitening the complexion are highly extolled. It ought, says the author of the *Art of Perfumery*, to be continually on the toilette of every lady.

#### STRAWBERRY-WATER.

This name is given to the liquid distilled from strawberries. When wood strawberries are used for this purpose, the water has an exquisite smell, and ladies have recourse to it at their toilette to remove freckles and spots on the face. Hoffman, however, prefers the distilled water of the whole plant, which he regards as more efficacious and detergent. We shall treat in a distinct chapter of spots on the skin, and the remedies to be applied to them.

#### VIPERS.

Vipers were formerly in much greater use than at present, both as a medicine and as a cosmetic. They are, however, still considered of great utility in diseases of the skin. The use of them, relinquished perhaps without reason, was so much the more commendable, because, so far from striking in, they cure, on the contrary, the exertion of the cutaneous organ, and rid it of noxious humors. In this case they are administered internally.

They are likewise used externally for the ophthalmia, the itch, wrinkles, and spots on the face.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON COSMETICS.

We have admitted into this work but a very small portion of the numerous receipts given by the authors who have treated of cosmetics. We thought it our duty to make a prudent selection, and to confine ourselves to such processes as are attended with the greatest advantage and the least inconvenience. In the succeeding chapters of this work will be found other compositions, which likewise contribute to the embellishment of the skin, but which are devoted to particular uses, of which we shall treat separately. We shall conclude this chapter with a few general observations.

Cosmetics appear under different forms. Some are liquid, others mucilaginous, and others have vinegar for their vehicle. Others again resemble pastes and ointments.

People should avoid the use of cosmetics, with the composition of which they are unacquainted. There are cosmetics which at first produce an astonishing effect, and ultimately ruin the skin. Females should therefore abstain generally from all the cosmetics which are offered them by empirics.

Mucilaginous cosmetics possess the property of rendering the skin more supple, softer, and more polished. They are in general the best adapted to the purpose for which they are designed, and are not attended with any inconvenience.

I cannot say the same of vinegars. Certain astringent vinegars which are used by the ladies, are often very pernicious. They evidently give lustre to the skin, and brilliancy to its colours, and sometimes even remove spots; but they alter the texture of the cutaneous organ, dry it, and produce premature wrinkles. I cannot warn them too strongly against making a too frequent use of them.

Pastes have an utility which is not attended with the same inconveniences. They contribute in an efficacious manner to preserve the suppleness and elasticity of the skin.

Ointments produce a still more certain effect, because they remain longer applied to the surface of the skin. They may be kept there all night, in which case they preserve the parts which are covered with them from the influence of the air, check the matter of insensible perspiration, and produce, in a far superior degree to those which are properly called oily cosmetics, all the effects that M. de Senac expected of the latter, as we have already observed. But in order that ointments and liniments may possess the perfection that is requisite for producing none but good effects, they ought, says an able physician, whom I have already quoted, to contain nothing irritating, and the fatty substances which form their basis, should be in a state of great purity and extreme division. Very fresh cream, he adds, is often preferable to all these prepara-

tions, which, on account of the wax which they contain, and their super-oxygenation, are not fit to be used by women whose skin is too dry and too irritable.

In order to give whiteness and lustre to the skin, continues the same author, or even to protect in some cases from certain contagious diseases, they may use stearite reduced to a very fine powder, which then forms an excellent cosmetic. Professor Chaussier has employed this powder with success to preserve himself from the hospital fever. He applied it to the surface of his fingers, and touched with safety patients who were most dangerously affected.

Concerning the different cosmetics which are sold by perfumers, and of which the inventors, or sellers, make a secret, I shall say nothing. They may be very good, but till I know their composition, I cannot give any opinion respecting them. Nevertheless I am inclined to think that all those lotions which are sold at a high price, are merely new combinations of processes that have long been known. A new name is often sufficient to bring again into vogue an old process as well as an old fashion; and very often the cosmetic which lay forgotten on the shelf or in the drawer, wanted nothing but the kind aid of a new wrapper to obtain a really sale.

[ To be continued ]

## BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF THE LATE PASWAN OGLU,

PACHA OF WIDDIN.

OSMAN PASWAN OGLU, was the son of an Albanian renegade. In early life he signalized himself by his extraordinary strength and intrepidity, artful and crafty in all his undertakings, firm and resolute whenever he found it necessary to be so, his plans very seldom failed of complete success. When he had, at length, raised himself to the rank of a pacha of two tails, bolder projects began to occupy his soul. He soon found himself able to defy the whole power of the Grand Signior.

It was not long before a favourable opportunity of shewing his influence, presented itself. The rigors of the Janissaries had been invaded, the people every where murmured, but what opposition can they make to the will of a mighty despot! The Pacha set himself up for the protector of all the Janissaries, and issued a solemn declaration from his fortress,

that he would never suffer the support of the Ottoman military power to be shorn of its splendour.

From that moment the hearts of all the Janissaries were devoted to Paswan Oglu. Throughout all Turkey they regarded him as their deliverer, as the defender of their rights and privileges. Numbers of the most resolute of those warriors vowed to sacrifice their blood and lives for their generous protector, if he required it.

In the Divan, at Constantinople, however, the Pacha was declared a rebel. Several neighbouring commanders received a firman, enjoining them to collect their whole force and to reduce him to obedience. The Janissaries flew to their arms, and went in multitudes to the assistance of their menaced protector. Widdin was filled with resolute soldiers, and every attack was repelled with desperation. All the

efforts of the Porte to conciliate the conqueror proved unavailing.

His enterprizes, on the contrary, were marked with continually increasing audacity. His troops inundated all Bulgaria; nothing could withstand him till he planted his standard before the gates of Varna. It was, nevertheless, easy to foresee, that the Porte would not remain a quiet spectator of his progress. Paswan Oglu made formidable preparations to resist the gathering storm. He had engaged in his service a great number of Polish and French emigrants, and likewise of Austrian deserters from Hungary and the banat of Temeswar; he had established foundries of cannon, and collected a prodigious quantity of powder and provisions in Widdin. Numerous batteries were thrown up around the fortress, and tremendous mines were formed in suitable situations.

The Capudan Pacha, who had married a sister of the Grand Signior, and was in high favour with the latter, was at length directed to assemble a powerful army, to besiege Widdin, and to exterminate the enterprizing rebel Asiatics and Europeans were obliged to repair from all the provinces of the empire to his banners, and he himself quitted the capital with the flower of the Turkish army. A numerous flotilla sailed up the Danube. The land forces soon increased to eighty thousand men. Widdin was blockaded both by land and water, and the ruin of Paswan Oglu appeared inevitable.

The signal for storming was given. Tremendous was the thunder of the artillery planted on the bulwarks. The Mussulmans undauntedly threw themselves into the ditches, which were of considerable depth. Whole ranks were swept off at once by the heavy artillery of the fortress. Paswan Oglu by his presence in every quarter inflamed the courage of his men. They all defended themselves with the resolution of despair.

The Capudan Pacha found himself necessitated to give the signal for retreat. The failure of the first attack was an unfavourable omen for the whole campaign. It is a well known characteristic of the Turks, that in case the first enterprize, be it ever so insignificant, proves successful, their confidence is unbounded; but if they are discomfited in this, all the succeeding ones are sure to be disastrous, because a general despondency then pervades their army. How indeed could it be otherwise, firmly believing as they do in an inevitable fatality and unalterable predestination?

The result was not difficult to be foreseen. A panic seized their whole army; great num-

bers of the Turks returned to their homes. Some months elapsed before reinforcements could arrive. Hanscherli, Prince of Wallachia, received a command to send eight thousand Wallachians to the army. The feeble hospodar, trembling at every firman of the divan, durst not disobey the peremptory mandate of the Capudan Pacha. The Christian auxiliaries arrived unarmed, and unarmed they were suffered to remain. They were not designed to take the fortress, but only to screen the Turks from the murderous fire of its musketry and artillery.

A new attack was ordered. From all quarters resounded the cry to storm. The wretched unarmed Christians, were driven before like victims, that the Ottomans who followed might be secure from the fire. In this manner they approached the bastions of the town, which threatened death and destruction. What was the consequence? The battering of the fortress remained quiet, and the garrison shewed not the slightest disposition to repel the attack. The Turks paused. They were unable to account for the conduct of the besieged.

Messengers, dispatched by the Pacha with a flag of truce, suddenly made their appearance. They declared in the name of Paswan Oglu, that it was disgraceful to engage unarmed people, that he waged war not with those miserable Christians, but with Mussulmans who sought to blast the glory of the flower of the Ottoman nation; and concluded with requiring that the unarmed Wallachians should be sent back to their country, and then the sword would decide to which party God and the great Prophet, to whom be praise to all eternity, would be pleased to give the victory.

These just remonstrances had no weight with the Capudan Pacha. How could sentiments so philanthropic find access to the heart of a man accustomed to regard the Christian subjects of the empire as dogs and slaves, as born to be beasts of burden under the Turkish yoke. The messengers with difficulty escaped personal violence, and the order for the attack by land and water was repeated.

"Alas! then, there is no way of saving these wretched Christian victims!" exclaimed Paswan Oglu, when he received information of the failure of his mission. "May God and the Prophet forgive my enemies!" The orders for defence were instantly issued; the batteries, like volcanoes, poured forth destructive torrents of fire. Before half an hour had elapsed, the greatest part of the Wallachians were extended lifeless. The Mussulmans mounting upon their bodies, scaled the bulwarks.

Paswan Oglu, who was present in every

place where the danger was most imminent, now gave a signal. Horrible was the spectacle that ensued. The earth opened under the feet of the hardy besiegers. The matches were applied, and the mines were sprung with a most tremendous explosion. Whole companies were buried in the bosom of the earth, whole ranks were engulfed. Terror seized the assailants; all fled that were yet able to fly. The Capudan Pacha himself escaped from the bloody field not without the utmost hazard of his life.

This was the last attempt made by the Porte to reduce the Pacha of Widdin by force to obedience. It is remarkable in the annals of Turkish warfare. His history displays, in a striking manner, the imbecility of the empire, and shews what an enfeebling rebel, whose undertakings are conducted with prudence, caution, and cunning, is capable of effecting.

The golden age of the Ottoman dominion is past, since the Pachas have ceased to kiss the silken string sent from Satahabul, before they put it round their own necks and strangle themselves with it; but on the contrary make the Capudgi Bashis, who undertake to execute the commands of the once all-powerful despot, pay the forfeit of their lives for their temerity. Such is the usual fate of all despotic states. The bonds of despotism are dissolved, were they even tied like the Gordian knot, when those who execute its decrees cease to fear it, like a magic wand whose operation none can escape.

The Turkish political colossus, formidable for ages to all the neighbouring nations, now stands like a scathed oak, with shivered branches, amid the gaily luxuriant forest, a striking memento of the frail and perishable nature of all human things!

So great was the decline of this once formidable empire, that it depended only on the will of a Pacha of Widdin to erect a new fabric on the ruins of the dreaded throne of the race of Osman. All the Janissaries were ready to take up arms in his cause; and in the capital itself he had a numerous and powerful body of partisans. Paswan Oglu, however, declared that he aspired not to dominion, that he desired justice only for himself, his followers, and the whole nation.

Paswan Oglu was universally regarded as one of the greatest lovers of justice in Turkey. This general reputation he acquired by his impartiality not only to Mussulmans, but also to persons of every other religion. In the decision of all disputes he paid no respect to persons; and it made no difference to him whether the parties were Turks, Jews, Greeks, or

Armenians. His judgments were just, but frequently severe.

The following anecdote may serve to illustrate these observations:—Soliman Aga, a Turk of distinction at Widdin, chanced to see a beautiful young Jewess, the only comfort of a poor sick mother, whom she attended in her old age. His appetite was inflamed. Born under the burning sky of Mosul, he strove in vain to subdue it. His desire was soon matured into passion, and he swore by his beard to enjoy the Jewess, should it even cost him his life.

The girl, however, had promised her hand to another, and the marriage was to be solemnized in a few days. How then was it possible to contrive, in so short a time, a favourable opportunity for executing his purpose?—Love sharpens the invention; and if it be merely sensual, it renders those whose bosoms it occupies cruelly inventive. The unsuspecting bridegroom was easily enticed to the other shore of the Danube, where he was soon dispatched by the knife of an assassin.

Soliman had now nothing to apprehend from this rival. His spies lurked about the poor woman's hut; it could not be difficult to find a favourable moment for the execution of his design. One evening the mother went out to visit a friend, and the daughter was left at home by herself; the Turkish lover was not long before he received information of the circumstance, and in a few moments he was in the arms of the Jewess. In vain did she resist his impetuous attacks, in vain did she threaten him with all the torments of hell; her glowing words only tended still more powerfully to inflame the passion of the furious lover. With vigorous arm the Mussulman seized the helpless maiden; her strength forsook her; she sunk senseless upon the couch, and in this state she was subservient to the gratification of the lust of the ardent Asiatic.

The Jewess had recognized the Turk, and called him by name. This justly excited in his mind the apprehension of new danger. It was certain that the matter would be laid before the Pacha, and it was well known that the latter was not accustomed to protect Mussulmans who were guilty of crimes. Soliman foresaw that one must die, if the other was to live. He had no difficulty in the choice. The violated Jewess was stabbed without the least noise, and the Mussulman hastened away from the theatre of his happiness and his future misery.

The mother, on her return, found her daughter swimming in her blood. What a scene of the most poignant anguish!—The



girl was in the agonies of death. At the sight of her mother she summoned up the small remains of life, and had strength sufficient to name her ravisher and murderer. A few minutes afterwards she expired.

The very next day the mother appeared before the throne of the Pacha, imploring justice and vengeance against the man who had dishonoured and murdered her daughter.—“You shall have both!” cried Paswan Oglu; and in a grave tone commanded that the culprit should be immediately brought into his presence. Solomon was soon conducted before him by an escort of Janissaries. It was not difficult to convict him of the crime. Witnesses came forward and accused him also of the assassination of the bridegroom.

In vain did he urge, in extenuation of his guilt, his irresistible passion for the girl, and the impossibility of gratifying it in any other way.—“What would become of the mighty empire of the Ottomans,” replied the Pacha in a solemn tone, “if every Mussulman were at liberty to exercise such atrocities upon his subjects; of what service would be the divine law of the great Prophet, to whom he glory for ever and ever, if each individual might commit crimes, which are so diametrically opposite to his commandments?—Cursed be the hand that could perpetrate such nefarious deeds!”

Then quickly drawing his glistening sabre, he cut off, in the twinkling of an eye, the right hand of the guilty Tark. He did the same with the left. “Take this vile transgressor of the law,” said he with a terrific voice, “and cast him into the waves of the Danube. Let his punishment serve as a warning to others!”

The situation of the Pacha could not fail to render him suspicious, for he had always just reason to fear that he was surrounded by the spies of the Porte, and by secret enemies. This is a sufficient excuse for his mistrust of those who did not deserve it. Being once very sick, a Christian physician offered his services, and appeared before him with a medicine which he asserted would restore him to perfect health. Paswan Oglu smiled, looked at the medicine, which filled a large glass, and ordered the physician to swallow it in his presence. Notwithstanding all his remonstrances, the latter was obliged to obey the injunction of the Pacha, and to drink off the medicine, to the no little danger of his own health. To reward his compliance, the Pacha presented him with a sum of money, and a Turkish pelisse.

The person from which these particulars of the celebrated Turkish chieftain are derived,

was likewise a physician, a native of Saxony, and resided for some time at Widdin. The occasion of his leaving that place affords an instance of the singularity of the Pacha's character. In his seraglio he had a Polish female, to whom he was strongly attached, and who had probably been stolen and brought to him by the Tatars of Bessarabia. She became pregnant. It is well known with what diffidence women, especially of weakly constitutions, bring their progeny into the world in the north of Europe, and how severe a trial child-birth often proves for the Polish and Russian females. The slaves of the Pacha's Polish favourite did not conceal their apprehensions, and announced a very difficult labour. It was resolved to send for a Christian physician; and the German, to whom we have alluded, was accordingly called in.

The lady had already been a whole day in the most dreadful pains; her situation was truly pitiable. The Pacha shuddered at the thought of losing his favourite. The slaves were convinced that their mistress could not have less than three children. At length the physician arrived, and was conducted to the apartment of the patient, who was lying upon a divan, and had just recovered from a fainting fit. Her face was covered with a thin veil; no part of her whole body was to be seen, not even her hands. It was not without the greatest reluctance that the Pacha permitted the physician, at his repeated request, to feel the patient's pulse. It indicated extreme weakness. Paswan Oglu promised a great reward, if he could produce a medicine that would relieve the lady from her distressing condition.

In vain the stranger protested that he knew of nothing that could relieve her, unless he were permitted to see and touch certain parts of the patient's body. The Pacha deigned not to return him any answer. But when he had at length the boldness to declare, that he could give no assistance till he had examined the position of the child, the jealous Pacha could no longer restrain his indignation, and he swore a tremendous oath, that the Frank should answer for her safety with his life.

Under those circumstances, what was to be done? Nothing but stratagem could rescue the anxious physician from impending death. He appeared to be, for some time, absorbed in meditation; then, turning to the Pacha, he observed with a serene countenance, that he had bethought himself of a remedy which afforded a confident hope of saving the lady, and that it consisted of a preparation from a certain herb that grew a few miles on the other side of the Danube.

"You may rely on a great reward if you can give relief," said Paswan Oglu; "but lose no time, make haste, and the angel of the Lord attend thee!" The physician went home as much overjoyed as if he had escaped the most imminent death. No sooner had he ar-

rived than he packed up all his valuables and money, concealed the parcel under his cloak, mounted a swift horse, and was ferried across the Danube. From Wallachia he proceeded to Silistria, and thence, by way of Varna, to Constantinople.

## VISIT TO A SULTANA.

A TURKISH PLAY, MUSIC, DANCING, &c.

THE impenetrability of the harem of the Grand Seignior, wherein none but physicians are admitted, after every thing is removed which does not immediately relate to the matter on which they are to be consulted, only permits us to judge of it from its analogy to the customs of the private harems.

Even the palace of a Sultana, wherein her husband and every thing else is under her subjection, can give no light as to what passes in the interior of the seraglio. I do not, therefore, pretend to introduce even a ray of light as to what passes in that really inaccessible town; I am not going to present any objects of comparison, but only simple details, which paint the manners; and I shall now give an account, as it was dictated to me by Madame de Fott, of a visit which she, with her mother, paid to the Sultana Asma, daughter of the Emperor Selim, and sister of those who have succeeded him to the present day.

Under the reign of Sultan Mahamout, this Princess, still young, and from the example of her brother, inspired with a kind of predilection in favour of the Franks, was desirous of conversing with an European female. My mother-in-law, although born in Turkey, was deemed likely to satisfy her curiosity, and, with her daughter was invited to come to her. The female superintendent of the exterior of the palace was charged to fetch them and conduct them to the Sultana. When they arrived at the seraglio of that Princess, their conductress ordered a first and second iron gate to be opened, each kept by porters not different from ordinary men; neither was the guardian of a third gate; which, on being opened, discovered several black eunuchs, each with a white wand in their hands, who preceded the strangers through an interior court, which was under their care, and introduced them into a large hall.

Here the female intendant of the interior came to receive them; and the slaves who attended her, assisted the two strangers in taking off their masks, and folding up their veils, whilst their mistress went to notify their arrival to the Sultana.

In the mean while the Princess, devoted to her religious prejudices, would not receive their visit, except behind blinds, in order to see without being seen; but my mother-in-law having declared that she would retire, if this condition was persisted in, the negotiation was terminated by the Princess consenting, who, adding an invitation for them to repose awhile, gained time to adjust her dress. Soon after, the mother and daughter were introduced into the apartments of the Sultana, whom they found richly dressed, and adorned with all her diamonds, sitting on the corner of a sumptuous sofa, in a saloon of which the tapestry and carpets were of gold and silver stuffs of Lyon, of different colours, in stripes; and small cushions of cotton, covered with satin embroidered with gold, were placed before the Sultana, on which they were seated, whilst sixty young damsels, in splendid apparel, arranged themselves to the right and left, standing with their arms crossed on their girdle.

After the first compliments, the Princess began to question them about the liberty which our women enjoy. She made comparisons with our customs and those of the harem, and showed some difficulty in believing that a young woman might be seen before marriage by the man who was to espouse her: but at last she acceded to the advantage which would necessarily result from our customs; and, abandoning herself to her personal feelings, she exclaimed against the barbarity which had, at the age of thirteen, delivered her up to a decrepid old man, who, in treating

her like a child, had inspired her with nothing but disgust. At last, added she, he died: but am I the happier? Married these ten years to a Pacha, who is said to be young and amiable, we have not yet seen each other!

The Sultana afterwards said many civil things to the two Europeans, gave orders to the attendant to offer them refreshments, to show them the gardens, and afterwards to bring them back to terminate the visit.

The conductress then took them to her apartment; where they dined with her only, whilst a great number of slaves stood round the table to wait on them. After dinner, tobacco pipes were offered. The European ladies declined the pipes, and the attendant did not allow herself time to smoke hers out, in order to attend her guests into the gardens. Next troops of slaves had been previously stationed in a beautiful summer-house, to which the company were conducted; it was built in the middle of a large pond in the garden, magnificently furnished and decorated. Full flowers of roses, every where hid the walls of this prison. Very narrow paths, paved in mosaic, formed the only walk, but a vast number of pots, and baskets of flowers, offered various agreeable and various-coloured backgrounds to the eye, invited them to repose on a sofa, which kind of enjoyment appeared to be the sole end of the walk. They were no more, seated, than the eunuchs, who had preceded the march, ranged themselves in a row, at some distance from the kitchen or summer-house, to make room for the musicians of the Palace. There were ten female slaves, who executed several pieces, whilst a troop of dancers, dressed with equal splendour, but with more ease, performed various interludes, which were very pleasing from the figures and different steps. Soon after a fresh troop of twelve women, in men's clothes, came, without doubt, to exhibit some picture of appearance of a set which was here wanting. These pretended men then began a kind of post, or tilt, to dispute the possession, and to seize of each other fruits which other slaves had thrown into the pond. A boat, managed by women, likewise disguised as men, afforded the strangers the pleasure of an excursion on the water; after which, they were conducted back to the Sultana, from whom they took leave with the usual ceremonies, and departed from the seraglio by the same way, and in the same manner as they had entered into it.

It may be here observed that the eunuchs were more under the orders of the Sultana, than inclined to oppose her. Those beings are in Turkey, only objects of luxury. They

are visible no where but in the Seraglio of the Grand Seignior, and in those of the Sultanas. The pride of the great, is extended as far as them, but with moderation. The richest have only two or three black eunuchs; the least deformed among the white eunuchs are reserved for the sovereign, to form the guard of the outer gates of the Seraglio; but they cannot approach the women, nor attain to any employ; whilst the blacks have in view the office of Kizlar-aga, which is a sufficient motive to animate them, and excite their ambition. The character of these is always ferocious, and nature offended in them, seems constantly to express her reproaches.

Although the festivals of the tulips, with which the Grand Seignior frequently amuses himself, cannot acquaint us with the interior of his harem, the particulars may serve to give some idea of his pleasures.

The garden of the harem, without doubt larger than that of the Sultana Asma, but nevertheless beloved in the same taste, is the scene of all sorts of nocturnal festivals: that of the tulips, is so called because it consists in discriminating beds of those flowers; which the Turks prefer to all others. It may reasonably be supposed that those which he enjoys habitually are less lively than those which he procures by adorning his tulips with festal lamps.

All sorts of vases filled with natural or artificial flowers, are collected and placed for a background, lighted by an infinite number of lanterns, coloured lamps, and tapers in glass tubes, which are reflected and repeated in mirrors purposely placed. Shops full of different wares, are purposely built, and are occupied by the women of the harem, who act the parts of shopkeepers in suitable dresses. The Sultanas, sisters, nieces, or cousins, are invited to these entertainments, by the Grand Seignior, and they, as well as his Highness, purchase in these shops, jewels and stuffs, which they mutually present to each other; they likewise extend their generosity to the ladies of his Highness, as well as to those who occupy the shops. Dancing, music, and games of the nature of the jousts before-mentioned, cause these festivals to last very late in the night, and shed a kind of momentary gaiety in a spot which seems essentially devoted to sorrow and to wearisomeness.

On the pregnancy of one of the ladies of the seraglio, another festival was appointed, of which some particulars after the true picture of the manners and customs of the nation.

Two great pots, forty feet distant from each other, supported a cord extended from their

tops; to this cord glass lamps were fixed which formed the cypher of the Grand Seigneur, and some sentences from the Koran, applicable to the subject, whilst rope-dancers, female dancers, and Jews, amused the spectators all the three nights which the festival lasted, illuminated by a score of chafin-dishes on tall stakes, filled with tarred rags and pine wood, which yielded a red flame.

These lugubrious candelabras were planted in a circle, to light the performers who occupied its centre, and the tents erected for the Grand Seigneur and his company, formed with the crowd of assistants, a vast line of encircvallation, of which the female populace filled a part. Another illumination on the outside of this last enclosure, served only as a sign to the entertainment, of which the most precious part was the play.

A kind of cage, three feet square, and six feet high, covered with a curtain, except in front, contained one of the actors, a Jew in woman's clothes; another Jew, dressed like a young Turk, and reputed to be in love with the lady; a footman representing a pleasant simperton; a fourth Jew, habited as a woman, and acting the complaisant fair lady; a husband, who is deceived; in short all those personages which are usually found in comedies, composed the *dramatis personæ*. But, what is never seen elsewhere, is the unravelling the plot, every thing is fictitiously concluded before the curtain, nothing is left to the imagination of the spectators, and if the cry of men placed on the minarets of the mosques, calling to prayers, is heard in the mean time, the muslemen turn towards Mecca, whilst the actors proceed in playing their parts. I may have said enough about this strange medley of momentary devotion, and continued indecency, if the reader perceives that however difficult it may be to describe this picture, it is still more difficult to paint it.

Awkward rope-dancers, wrestlers, and buffoons, fill the intervals between one comedy and another, with their performances. Among the dancing girls, (whose merit does certainly not consist in the elegance of their steps, nor the graces of their gestures, but who please the Turks infinitely by means of the talent which characterizes them), was a little girl of ten or twelve years old, whose agility was very promising, and when at the conclusion of every dance, she went round with her tambourine as is customary, to collect in money the value of the agreeable ideas with which she had inspired the company, the Turkish lords who were in company with the Sultan, bid against each other for her purchase, whilst they pressed

sequins on her forehead as marks of their approbation.

The sequin is a gold coin, worth nine or ten shillings, and so light that it will, when pressed on the forehead, stick there for some time: and in this manner the Turks reward the agility of the dancing girls.

The price of this slave, whose figure was however nowise remarkable, rose to twelve purses, (about 75l) which an old lord paid to the merchant who sold her, for the barren pleasure of perpetuating ideas which he had no longer any hopes of realizing.

Except in public festivals, where the greatest licentiousness is always permitted, those actors never display their talents but in private houses, when they are sent for, to attend weddings and feasts. The troops are always composed of men, or of women solely. Those of women, act in the harem with as much distinction, and as little reserve, as the players already mentioned, but music is the most common and familiar amusement of the Turks.

Their martial music is of the most rude nature; enormous drums, beaten with a kind of mallets, unite a hollow rumbling noise, to the lively and clear sound of small tymbals, accompanied by clarinets and small trumpets, of which the tones are forced, in order to complete the most horrid and discordant din that can be imagined.

Chamber-music is, on the contrary, very soft, and if at first we are disgusted with a monotony of semi-tones, we cannot deny its possessing a kind of melancholy expression with which the Turks are powerfully moved. A violin with three strings, another with six, the dervise flute, softer than our German flute, a kind of mandolin with a long neck and strung with wires, the Pandean reed, and the pipe and tabor, to render the measure more sensible, compose this orchestra. It is placed at the lower end of an apartment, and the musicians, squatted down on their heels, play without any written or printed music, melodious and lively tunes, but always in unison, whilst the company silently intoxicate themselves with a languishing enthusiasm, with the smoke of their tobacco-pipes, and with pills of opium.

Those Turks who have used themselves to an immoderate use of opium, are easily known by a sort of rickets which that poison produces at the long run. Not able to exist pleasantly without being in a kind of intoxication, those men are curious objects to an European, when they are assembled together in a part of Constantinople called *Toruky*

*Tcharchissy* (the market of opium-eaters).—There may be seen in the evening thousands of these amateurs, whose pale and sad figures would inspire pity, if long and twisted necks, heads leaning to the right or left, the backbone distorted, one shoulder in the ear, and numberless other strange attitudes, did not present a most ridiculous spectacle.

Against the wall which surrounds the place in which the *Salimara*, or principal mosque is situated, is a file of small shops, shaded by awells which communicates from one to another, and under each is placed a long narrow sofa, on which the guests sit without obstructing the passage. These customers arrive successively, and seat themselves to receive the dose which is suitable to their wants, and according to their custom and power of bearing. The pills are soon distributed; the most inured to this drug swallow from one to four pills, each as big as a large olive (which dose

would be enough to kill thirty Europeans; others take three, two, or only one; after which every man drinks a large glass of cold water, and seating himself in his peculiar attitude, he awaits an agreeable reverie, which never fails in about three quarters of an hour, or at most an hour, to animate these automata, making them gesticulate in a hundred different ways, but always gaily and fantastically.

This is the moment when the scene is most interesting; all the actors are happy, every one returns home in a disordered state; but also in the full and entire enjoyment of such a happiness as reason could never procure for him. Deaf to the hallooing of the passengers they meet, and who delight in teasing them, and making them talk nonsense, every one fancies he possesses what he pleases, and their happiness often exceeds what the reality might have procured.

### THE MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

"I CAN but try," said the landlady. "I will go to her, and if she chuses to take it amiss she may. In that case I shall have no occasion to thank her, if she should ever be visible. But I am sure she will not be displeased. Have you not heard how charitable she has been to the poor since she came to live here? Go to her I will."

The landlord listened to this address of his wife with an air expressive of every thing but satisfaction. "My dear," replied he, "people of quality ought not to be accommodated;" and held his wife by the arm when she was preparing to set off.

"People of quality!" exclaimed the hostess; "is not the lady here a woman of quality as well as the lady of the castle? and can she be as comfortable with us as with her equal? I am determined to go."

"Stop!" cried her husband in a surly tone. "Hearken to reason, woman; shall we then turn away an opportunity of gain which so seldom finds its way to our door? If the lady will not enjoy with us all the conveniences she could wish, we shall be put to little inconvenience in having her here. Stay at home and get the great bed ready. I will ride to town and fetch a doctor; then the horse too will earn his oats to day. For the lady will not wish me to tire the creature for nothing."

"The lady wants none of your services;

Your horse thinks more sensibly than you, he says nothing when you feed him with grapes and talk of the oats he has eaten. Do a good turn for others, and you will find them ready to do the same for you. So I think at least."

With these words the hostess turned hastily about, leaving her husband standing and scratching behind his ear with his left hand, while he shook the right with the fore finger extended in the air. The exclamations which in reality formed the text to three apothecary notes, he muttered like incantations behind the back of his wife, of whom, though ten times as good as himself, he was not a little afraid.

The subject of the dialogue which is here recorded with historical fidelity, does not prove that it was carried on in the French language; this, however, was actually the case. It could not indeed have well been otherwise; for the scene of the altercation was an inn in the south of France, on the high road between Geneva and Lyons; a pretentious hut, frequented only by poor carriers, and still poorer pedestrians, and which was by no means calculated to afford accommodations for a sick lady, who was travelling with a maid and servants, till the re-establishment of her health. Neither would the lady, whose unexpected arrival had created disharmony between the host and hostess, ever have

thought of putting up at such a place, had she not been suddenly taken so ill that she was unable to proceed, according to her intention, to the next town. The question now was, what was to be done, if, as appearances indicated, she should grow still worse.

About half a league from this miserable inn reigned abundance, but in a very unusual form. An ancient castle which the former proprietor had a few years before sold to an unknown lady, had been transformed by her, with no inconsiderable expence, into a gloomy hermitage. A high wall surrounded the castle and garden, like a convent; the wall of a convent, however, has gates for its entrance, but to this hermitage there was no other avenue than a small door, which was bolted and locked within, and was not opened for any stranger till he or she had undergone a long examination. The inquisitor was an aged porter, who kept watch in a turret upon the wall over the door. From thence the message passed to a second person, stationed at the door within, and from the latter to a third, who carried it to the castle, where it was received by an old woman through a window; and from her it was conveyed to the mistress of the hermitage by her confidante. Arrangements of such an extraordinary kind, when they became known, attracted the attention of the vigilant Maitrechaussée. The lady submitted without hesitation to a visitation of her dwelling by the officers of police, and as her subsequent conduct was not calculated to excite suspicion, she received no farther molestation in her solitude. She was supposed to be a religious enthusiast, an opinion which various circumstances seemed to confirm. All that could be learned respecting the occupations of the recluse was, that she relieved all the poor and distressed in the whole country. All the letters which were sent to her, and which it was thought necessary to open at the nearest post office, related only to subjects which the church denominates good works. The lady's answers, none of which she wrote herself, were of the same nature. All the servants at the castle were kept actively employed in forwarding this correspondence and in private missions; none of them, of either sex, could boast of having ever seen their mistress. She had no objection to converse even with strangers who could prefer a sufficient cloak to this distinction, but never without a thick black veil which reached to her feet and entirely concealed her whole person.

To this lady the officious hostess posted away, to enquire whether she would accom-

modate the sick stranger. Another motive besides humanity—for why should she deny her sex—likewise influenced her conduct; she hoped on this unexpected occasion to obtain a sight of the hermitage, and perhaps be permitted to speak to the recluse, of whom she had heard so much.

While the patient in the little chamber of the inn was sighing rather on account of her accommodations than her illness, and the host whose attendance she had declined, went from vexation into the stable, and pulled the hair from his horse's manger, the landlady arrived at the turret, where the old porter began his examination. Her story was so well told, that the porter immediately forwarded the message, and in a few minutes received for answer that she might be admitted.

How overjoyed was the good little woman when the key grated in the lock, and the bolt flew back, and when she entered, how slowly she walked that she might have the more time to take good notice of every object!

But on this side of the castle there was very little to be seen. The mysterious lady was an enthusiast, if enthusiasm may be used to denote the delight which is taken in the indulgence of things, which cherish the sentiments dearest to our hearts, but without making us either richer or wiser. The lady was likewise an eccentric character, for she gave herself not the least concern about what the world, from which she had secluded herself, would say of her caprices. She was not, however, deficient in good sense; she concealed from the eyes of curiosity what vanity would have made a point of exhibiting; she wished not to excite interest by her conduct, and still less by her sensibility. Her garden was the place where she had erected a monument to her melancholy, and that was inaccessible to all. The inquisitive hostess could therefore discover nothing as far as she could see within the wall, but a beautiful green plat and an ancient building of grey stone. At the door of the house she was received by the aged female, by whom she was announced, and conducted into an apartment whose walls, hung with grey tapestry, exhibited nothing remarkable but an empty frame, apparently placed there instead of a picture, and which at least afforded a subject of reflection for curious spectators who beheld nothing which they had expected to see.

"That must be she," thought the good hostess in the joy of her heart, when she heard somebody coming, and immediately turned her eyes from the empty picture frame to the door by which the old woman had gone. She beheld

a female, not the lady of the castle, but her confidante, a modestly dressed brunette of about eighteen; not handsome, but a fine figure, with a grave look, and lively sparkling eyes. To her the hostess was obliged once more to repeat the object of her errand, which was once more communicated to the mistress of the castle. At length the latter, a tall majestic figure, concealed by her black veil, made her appearance.

The result of the interview was, that the refuse offered her best services to the sick stranger, with the assurance that she would see whether it was possible to prepare accommodations for her in the castle; and if she found it impossible, she would do all that lay in her power to remedy the inconveniences of her situation.

The good hostess was by no means satisfied with such an indefinite answer, and still less with what she had seen. Scarcely had she returned to the patient, and begun to reflect on the means of dispensing with the assistance of the nurse, when the confidante appeared in a coach, which was always kept in readiness for the mistress of the castle at a neighbouring farmhouse. The patient was pleased with this visit, which secured a formidable presence for the mistress of the castle at a neighbouring farmhouse. The result, however, did not appear so propitious for her as she had expected. No sooner had the envoy cast her eyes upon the stranger, than she was thrown into an embarrassment, from which she communicated to the latter, and which increased with every minute. Her anxiety was evident in deciphering an inscription, from which he promises himself.

The discovery of the utmost importance, cannot contemplate the diabolical characters with more fixed attention than the confidante of the mistress of the castle gazed upon the features of the sick stranger. Being informed that she was a German, she did not wait to enquire her name, but hurried away to the coach as though she had been pursued by an enemy, or had to carry the first intelligence of the conclusion of a treaty of peace.

"It is she! it can be no other!" exclaimed she on entering the apartment of the mistress of the castle.

The lady, rising from her sofa, slowly asked—"No other than who?"

"That the sister of the man whose picture you once shewed me," replied the confidante hastily.

The lady heaved a deep sigh, and the glow of life tinged her cheek. "God be thanked," said she, while a tear started from her eye. "God be thanked that it is no other! the man whose picture you say has no sister."

The confidante looked at her as earnestly as one who can scarcely believe his senses. "Do you know for certain that he has no sister?"

"Strange girl?" said the lady, with a clouded smile, "you would not pretend to teach me the history of the only person whom I know as perfectly as myself? Is the stranger a German?"

"So she says," answered the confidante. "Besides, she speaks French with a foreign accent."

"Did you not enquire her name?"

"No."

The lady was absorbed in thought. "A German, and like him whose picture you have seen? My dear Leonora, you might imagine so because you have seen the picture only once, or because you have seen nothing but the picture. At the same time it is extraordinary that, with this resemblance, she should be a German. And if your eyes or your memory have not deceived you——"

"My eyes!" exclaimed the confidante. "Never was I so convinced of any thing in all my life as of this resemblance. And as to my memory! O that I were a painter, on every wall would I delineate the denouement—the large piercing eyes, the single wrinkle on the high forehead, the melancholy smile, the expressive outline of the whole face, and the invisible cloud which envelopes every feature."

"Leonora!" cried the lady with enthusiastic vivacity, and pressed the hand of her confidante. "You must be dreaming, girl; can you see a visible cloud?"

"Never mind the expression," said Leonora gravely; "I cannot find any other for the sensation of excitement which the picture when I cast it to recollection. There is a certain cloud upon the face which renders every beauty doubly beautiful. You must know what I mean."

"Well," rejoined the lady, "and is this cloud to be seen in the face of the sick stranger?"

"No, it is not; and upon the whole the face of the stranger differs in many respects from the picture. But I was so struck with certain features when as I thought were to be found only in the picture, with something of that kind which would be a family-look, that I could at least swear this stranger and the man who sat for that beautiful portrait are nearly related."

The lady was again lost in thought—"It is not possible," said she. "I know his whole family, though not personally; he has but a father living, and has neither brother, sister, nor any other relation. If he dies without

issue, the whole patrimony will devolve to distant cousins, of a different name. It is nevertheless possible that you may be right. Chance sometimes impresses the stamp of intellectual resemblance on persons who are not at all related. If this were the case in the present instance, if the lady resembled but in ~~one~~ single feature him whom nobody resembles, there is nothing that I would not do for her; for the sake of that single feature I would myself watch beside her bed, and perform for her all the offices of a tender nurse. Leonora, are you certain that she looks like him?"

Leonora began to be impatient. "At sure as I have eyes, she resembles the picture you once shewed me."

The lady put her hand to her bosom, and drew out a concealed portrait, suspended by a gold chain. Holding it close to Leonora's eyes,—“Is it this,” she asked, “is it this portrait that she resembles?”

“Yes, this,” replied Leonora. “Then I am once more permitted to have a sight of that dear beclouded face?”

“Look well at it, as it is, without the cloud, which exists only in your imagination.” “If it be like the stranger, go immediately, my dear girl, direct the green room to be prepared, order the coach again, and go without loss of time and fetch the lady. But tell her not a word about the picture—or——”

Leonora frowned. Her mistress embraced her. “I know you will not say any thing,” said she; “forgive me, and fetch the stranger.” Thus the recluse resolved to perform a good action to which duty and benevolence alone would not have persuaded her. Her asylum afforded no immediate accommodations for the reception of a stranger, and still less of a sick person; and besides, she ran the risk of losing her popularity for her retreat in consequence of the visits of the physician, and the going in and out of the servants of another, or of becoming better known than was consistent with the plan of her life.

In every history there are circumstances which instead of being detailed in words, ought to be indicated with a single stroke, because they are understood of themselves. In this part of the present history such a stroke could signify nothing but this:—Leonora hastened to execute her commission; after one or more refusal, which is a tribute that custom imperiously demands in such cases, the stranger gladly accepted the invitation; a physician was fetched from the nearest town; the two ladies in a few days conceived such an affection for each other as though they had lived in mutual intimacy from their

infancy, though the mistress of the castle never paid her visits to the sick-bed of her guest without her black veil, as already described.

Moralists, people who hunt in the human mind as divines do in the Bible, to collect materials for sermons which are most unwelcome to those who have most occasion for them, pretend that two female hearts cannot possibly approach each other without feeling the necessity of reciprocal communication. This necessity, say they, sometimes operates with such force, that the stream of words at length bursts like a mountain torrent from the most reserved lips, and even breaks down the dykes of prudence and self-interest. They therefore advise every man, who resolves to entrust a female bosom with a secret, to prepare himself for some little treachery, whenever his confidante is likewise the confidante of some female friend or neighbour, and not to be angry if that takes place in this way, which according to the laws of nature cannot fail to occur.

Those who maintain a principle may defend it. Secrets are better kept by many a woman than by many a man, were it only in this case that the former is too proud, too mistrustful, too independent, or too reserved to want or to seek a female friend or confidante.

The mistress of the castle felt, to her own astonishment, a disposition to confirm the doctrine of the moralists. Why then, being perfectly aware of what she was about, did she indulge a disposition so contrary to all her principles and resolutions? Will it be believed that the evident resemblance between the sick lady and the man whose picture was the idol of this sequestered temple, was the flame that dissolved the seal of prudence on the lips of the reserved recluse? In so long years her Leonora, with all her affection and fidelity, had not been able to obtain from her, in her most communicative moments, any more than a few fragments of her life, which were far from forming a complete history. But the impression of this unaccountable resemblance was too strong for a mournful enthusiast; and this impression was converted into an anxiety that banished every recollection, by the reciprocal sensibility of the patient, who returned every demonstration of attachment, and by carefully abstaining from all inquisitive questions seemed to acquire a claim to a complete explanation.

To this was added a discovery which the recluse fancied she had made, and immediately communicated to Leonora.

“What,” said she secretly to Leonora, “did



our sick friend tell you what her name is, when you at first asked her?"

"Madame Friedberg, I believe, she pronounced it. Did she tell you a different name?"

"No; but she blushed when she pronounced it, and appeared embarrassed as though she had done something improper. May not some secret be concealed beneath this name? May she not have had reasons for assuming it? Can her fortune bear any resemblance to mine, as her face does to that of the man for whose sake I am reduced to my present situation? Why does she not mention a single word concerning her relations? At this moment I know no more than that she is unmarried. And yet she travels alone!"

Leonora could give no other answer than that she should like to know. The maid and servants of the patient, did not as they said, belong to the lady herself, and still could not or would not give any farther information than that Madame Friedberg was Madame Friedberg.

Madame Friedberg recovered from her illness, which was a violent fever produced by a cold, so rapidly that the recluse trembled at the prospect of parting. Never since she had resided within these walls had her mind been so agitated. She could no more suffer the stranger to depart till she had ascertained the reason of the extraordinary resemblance, than she could think of means to detain her longer, or to obtain from her any farther explanation. The resemblance seemed to disappear in proportion as returning health sparkled in the eyes and glowed upon the cheeks of the stranger; but she still continued to observe what she had once remarked.

Amid these perplexing sentiments, conjectures, and wishes, the recluse invited her friend, who was as averse as herself to speak of her departure, to a walk in the garden, which since it was first laid out and converted into an artificial wilderness had not been trodden by the foot of a stranger. Had it been, in the sequel so carefully shut up, the reader must have dispensed with this description. A high inner wall parted this mystical garden from the court-yard of the castle. To the only door by which it could be entered, the way led through a room, the key of which the mistress of the castle always carried about her. All the windows which formerly looked that way, were walled up, except two that belonged to a particular apartment which was alike inaccessible to the domestics of the lady and to strangers. The inner side of the garden wall was covered with ivy; a narrow path ran be-

tween the wall and a five-fold row of fir-trees, beyond which was a hedge of shrubs. Through this verdant border of the mysterious garden, winding paths conducted to the places where the recluse had prepared a mournful banquet for her memory in a variety of monuments—"Here," said she to her curious companion, "here I have buried my joys. Here also have I placed mementoes upon their graves. It is easy to laugh at imaginary happiness, but difficult to make compensation to those whom we deprive of it. For he who has recourse to the creatures of fancy, proves that real life is unsatisfactory or that it has no longer any joys for him. That I may bear no reflections on the last productions of my fancy, I keep them concealed from all. For you, my friend, I have transgressed my law. Why I have done it, he alone knows, who has made you so dear to me."

The stranger pressed her face to the bosom of the recluse, who thus proceeded.—

"You cannot forbear thinking that I am the greatest of fools, or that I am very unhappy, and for reasons of great importance conceal with such care my person and all that concerns me. I do not however believe that you will be an unjust judge. You do not look as if you were capable of being so."

The stranger assured her in the warmest terms of the sympathy which she felt for one whose lot she thought so extraordinary.

"Not so extraordinary," replied the recluse, "for it is of my own choice."

"Of your own choice?"

"Most certainly, and had I not acted as I have done, I should have despised myself. Now I alone suffer.—But come and see the childish inventions which are now my sole enjoyment. In that chestnut tree upon the little hill it is not likely that you can discover any thing remarkable. It, however, reminds me of a tree of the same kind which stood upon such another hill, and in whose shade a most excellent man made a deep impression upon my soul—Let us go to the pond. Do you see that boat? On such a pond I once amused myself with the same man. The boat which we were, was painted red and had two seats just like this. We must now pay a visit to the rock. It is very happily executed after a drawing which I sketched from memory.—But let us first step into the cottage before we proceed to the rock. In such a cottage I once drank milk with the same man out of a wooden bowl."

The amiable enthusiast thus conducted the stranger from one monument of past happiness to another, and at length took her into a small,

elegant house, the apartments of which were furnished, as she said, even to the minutest object, that had not escaped her memory, like those of another habitation where she had experienced both happiness and sorrow. In one of these apartments stood a harpsichord; a second contained a library; a third, which she said was a drawing-room, was not opened by the recluse. Over the harpsichord and in the library hung a vacant picture-frame.

"What think you of these empty frames?" asked the mistress of the castle.

"That they ought to be filled," replied the stranger.

The recluse cast a look at the frames—such a look as none but a Shakspeare could have darted from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, when an angel dictated to him in the name of his Miranda the question:—"Ferdi-  
nand, dost thou love me?"—And to us no other than a spirit that desires to be nameless, imparted in confidence the history of that look—for what the stranger saw through the veil of the recluse resembled only a gleam of sun-shine through a cloud.

"The frames are filled whenever I look at them," exclaimed the veiled enthusiast.

"My dear friend!" said the stranger, pressing the hand of her conductress; "you must not look too long at those frames. You run the risk—"

"Of losing my reason?" interrupted the recluse. "Oh! that I were exposed to no other danger. My reason is extremely tenacious. Have you not heard of a madman who lived in Athens of old, and was happy under the notion that all the ships which entered the port of that city were his property. That kind of happiness is denied me; for I know but too well the distinction between what is real and what is only imaginary. I resign myself with perfect self-recollection to the reveries of imagination, and am but too well convinced of their unreality."

While the recluse was thus speaking, she passed without being aware, so close to the book-cases, for they were in the library, that the stranger could read the titles on the backs of the books.

"German books!" exclaimed she with surprise, and took out Gessner's works. "You

read German then, and perhaps speak it too."

The recluse was disconcerted; but she soon recovered herself. "I never thought of the books," said she. "It is now too late. I am betrayed; indeed, I have betrayed myself. I must abandon my asylum, and destroy my monuments, unless you, my dearest friend, are the most discreet of our sex. But I well believe that you are so, I will tell you what none else must know. And now my dear country-woman let us converse together in the accents of our mother-tongue."

These were the first German words that the stranger had heard from the lips of the recluse. At the same moment she conceived an idea which so powerfully impressed her, that she was unable to utter a word but steadfastly fixed her eyes on her companion.

"Do you know me?" cried the latter, not less agitated, and drawing back her veil.

Like an apparition she stood before the astonished stranger. The fire of inspiration beamed from her eyes, majesty was seated on her brow, and her smile was that of innocence itself. It was one of those indescribable faces, with which truth ought to be painted a beauty of a better world, which excites the admiration of the multitude, but enkindles the flames of love only in the few on whom the qualities of the mind and goodness of soul produce a more powerful impression than the greatest personal charms. To this face the stranger inclined with an eye replete with curiosity and love, but she did not recollect that she had ever seen it before.

"Then you do not know me," said the recluse. "That relieves me from part of my anxiety. With so much the more freedom I may relate to you my history. At present, however, I am too much agitated. Come with me into the next room to the harpsichord. To-morrow we will have some farther conversation."

They went, hand in hand, into the adjoining apartment. The recluse sat down to the harpsichord and played, with the fluency of a virtuoso, several sonatas, as she said from memory, and concluded with singing a song which she had herself set to music.

[To be Continued.]

## FIRST ENGLISH COLLECTOR OF NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

• THE church-yard of Lambeth, which is close to the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, contains a tomb which no naturalist should neglect to visit, that of old John Tradescant, and his son, who both lived in this parish. The elder was the first person who formed a cabinet of curiosities in this kingdom, and he is said to have been gardener to Charles I. But Parkinson, in his *Paradisus Terebinthi*, mentions him as having first lived with the Earl of Salisbury; then with Lord Welton, of Canterbury; and lastly, with the Duke of Buckingham.

Both father and son were great travellers; the father is supposed to have visited Russia, and most parts of Europe, Turkey, Greece, many of the Eastern countries, Egypt, and Barbary; out of which he introduced multitudes of plants and flowers unknown before in our garden. His was an age of florists; and the chief ornaments of the parterres were owing to his labours—Parkinson continually acknowledges the obligation, and many plants were called after his name: the system of Linnaeus has rendered these almost obsolete; but that great naturalist makes full reparation, by giving in his *Species Plantarum* to an entire genus of plants, the appellation of *Tradescantia*.

The *Herbarium Tradescantianum*, a small book, adorned by the Lord of Hollar, with the heads of the father and the son, affords a proof of their industry. It is a real doctore of their vast collection, not only of subjects from the three kingdoms of nature, but of artificial rarities from many different countries. The collection of medals, coins, and other antiquities, appears to have been very valuable. Zoology, or the knowledge of animated nature, was then in a low state; and Credulity, though smarting under the blow given to her by the Reformation, had still no want of supporters. For the gratification of such, there was an egg of a dragon, and another of the griffin, there was a claw of the ruck, a bird able to "truss an elephant," and there were, also, two feathers plucked from the tail of the phoenix!

Notwithstanding these absurd descriptions—probably the offspring of their literary friend Parkinson's pericranium—the collection was extremely valuable; particularly in the vegetable kingdom. The garden at South Lambeth was an amazing arrangement of trees, plants, and flowers. It seems to have been peculiarly

rich in Eastern and North American productions.—Tradescant's address and assiduity in acquiring these must necessarily have been great, from the barbarity which he had to encounter in travelling among the natives of the East, and from the recent settlement of North America. The names, however, of numerous trees and plants, are still found among the rarer of much later times. To him also, England owes the luxury of several fine fruits: "for," as Parkinson tells us, in his *Paradisus Terebinthi*, or Terrestrial Paradise, "the cherry for goodness, and *nect for lambeth*, are to be had of my very good friend Master John Tradescant, who hath wonderfully laboured to obtain all the rare fruits be can find out in any place of Christendome, Turkey, yea, of the whole world."

What it is so small a collection to deserve, that Master John Tradescant's first wife the "chaste and goodnes" (as Parkinson may be taken for granted, had often called it) his "very good friend" we shall hope not to be considered as quite selfish, if we presume, for the same reason, to entertain a few doubts as to its being "just a room-ledge." Parkinson appears to have been a proper man for Parkinson; he was acquainted with every tree, plant, and flower; but "of the fruit of the tree of knowledge he was not permitted to taste."

Tradescant's extensive garden, as well as his cabinet, was much valued, and a few years after his death, in 1620, his collection came into the possession of the famous Mr. Elias Ashmole, by virtue of a deed of gift which was made to him by the younger Tradescant, and is dated in true astrological form, December 13, 1657, 5 hor. 39 minutes P. M. Mr. Ashmole also purchased the house, which is still in being; but the garden fell to decay. The spot, however, was visited, in 1710, by Sir William Watson and Dr. Mitchell, two respectable Members of the Royal Society, when they found, among the ruins, some trees and plants which had evidently been introduced by the original owner.

The curiosities being conveyed to Oxford, are still carefully preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. Among them are several original dresses and weapons of the North Americans, which may be said to illustrate their manners and antiquities.

The monument of the Tradescants was

erected in 1662, by Esther, relict of the son. At each corner a large tree is sculptured, which has the appearance of supporting the slab: at one end is a hydra, pecking at a bare skull, possibly designed as an emblem of envy; and, at the other, the arms of the family. On one side are ruins, Grecian pillars, and capitals, with an obelisk, and pyramid, to denote the extent of his travels; and, on the opposite, is a crocodile, with various shells, expressive of his attachment to the study of natural history.

Time having greatly injured this monument it was liberally restored, at the expence of the parish, in the year 1773; and an inscription, said to have been originally designed for it, was then engraved on the stone.

Though, from the style of the versification, it would not greatly add to the literary fame of Parkinson—who may, possibly, after all,

have been the author—being at once singular and historical, it is here presented:—

“ Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this  
stone,

Lye John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son  
The last dy’d in his spring; the other two  
Liv’d till they had travell’d art and nature  
through.

As by their choice collections may appear,

Of what is rare, in land, in sea, in air;

Whilst they (as Homer’s Iliad in a nut)

A world of wonders in one closet shut.

These famous antiquarians that had been

Both gardeners to the rose and lily queen,

Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and  
when

Angels shall with their trumpets waken men.

And fire shall purge the world, these hence  
shall rise,

And change their garden for a paradise.”

## RULES AND MAXIMS

FOR PROMOTING MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

The likeliest way, either to obtain a good husband, or to keep one so, is to be good yourself.

Never use a lover ill whom you design to make your husband, lest he should either upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards; and if you find, at any time, an inclination to play the tyrant, remember these two lines of truth and justice:—

Gently shall those be rul’d, who gently sway;  
Abject shall those obey, who haughty were  
obeyed. BATTLE OF THE SEXES

Avoid, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of managing your husband. Never endeavour to deceive or impose on his understanding, nor give him uneasiness, (as some do very foolishly to try his temper); but treat him always before-hand with sincerity, and afterwards with affection and respect.

Be not over sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself felicity without alloy; for that is impossible to be attained, in the present state of things. Consider before-hand, that the person you are going to spend your days with, is a man, and not an angel; and if, when you come together, you discover any thing in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether so agreeable as you expect, pass it over as a human frailty; smooth your brow, compose your temper, and try to amend it by cheerfulness and good nature.

Remember always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life; a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed. Therefore instead of murmurs, reflections and disagreement, whereby the weight is rendered abundantly more grievous, readily put your shoulder to the yoke, and make it easier to both.

Resolve every morning, to be cheerful and good-natured that day; and if any accident should happen to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with every thing besides, and especially with your husband.

Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it will; but much rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel, or create a heart-burning, which it is impossible to know the end of.

Be assured a woman’s power, as well as happiness, has no other foundation but her husband’s esteem and love, which, consequently, it is her undoubted interest by all means possible to preserve and increase. Do you, therefore, study his temper, and command your own; enjoy his satisfaction with him, share and soothe his cares, and with the utmost diligence conceal his infirmities.

Read frequently, with due attention, the matrimonial service; and take care, in doing so, not to overlook the word *OWE*.

In your prayers, be sure to add a clause for grace to make a good wife; and at the same time resolve to do your utmost endeavours towards it.

Always wear your wedding-ring, for therein lies more virtue than is usually imagined; if you are ruffled unawares, assaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any kind against your duty, cast your eyes upon it, and call to mind who gave it you, where it was received, and what passed at the solemn time.

Let the tenderness of your conjugal love be expressed with such decency, delicacy, and

prudence, as that it may appear plainly and thoroughly distinct from the designing fondness of a harlot.

Have you any concern for your own ease, or for your husband's esteem? then have a due regard to his income and circumstances in all your expences and desires; for if necessity should follow, you run the greatest hazard of being deprived of both.

Let not many days pass together without a serious examination how you have behaved as a wife; and if upon reflection you find yourself guilty of any foibles or omissions, the best atonement is, to be exactly careful of your future conduct.

## . P O E T R I , ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

### THE BALL.

Yes, Arthur, I was at the ball,  
I danced with some and talk'd with many,  
But found no heart-felt charm in any,  
Ah! ke indifferent to all;  
Nor heeded what they said to me,  
For all my thoughts were fixed on thee.

Yes, Arthur, I was dress'd with care,  
Not last among the belles appearing;  
But did not meet thy smile endearing—  
But did not hear thee call me fair;  
And flattery has no charm for me,  
Unless I'm flatter'd, love, by thee.

Yes, many sought my ear to gain,  
Among th' insipid sons of fashion,  
Some vow'd, and feign'd or felt a passion;  
Some spoke of long-dissembled pain;  
But all their cares were lost on me,  
My heart is all engross'd by thee.

Yes, Arthur, one, I freely own,  
Tho' all his brother beaux were teasing,  
I thought most eloquent and pleasing,  
And listen'd but to him alone;  
The magic charm he had for me,  
Was, Arthur—that he spoke of thee.

That darling theme can never tire,  
The only one I hear with pleasure,  
In lonely absence all my treasure—

It can a very fool inspire;  
And life has no concern for me,  
Except the care of pleasing thee.

### EVERY MAN A THIEF BY NATURE

#### ADDRESSED TO A LADY

LISTEN to me, dearest creature,  
Every man's a thief by nature;  
See the little girls and boys,  
How they steal each other's toys:  
Stealing is the first of arts,  
None are thieves but men of parts,  
Poets steal from one another,  
Nay, the daughter robs her mother;  
Time will steal our very youth,  
Lies sometimes steal the truth,  
Nay, your sex would pilfer you  
Of those eyes of heav'nly blue,  
Of that soft evermild lip,  
And that ear with rosy tip;  
And your silky auburn hair,  
That wantons in th' enamour'd air.

Since we are such thieves by nature,  
Why accuse me, dearest creature,  
Of a crime, a crime so glorious;  
Is your swain at last victorious?  
Have I really stole your heart,  
Spite of all your pride and art?  
If you pardon the transgression,  
You shan't lose by the confession,  
You shall find your heart at rest,  
In your lover's faithful breast;  
How I'll guard the precious treasure,  
Love's the source of ev'ry pleasure;  
You can prove it, if you doubt it,  
Life, indeed, is nought without it

AMANDA.

## THE WIDOW.

SCENE, *the Highlands of Scotland.*—*TIME, immediately after the battle of Culloden.*—*Lady and Stranger.*

LADY.

CHECK, Stranger, thy steed; it is weary and worn,  
Its sides are all bloody, its trappings are torn;  
Thou also art weary—thy visage is pale,  
And heavy to bear is thy armour of mail—  
Thy hairs are on end—the reins drop from  
thine hold—  
The night it is dark, and the breeze it is cold!

STRANGER.

No, Lady! tho' weary and worn be my steed,  
Tho' its trappings be torn, and its smothering  
sides bleed;  
Tho' pale be my visage, and upright more than,  
And heavy in deed is now my armour to bear,  
Tho' keen be the night-breeze, and scarcely  
the rein  
My fingers enfeebled with labour sustain;  
Yet my wife and my little ones call me from  
far,  
Whom lately I left for the horrors of war!

LADY.

What, canst thou from battle? O! stay,  
stranger, stay,  
And tell me, O! tell me the fate of the day.  
Culloden, what heroes were stretch'd on the  
plain?  
Or who, to console their sad country, remain?  
O! saw'st thou Clancullan, the peerless, the  
brave?  
O! say has he sunk to the night of the grave?  
Thou frown'st! thou art silent! O! turn not  
aside!

STRANGER.

What, saw I Clancullan, our bulwark, our  
pride!  
Yes, Lady, together our war-hosts we led,  
Together we fought, and together we bled.  
Fierce springs the wild wolf on the pule of  
the flock,  
And fiercely descends the white wave from the  
rock;  
Fierce rush the hoarse rains on the valleys  
below;  
But fiercer Clancullan engages the foe.

LADY.

Together ye fought, and together ye bled;  
But, ah! do not say my Clancullan is dead;  
For much her vain hosts must my country  
deplora,  
If the hero, who led them, shall lead them no  
more.

STRANGER.

E'en now 'twas the midst of the harvest of  
death,  
My limbs were enfeebled, and spent was my  
breath;  
A horseman advancing, uplifted his spear—  
But, Lady, Clancullan and safety were near;  
The horseman he stretch'd with his war-  
weapon low,  
And sheath'd the bright steel in the breast of  
the foe

LADY.

Ah! what are the deeds of Clancullan to me,  
If these eyes my Clancullan no longer shall  
see?  
If pity, brave stranger, as oft we are told,  
Loves best to inhabit the hearts of the bold,  
O! tell me my sorrows are groundless and  
vain,  
Or say that my hero lies cold on the plain—  
That living that frame is imprison'd no more,  
And the fields of Culloden are drenched with  
his gore.

STRANGER.

In the havoc of battle Clancullan is found,  
Where foamers in hosts pour exultingly round,  
He treads not—he moves not—all fearful he  
stands,  
And happy is he who escapes from his hands.  
So rash the wild waves round the wind-beaten  
rock,  
All turn it receives them, nor shrinks from the  
shock

LADY.

Still, still thou art silent—O! fear not to  
speak,  
My mind can endure, though my body be  
weak.  
Clancullan, Clancullan, when glittering of  
late,  
Thou mountest in arms the proud steed at  
thy gate,  
And gav'st the last kiss to thy children and  
me,  
How fondly, how closely, I clung to thy knee!  
How linger'd thy last mournful words on mine  
ear!  
How dwelt my full eyes on thy far-beaming  
spear!

STRANGER.

Oh! mourn not—for sweet is the death of the  
brave,  
The tears of the good shall be shed on his  
grave;  
But few tears, Caledonia, for thee would I  
shed,  
If many were left who could rival the dead

O! grant me, Omnipotent Ruler of all,  
Like Clancullan to fight, like Clancullan to fall;  
And preserving thro' life an inviolate name,  
"Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed  
of fame."

### THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOLAR;

OR, THE GHOST OF A FRAG OF MUTTON.

On the days that are past, by the banks of a  
stream,

Whose waters but slowly were flowing,  
With ivy o'ergrown, an old mansion house  
stood,

That was built on the skirt of a chilling damp  
wood,

Where the yew-tree and cypress were grow-  
ing,

The villagers shook as they pass'd by the doors,

When they rested at eve from their labours;

And the traveller many a far long went round,

He has once admitted the terrible sound

Of the tale that was told by the neighbours.

They said, that the house on the skirts of the  
wood

By a saucer-eyed Ghost was infested,

Which fill'd every heart with confusion and  
fright,

By assuming strange shapes in the dead of the  
night,

Shapes monstrous, and foul, and detested

And truly they said—and the master well knew

That the Ghost was the greatest of evils;

For no sooner the bell of the mansion toll'd done,

Than the frobelsome hup in a fury began

To caper here ten thousand devils.

He appear'd in all forms the most strange and  
uncouth,

Sure never was goblin so daring;

He utter'd loud shrieks and most horrible cries,

Curl'd his body and bones, and his sweet little  
eyes,

Till his impudence grew beyond bearing.

Just at this nick o'time, as the master's sad  
heart

With anguish and sorrow was swelling,

He heard that a scholar, with science replete,

Fall of mystical lore as an egg is with meat,

Had taken at Cambridge a dwelling.

The scholar was vers'd in all mystical arts,

Most famous was he throughout College;

To the Red Sea full many an unquiet ghost,

To repose with King Pharaoh and his mighty  
host,

He had sent through his powerful knowledge.

To this scholar, so learn'd, the master he went,  
And as lowly he bent with submission,

Told the freaks of the Ghost, and the horrible  
fights

That prevented his household from sleeping  
o' nights,

And offer'd this humble petition:—

"That he, the said scholar, in wisdom so wise,

Would the mischievous head lay in fetters;

And send him, in torments for ever to dwell,

To the nethermost pit of the nethermost hell,

For destroying the sleep of his betters."

The scholar, so vers'd in all mystical lore,

Told the master his pray'r should be granted;

Then order'd his horse to be saddled with

speed,

And, perch'd on the back of the cream-colour'd

steed,

Frothed off to the house that was haunted.

He enter'd the doors at the fall of the night—

The trees of the forest gave shiver;

The hoarse raven croak'd, and blue burnt the

light,

The owl loudly shriek'd, and, pale with affright,

The servants like aspens did quiver

"Bring some turnips and milk!" the scholar

he cry'd,

In a voice like the echoing thunder—

They brought him some turnips, and butter

he cry'd,

Some milk and a spoon, and his motions they

ey'd,

Quite lost in conjecture and wonder.

He took up the turnips, and peel'd off the skin,

Put them into a pot that was boiling;

Spread a table and cloth, and made ready to

sup,

Then call'd for a fork, and the turnips fish'd up

In a hurry, for they were a spoiling.

He mash'd up the turnip with butter and

milk—

The hail at the casement began chatter;

Yet the scholar ne'er heeded the tempest

without,

But, raising his eyes, and turning about,

Ask'd the maid for a small wooden platter.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and

milk—

The storm came on thicker and faster:

The lightnings blue flash'd, with terrific din

The wind at each crevice and cranny came in,

Tearing up by the roots lath and plaster.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and

milk—

The mess would have ravish'd a glutton;

When, lo! his sharp bones hardly cover'd with

skin,

The Ghost from a nook o'er the window  
 peep'd in,  
 In the form of a boild scrag of mutton.

"Ho! ho!" said the Ghost, "what art doing  
 below?"

The scholar look'd up in a twinkling—  
 "The times are too bad to afford any meat,  
 So to render my turnips more pleasant to eat,  
 A few grains of pepper I'm sprinkling."

Then he caught up a fork, and the mutton he  
 seiz'd,

And souse'd it at once on the platter;  
 Threw o'er it some salt, and a spoonful of fat,  
 And before the poor Ghost could tell what he  
 was at,

He was gone!—like a mouse down the throat  
 of a cat—

And this is the whole of the matter.

### SHIRTS AND SHIFTS.

#### AN EPIGRAM.

OLD MUSTY had married a modish young flit,  
 Who calling one holiday morn for her shirt,  
 "Why, how now," quoth Musty, "what say  
 you," quoth he,  
 "What, do you wear a shirt, Moll?"—"Be  
 sure, Sir," quoth she,  
 "All women wear shirts."—"Nay," quoth he,  
 "then, I trow,  
 "What has long been a riddle, is plain enough  
 now;  
 "For when women wear *shirts*, it can lack no  
 great gifts  
 "To discern why their husbands are put to  
 their *shif'ts*."

### WE NEVER MORE WILL PART.

I LOV'D thee once, my Fanny dear,  
 For once you were both young and fair,  
 And gaily beat thy tender heart;  
 With thee I stray'd the meads along,  
 O'er flowers of spring by morning song,  
 And then—how hard it was to part.

I love thee still, my Fanny dear,  
 Though not so young thou still art fair,  
 And faithful beats thy anxious heart;  
 Through summer's noon with thee I stray,  
 "Over the hills and far away,"  
 And still—how hard it is to part.

I'll ever love thee, Fanny dear,  
 When thou'lt be neither young nor fair,  
 And faint wilt beat thy fluttering heart;  
 When winter's dreary sight brings death,  
 In sighs I'll catch thy parting breath,  
 Ah, then—how hard 'twill be to part.

But after all, my Fanny dear,  
 Thou'lt bloom for ever young and fair,  
 And love shall fill thy angel heart;  
 Now wafted to you happy sky,  
 In quest of thine my soul shall fly,  
 And then—we never more will part

### ON THE SHIPWRECK IN DUBLIN BAY

How sweet sleep the brave in the hour of their  
 glory,

Where wildly the rank grass waves over their  
 bed!

How blest in remembrance, how honour'd in

How glorious the turf where the soldier is  
 laid!

At the soft evening hour, there shall beauty be  
 kneeling,

While the tear of affection shall moisten the  
 grave;

And the soul-breaking strain all around shall  
 be stealing,

That pours the sad dirge o'er the tomb of  
 the brave.

Such Maida's proud Land, who stood foremost  
 in danger,

All glorious they lie on the blood-crimson'd  
 plain;

But their memory shall live, nor their name  
 be a stranger

To glory while Britain and glory remain.

But o'er you, hapless heroes, whose tomb is  
 the ocean,

No dirge shall be sung but the wild billows  
 roar,

For you, oh! sad fate of your youthful emo-  
 tion,

No tomb but the waves, or the wave-beaten  
 shore.

How noble to die in the battle victorious!

To fall where the brave are all falling around!  
 For then, had you lain where your death had  
 been glorious,

A grateful remembrance had hallow'd the  
 ground.

Yet still, hapless youths, though you perish  
 untimely,

The tear-drop of pity shall swell the sad  
 eye;

And still as he turns where the rock stands  
 sublimely,

The stranger shall pour to your memory a  
 sigh!



## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

## COVENT-GARDEN

• A new Comedy was performed on Tuesday, February 9th, under the whimsical appellation of "*Be gone Dull Care; or, How wilt it end?*"

## CHARACTERS

Lord Blushdale.....	Mr. FAWCETT.
Sir Arthur St Aubyn.....	Mr. POPE.
Algernon St. Aubyn (his Son).....	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Captain Modern.....	Mr. LEWIS.
Solace.....	Mr. EMERY.
Danvers.....	Mr. BRISTON.
Legis.....	Mr. CRISWELL.
Gregory.....	Mr. SIMMONS.
Selma (Sir Arthur's Niece and Ward).....	Miss SMITH.
Cicely.....	Miss NORTON.
Deborah (Housekeeper to Lord Blushdale).....	Mrs. DAVENPORT.

This piece is understood to be the composition of Mr. Reynolds, who seems to have persuaded himself that, in these perilous times of criticism, the best chance of safety for an author is to fight under a mask. In this sentiment we concur with him; for as much of the influence and popularity of his name is abated, and has, in some measure, been superseded by a most unjust hostility towards him, it was a matter of prudent choice to come forward in *cap*, and supplicate as a candidate for anonymous fame.

It gives us great pleasure to be justified in declaring that the present piece does not disgrace him. In successful intricacy, and the dexterous conduct of plot, this comedy is superior to any he has produced. Curiosity is first put in motion by means perfectly dramatic; by ingenuity which has the truth of nature and the grace of art. The mystery reflects new shades as the fable advances, and thickens into an impenetrable cloud; and the catastrophe, by a development as natural as ingenious, and by a progress neither too abrupt, nor too artificial, dissipates the darkness, and restores light and harmony to the whole.

But with the plot we must take leave of all

commendation of this piece. Of character, which is the main feature of comedy, and to which fable should always be subordinate, it possesses neither the substance nor the shadow. All the creatures of the fable, in one mode or another, are in the extreme of caricature. Solace is a character whom we neither know nor imagine; he is furnished up with sentiment that would sicken a German audience, and "*does deeds*" which would disgust in romance. Here is a caricature on the part of gravity; and with respect to humour, the part of Lord Blushdale is equally extravagant. He is a mere farcical outline, traced from Lord Dufferin, in *The Heir at Law*. He says nothing that is humorous, and does nothing that is natural. He is only farcical because he is drawn out of nature and truth. The author has mistaken extravagance for the deviations which excite ridicule. The farcical and foolish are very nearly allied; but here they are identified.

*Captain Modern* is a very flimsy gentleman, and is rendered more absurd by being exhibited in the character of a satirist.

Mr. Reynolds is as much incapacitated by his general benevolence of nature, as by his talents, for satire. The whip in his hand is without a lash. But if sometimes, tempted by a lucky mark, he lets fly his arrow, like the javelin of Priam it falls to the ground without effect. There is neither venom in his shaft, nor vigour in his bow.

With respect to dialogue, what we have observed above will best explain its merit. The serious part was better written, and the lighter part is better acted.

The comedy was received with unmixed approbation; and if we may presume from the success of similar pieces, it will doubtless be popular.

## LEURY-LANE.

A new Opera was brought forward at this Theatre, on Thursday, February 11th, under the title of "*Kais; or, Love in the Desert.*"

## CHARACTERS.

Amri .....	Mr. RAYMOND.
Ahmed .....	Mr. POWELL.
Kais .....	Mr. BRAHAM.
Almanzor .....	Mr. LAYN.
Almorai .....	Mr. BANNISTER.
Rashed .....	Mr. MATHEWS.
Salcan .....	Mr. KELLY.
Prince of Egypt ....	Mr. PURDY.
Osinar .....	Mr. SMITH.
Hassan .....	Mr. DIGNAM.
Hali .....	Mr. COOK.
Leila .....	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Rocella .....	Signora STORACE.
An old Slave .....	Miss TIBSWELL.

SCENE—Cairo, its Environs and Deserts.

To this Opera there is no author's name appended, and the writer, whoever he be, should count as much obscurity as possible. He should involve himself in darkness, and fly from success into the shade.

As a literary composition it is the most insipid and stupid piece that has ever been produced upon the stage. To speak of it according to the thermometrical scale, we should say it was a degree below *nought*. Such is its chilly dullness and torpid stupidity, that it must be classed at an immeasurable distance beneath even the freezing point.

An Opera, we know, has a kind of prerogative for nonsense, and a happy exemption from the burthen of good sense. But a common *modicum* is reasonably allowed and demanded, and the music of the present piece, whatever may be its quality, might have borne up against the pressure of a great deal more.

Is the opposition of sense and sound so necessarily inevitable, that music can only flourish by the sacrifice of reason, and song levy no tribute but in the realms of nonsense?

Gay, Bickerstaff, and Sheridan, have shewn us what can be done for the English Opera by men of genius; why then is the manufacture, in these times, assigned to writers of so different a description?

The present Opera has no fable; the course of its narrative is the change of its scenes; its incidents are the termination of its acts—There is a flight and a pursuit; a dramatic hue and cry; bustle in abundance. There are men who march, and women who sing.

That this Opera has been tolerated is to be imputed wholly to its music, which is the com-

position of Reeve and Braham; two names of great eminence.

Its character is somewhat equivocal—it is a mixture of the English Oratorio and the Italian Opera; but it has no resemblance to the simplicity, and very little of the pure harmony of our native melody.

It has every commixture and variety of species, from the attempt at the simple ballad to the swelling chorus, and solemn recitative.

But justice compels us to say, notwithstanding our respect and kindness for these popular composers, that it is unsuitable to our English Opera, and utterly uncongenial with an English taste.

It is composed more to the powers of Braham's voice, than to the genius of the sentiment, or the just principles of the science of harmony. It is music superseded by, and rendered tributary to song; and not song maintained in its proper subordination to music. It seems composed after the utterance of a voice, swelling in irregular magnificence, and bursting forth in undulated and voluble harmony—it seems as if composed from Braham's own singing. His notes have been caught at the moment of utterance, and been pinned down in their transit. He has first sung; and then, and not till then, has the music been composed.

In a word, this music is composed, not to the science, but to the particular powers and taste of Braham. This of course is productive of much monotony and sameness. Almost every song is the same; and nothing is studied in the composition but the effect of his voice. The music, therefore, for the most part, is affected, and seldom natural. Full of ambitious ornament, and the metretic graces of a false taste.

Such is our candid opinion of the character of the music of this Opera; in which, as may be supposed, Braham shines in a manner which has hitherto never been equalled. He himself was the Opera—He sustained it; and he himself will be its only source of popularity.

The scenery of this piece was exquisitely beautiful, rich, and varied. It had all the fidelity of local scenery, and the extent, and apparent accuracy, of panorama painting.—The managers have indeed shewn a brave contempt of money and of trouble, and deserve, on their parts, every degree of success.

# THE BLIND ROY

COMPOSED BY

J O S E P H K E M P

Expressly & exclusively for La Belle Assemblée and to be had only with that work . .

*Largo con Expressione*

Piano Forte  
or  
Larp

A little Boy had chanc'd to stray From her who nurs'd him dear and  
kind; . Alas! he could not find his way For oh! this lit .tle Boy was blind. For oh! the

*Affettuoso*

lit - - - the Boy was blind.

Poor lit - - - the Boy!

Boy!

Poor lit - - - the poor blind Boy!

(2)

He craved a stranger passing by  
To lead him to his lost abode  
The stranger kiss'd him, heav'n! a sigh  
And put him in his homeward road.  
Poor little Boy!

(3)

O stranger once I could like you  
The Sun's resplendent rays behold  
Admire the Rose inpearl'd with dew  
And see the flocks in yonder field.  
Poor little Boy!

(4)

The beauteous plume, which birds adorn  
I view'd with rapture and with joy,  
And sprightly hail'd the cheerful morn  
The happy little village Boy.  
Poor little Boy!

But now hard lot! I'm forc'd to roam.  
Deprived of ev'ry earthly joy,  
Saw the dear friend, who when at home  
Consoles and cheers her poor blind Boy  
Poor little Boy!



THE HUNTER

A COUNTRY GIRL //



# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

## F A S H I O N S

For MARCH, 1808.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

#### ENGLISH COSTUME.

##### No 1.—PROMENADE COSTUME FOR HYDE PARK.

A round walking dress of white cambric, or brown velvet; made to sit close to the form; laced behind, and reaching to the edge of the throat, where it is finished with a broad plaiting of French net, or antique ruff of scalloped lace. Long full sleeves, trimmed at the edge of the wrist with correspondent cuff, and broad hair, or coral bracelet. A Zealand coat of ruby, purple, or crimson velvet, made without a collar; flowing loose from the shoulders, and tied or confined with a brooch in the centre of the bosom; ends rounded in front, and reaching the bottom of the petticoat behind; trimmed entirely round with a full and rich ermine. Turban hat of the same material as the coat, turned up all round, bordered with ermine, and tied round the crown with a figured satin ribband. Hair cropt behind, and flowing in irregular curls in front. Shoes of crimson velvet; and gloves of York tan.

#### TYROLIAN COSTUME.

##### No. 2.—A TYROLIAN HUNTER.

The Tyrolian mountaineers are passionately fond of the chase, and train their children to it. In every village there is a little square appropriated, where the young people practise shooting at a mark, as soon as they are able to carry a gun. The best marksmen among them frequently go to the different places in Ger-

No. XXVIII. Vol. IV.

many where prizes for shooting are distributed, and never return till they have gained some. The pursuit of the chamois, which is allowed to be the most toilsome and difficult of all hunting, is that which has the greatest attraction for the Tyrolian. Lightly clad, wearing a large green hat to keep off the sun, his gun slung at his back like a soldier's musket, and a stick pointed with iron in his hand, he traverses the deepest valleys and the highest mountains, on which he often passes several days successively. His haversack, which is commonly covered with fur, and in which he carries his provisions, a small speaking-trumpet, and a pair of iron hooks, serves him also for a pillow by night. He makes use of the iron hooks in climbing the most rugged rocks; and being often obliged to go down them, or leap from one rock to another, he frequently finds it expedient to make a considerable incision in the soles of his feet, that the blood which comes from it may stick about them, and make a kind of paste to prevent his slipping.

##### No. 3.—A COUNTRY GIRL AT INSPRUCK.

The town of Inspruck, situated in a delightful valley on the river Inn amidst the Alps, was formerly the residence of an Archduke of the House of Austria. It is well built, the public edifices are handsome and numerous, and it has a Franciscan church in which there are several remarkable monuments.

At the inns and public houses of Inspruck,

N

as in those of Upper Austria, the office of waiting is entirely performed by girls; a circumstance greatly in favour of travellers, for their cleanliness, activity, and attention are seldom to be met with among the best male attendants. They commonly join to the frank character which distinguishes these mountaineers, a sprightly, kind, and prepossessing disposition. When importuned by a stranger, they often silence him by their acute yet civil answers. In this plate we see the dress of one of these females; she has nothing more than a ribbon on her head; her neck is open; a rose-coloured crape handkerchief is crossed on her bosom; and she wears a broad ribbon, tied in a bow behind, as a sash. The remainder of her dress consists of a handsome white bodice, a short petticoat of green stuff, a blue apron, and worsted stockings of a light red with white clocks.

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#### ILLUSTRATIVE REMARKS ON THE MOST SELECT AND ELEGANT FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

THE varying temperature of the elements, since our last communications, must necessarily have exercised the taste and invention of our fair fashionables in their choice of that diversity of attire appropriated to the sudden changes of our versatile climate. Ingenuity and taste should ever appear as the hand-maid of beauty; for mere regularity of feature will excite but a momentary attention, without elegance of manner, grace of deportment, and a judicious choice in the due selection and regulation of attire. It must, however, be acknowledged that our countrywomen are arrived at a superiority in this last-mentioned acquirement scarcely to be excelled by any other nation; and while the formerly reputed taste of the Parisian female is evidently on the decline, English women seem advancing in genius and the graces of life. Long, very long may they rise superior in fidelity and virtue, as they now do in external decoration and personal loveliness!—From the lengthened train of fashionables, and the innumerable families now resident in this gay metropolis—from the various assemblies of the great and the gay,—and from our places of public resort, we are pressed with a superabundant display of articles of fashionable decoration and ornament.

The diligent bee, wandering amidst his varied world of bloom and odours, gathers

from fairest flowers his choicest sweets; and we, alike assiduous, ramble amidst the haunts of beauty and elegance, selecting and disseminating the choicest produce of our observations.

In regulating the order of our communication on this head, we begin with the walking or carriage costume; and though at this period the articles of composition, and the construction of these habits, cannot be supposed to have undergone much change, yet we have observed some little additional and novel elegance introduced of late, and which we shall delineate for the benefit of our fair readers. In our English portrait of fashion for this present Number of our work, is exhibited a coat and *chapeau* of acknowledged elegance and fashionable attraction. This habit distinguished a female of rank and elegance in Hyde-Park, and is worn by the beautiful Lady F——P——, except that its colour, as chosen by this amiable female, is an American green. These coats and *chapeaus* are also formed of kerseymere or Georgian cloth, as well as velvet; and their colours are varied agreeably to the pleasure of the several wearers. Purple, Devonshire brown, scarlet, olive, and lavender, are the most in request. Although these coats are much admired for their simplicity, yet the Swedish mantle is by many held in still higher esteem. This is a sort of military or cardinal cloak, with long Spanish hanging sleeves, and high collar. It is trimmed all round with Churchill's fur, mink, or blue fox. The Spanish cloak and species, of double Imperial sarsnet, lined and trimmed with fur, is an article somewhat novel in its construction, and embraces much taste and elegance, and though now (from its ornaments and linings of skin) it forms a part of the winter costume, yet, divested of this present seasonable appendage, and substituting that of rich Trafalgar, or cable silk cord, it will be both appropriate and attractive for the spring months.

In the article of outward robes, we scarcely ever discovered so much taste and variety. For parties few white dresses are observable, except, indeed, such as are of the most transparent texture, and worn over coloured satin.

Dresses of coloured leno, or net, are also disposed in drapery over white satin under-dresses. We have seen one of amber leno, made with a jacket somewhat of the Swedish peasant form, the straps, sleeves, and bosom ornamented with silver binding. We shall here take occasion to delineate two dresses of uncommon and contrasted elegance, worn by



two females at a late splendid concert and ball. In describing these unique habits, will be observed the just appropriation of style, and effect, to the respective persons of the fair wearers. The delicate form, features, and complexion of Lady Th——, appeared to considerable advantage in her gown *à-la-Suoyard*, of fine scarlet cloth. The construction of this garment deserves delineation from its animated simplicity and elegance. It was formed in a plain round dress, extremely scanty, with a short train; a plain round bosom, cut rather low, and sitting perfectly close to the form, ornamented down each side of the bosom, and buttoned up the back with gold filagree buttons. Up the front was a rich embroidery in gold, laurel, or vine-leaf.— It had plain short sleeves of white satin; and over them a long full sleeve of the most transparent net, confined at the wrists and on the arms with bracelets and anklets of pearl, with a barrel snap of brilliants. Round the bosom (and by way of tucker) was placed a fine lace of the shell-scolloped edge. Her hair was confined in a tight braid towards one side of the head, fastened with a diamond crescent; on one side it was disposed in full curls, and on the other ornamented with a *demoiselle* wreath of white jessamine and pearl. One row of large brilliants composed the necklace, with earrings of the pear form; and her slippers were of white satin, fringed with gold.

The Madama features, and clear brown complexion of her friend, was happily contrasted by a robe of superfine white velvet. This dress was, perhaps, the most conspicuous for novelty and chaste elegance of any that has fixed our attention during the winter. It was a round dress, with short train and long sleeves, made to sit close to the form, and advancing towards the edge of the throat, where it was ornamented with an antique ruff of scolloped lace, three rows of fine Chinese pearl were placed at the edge next the throat, and at the rising of the bosom, towards the back, this ornament was anted continued.— Round each arm were bracelets of gold, in the ancient Eastern style, the centre with a snap, composed of topaz, emerald, and On the wrist was a cuff of delicate lace of the antique scollop form. On the cuff were three rows of pearls, united with a snap, *mon* above described. On her feet she wore *à-la-Mary Queen of Scots*, a construction that which is seen in the

fortunate in the print exhibited of her in Smollet's History of England. This head-dress was also ornamented with pearl, and one in form of a pear was pendant from the corner of the *coiffe*, which fell in the centre of the forehead. A most superb fan of carved amber, and satin shoes, of a similar colour, embroidered in a small filagree pattern of silver, completed this singularly attractive costume; and the whole *tout ensemble* of this captivating female exhibited a most perfect pattern of the modern antique.

The most fashionable style of construction for gowns is that with a high back, sloped to a point in the centre of the bosom, and ornamented with an Imperial ruff of fine scolloped lace, in half plaits. But we still see many fashionable women who continue to exhibit the back and shoulders. Coloured borders, in *chenille*, on black or brown Paris net, and worn over white sarsnet or satin, have a very appropriate and distinguishing effect in the dancing or drawing-room suite. Long sleeves are now worn with every species of costume. Surely they are not consistent for the full dress; yet we see them sometimes in such parties, formed of the same materials as the robe, at others, of white sarsnet, or silver tissue, attached to coloured dresses; sometimes of plaid French lawn, in the bishops' order; at others of fine net, twisted round the arm, from the shoulder to the wrist, with pearl beads, or gold and silver bands. They are sometimes placed over a plain satin short sleeve; and, to a slender form, we consider this latter style as well adapted, giving a becoming fullness to a spare figure.

We observe many coloured dresses composing the morning habit; but we can never give our suffrage to what must ever be considered a coarse or incorrect taste, even though sanctioned by fashion. The chaste, neat, and simple elegance of the white robe can never be exchanged to advantage in that style of costume, which should ever be distinguishable for unobtrusive grace rather than a showy display; and with what can the coloured mantle, coat, or cardinal appear to such advantage as with a simple morning robe of cambric or muslin? The decorations of the head, in public display considerable novelty; on very young persons the hair variously disposed with ornaments of divers construction and composition prevails waveringly. The most fashionable of these are *demoiselle* wreaths of pearl, bandeaus of jewellery, coronets, and tiaras of frosted flowers. Perhaps *à-la-Chinese*, formed of gold or silver tissue,

with rich gold ends and fringe, are a most splendid and distinguishing ornament. The embroidered half handkerchief of lace in colours, or in gold, silver, spangles, or bugles, is also observable amidst the fashionable variety; figured silk squares, rather more than one yard wide, either in figures or silver chambery, are a new style of turban, which composes in its tasteful arrangement much fashion, convenience, and attraction. It is tied round the head in the most simple yet becoming style, just over the left eye, where it is twisted, the ends by a simple fold are formed in much unstudied elegance; and a single row of pearl, diamonds, or band of gold or silver is passed obliquely across the forehead, and continued round one side of the turban. Feathers are by no means a general ornament; a few of the Asiatic plumes are sometimes attached by way of novelty to the turbans above described.

The style of hats and bonnets, for the outdoor costume, has exhibited little variety since our last; fur caps, velvet and sarsonnets of divers shades, and chiefly of the turban form, lined with Chinchilla or other skins, are the most attractive. A few beavers, in the Spanish style (the colours pale brown), have lately appeared; but we consider them more useful than becoming or genteel.

The thirst for novelty has induced our Jewellers to introduce rather a repellent ornament by way of brooch, in the form of insects; surely this is a stretch of invention more novel than pleasing; the bosoms of delicate females

will naturally shrink from the idea of countenancing so monstrous a decoration. In the article of trinkets we have discovered nothing striking or novel since our last communication; shells suspended from rich chains of gold, the oriental amulets, and treble bracelets are distinguishable amidst the endless variety offered to our view.

The prevailing colours are purple, shaded greens, Devonshire browns, crimson, and yellow; coquelicot and monotone are on the decline.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*E. R. F.* is informed that his terms are accepted. His Poem is mislaid; we have frequently given a public notice in our Magazine for all Correspondents to keep duplicates of what they transmit to us.—We cannot be unanswerable, but under particular circumstances, for the safe custody of any copy; the progress of which generally is, either into our Magazine, or into the fire.

*CRITO* has our best thanks, and we are convinced he means well towards us.

*ERRATA*.—In our last Number, p. 6, for *Boboli*, read "*Boboli*;" for *Puete*, read "*Pitti*;" for *Ruehardi*, read "*Riccardi*;" for *Lord Cooper*, read "*Earl Cooper*;" for *Madora*, read "*Medora*." And on the Plate of one of the Cartoons, for *The Sacrifice of Paul to Barnabas*, read "*The Sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas*."

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE;

OR,

Bell's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE

FOR MARCH, 1869

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3. A YOUNG BRIDE of EGRA, in her Wedding Clothes.
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5. AN ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, by Mr. HOOK
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LA REINE CATHERINE II. IMPERATRICE DE RUSSIE.  
 D'après le portrait de L. Carpeaux. Gravé par M. G.

Bell's

# COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For MARCH, 1808.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

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The Twenty-ninth Number.

### HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

CAROLINA MATILDA, the youngest sister of his Majesty George III. was born on the 22d of July, 1751, and had the misfortune to be married, in 1766, at the age of fifteen, to Christian VII. of Denmark, who had just succeeded his father Frederic V. in the government of that kingdom.

The character of this Prince was not calculated to afford a pledge of the future happiness of such a connection. During the reign of his father, no part of his attention had been devoted to the affairs of government. His fiery temper, which had been vigorously restrained, bore the curb with impatience. He conceived a strong aversion to every restriction of order and decency, and it was evident that the moment he should be released from the fetters which confined him, he would rush headlong into every species of wanton libertinism.

The sequel justified the supposition. He fell into the hands of men whose seductions, added to his own propensities, led him into the most unbridled extrava-

gance, so that he hated and avoided the sight of every honest and good man, and dreaded the mildest remonstrances against his conduct. No care had been taken to instil into his mind a proper veneration for religion, which, even in his childhood, he was known to have treated with the utmost contempt and derision. He was totally unacquainted with every true principle of morality, destitute of dignity of mind or conduct, and wholly regardless of merit in others.

The sanguine hopes which are entertained in every country at the commencement of a new reign, were, as far as they regarded the personal behaviour of his Danish Majesty, in some measure accomplished; but with respect to his attention to the affairs of his dominions, every expectation was disappointed. He dispatched with haste the most important concerns of the state, his dislike to business of every kind increased, and he sunk by degrees into a state of total listlessness and inaction.

Such was the character of the monarch

to whom the young, lovely, and inexperienced Carolina Matilda was united. His step-mother, the Queen-Dowager Juliana, in whom his excesses and imbecility encouraged the most flattering hopes in behalf of her own son, Prince Frederick, had violently opposed the marriage of the King. Her disgust was converted into hatred by the arrival of Princess Matilda. Every charm of youth and beauty seemed to be lost in her appearance at Copenhagen. Her whole behaviour was marked with affectation and condescension; her every look was filled with benevolence and goodness, and she immediately gained every heart in her dominions.

Juliana beheld these first effects of the appearance of the young Queen with a heart-felt chagrin. She well knew the prejudices which the King had conceived against herself and her son; she feared that they might be strengthened by this new connection, and that the influence she still possessed at court might be entirely destroyed. Her apprehensions were but too well founded. The palace of Friedensburg was assigned for her residence, and there she lived in a state of exile. Her aversion of the young Queen grew into the bitterest hatred; the most anxious attention on the part of the latter had no effect on the soured mind of Juliana; a cold degree of civility was all that it produced, and she missed no opportunity of treating Matilda with haughty superiority.

This disagreeable situation was for some time rendered less irksome to the Queen by the tenderness of her husband, the admiration of the court, and the round of dissipating amusements into which her gay and lively temper caused her to enter with great spirit. This false happiness, however, could not last long; the love of a libertine soon cooled, and the King was incapable of a more exalted passion; the admiration of the courtiers was like every feature of their character, inconstant; and the zest of amusements was lost in their constant repetition.

The Queen naturally became indifferent to her husband, and amical to his step-mother, and her mind was too frank to disguise her sentiments. The monarch was too deeply engaged in the intoxicating circle of pleasures prepared for him by his

vicious companions to perceive the change, but it did not escape the vigilant eye of Juliana. The birth of the Prince Royal, which happened in January, 1768, by annihilating all her ambitious prospects, raised her animosity to the highest pitch.

Soon after this event the King set out upon his travels; and during his absence the mutual antipathy of the two Queens took a turn which precluded every hope of reconciliation, and the partisans of both strove by all possible means to widen the breach. Matilda, forsaken by her husband and hated by his step-mother, endeavoured to draw from the resources of her own mind that comfort which a dull and almost solitary court could not afford. Her life was calm and serene, her hours passed smoothly amid the pleasing cares of maternity, and such occupations as tended to cultivate her understanding. Her mind was naturally susceptible of every improvement; she took great pains to learn the Danish language, and, in a short time, spoke it with a fluency which greatly flattered her subjects.

In the beginning of the year 1769, the King returned from his travels, and, as it was at first thought, with a mind considerably improved. In his conduct he shewed more propriety and dignity, and his conversation was less trifling and frivolous; he even appeared to have acquired some useful knowledge, and his subjects flattered themselves that a happy change had taken place in his principles and favourite pursuits; that instead of indulging his passions in wild and sensual dissipation, he would devote his time to business, and to employments more worthy of his royal character.

The young Queen observed with pleasure the favourable change that had taken place in the general behaviour of his Majesty, and flattered herself that he would likewise shew her more attention and confidence than formerly; but had he been inclined to gratify these fond expectations, the pernicious principles instilled into his mind by his favourite, Count Holck, who ruled him with absolute sway, were sufficient to render his reformation of very short continuance. The affairs of the state were wholly resigned into the hands of the ministers, and the King was constantly surrounded by



a crowd of youthful libertines, who seemed only to study how to dispel the *ennui* inseparable from his want of serious employment, and his dislike of his family.

Such was the state of affairs at court when the unnoticed friendship of the King gradually raised into importance a person who was destined to exercise such irresistible influence over the favourites, the ministers, the family, and the subjects of his monarch. This was John Frederic Struensee, whom fortune, and a train of peculiar circumstances, coinciding with his own talents and address, drew from his native mediocrity of condition, and inestimably placed in an elevated rank. He originally practised physic at Altona, and afterwards attended the King of Denmark on his travels into France and England, in quality of physician. On his return he advanced by rapid gradations in the royal favour, and seems to have eminently possessed the powers of pleasing, since he became equally the favourite of both the King and Queen. The latter, it is true, at first hated Struensee as much as she did Count Holck, whose pernicious precepts and example alienated from her the affections of her husband. She soon perceived, however, that the King's regard for the latter diminished, in proportion as his friendship for the former increased. She observed, that the company of Struensee daily became more pleasing and necessary to the sovereign, and that his influence began to extend not only to every concern of the King's private life, but to the most important affairs of the state. She likewise saw that the conduct of Struensee was very different from the insolent behaviour of Count Holck; so that by degrees her ill opinion of his character was changed into one much more favourable. She discovered in him a well cultivated and superior understanding, and at length treated him with a degree of kindness and condescension which could not long remain unnoticed.

The amiable feelings of maternal tenderness contributed to strengthen this rising partiality. It was resolved about this time that the Prince-Royal should be inoculated for the small-pox, and Struensee was appointed to perform the operation. The tenderest affections of the Queen were

centered in her child; these would not suffer her to leave him for a moment to the care of strangers during a disorder which, with the most skillful management, is not wholly free from danger. She herself was his nurse; she watched with him, and anxiously returned to her maternal duties the moment he awoke. Struensee was her assistant in these tender occupations, and she so sweetly suffered him to quit the object of her solicitude for a moment. He accordingly passed great part of his time in the company of the Queen; his natural and acquired abilities rendered his conversation agreeable and instructive, and his address was such as could not fail of gaining the favour of his royal mistress. The reserve on both sides wore off, and their conversations became more free and interesting. Matilda, in full reliance upon his fidelity, discovered to him the inmost secrets of her heart. She had ambition to aspire not only to the recovery of the King's confidence and esteem, but also to the acquisition of a share of that power which was wholly delegated to his worthless favourites. Struensee promised his cordial assistance, and from that moment devoted his whole attention to the accomplishment of her views. By his means the affections of the King were reclaimed; his behaviour to the Queen was entirely changed, and he placed in her a degree of confidence on which she soon made use to the attainment of her purposes.

Without following this favourite of fortune through all the degrees of his elevation, suffice it here to say, that through the influence of the Queen, Struensee was invested with the ribband of the order of Matilda, instituted in honour of her Majesty, was created a Count, and at length raised to the possession of unlimited ministerial power. The mental imbecility of the King and his total neglect of business, rendered him a mere cypher, so that the whole royal authority actually centered in Struensee and the Queen. No wonder then if those sentiments which owed their origin to reciprocal gratitude for the support mutually given, should be construed by enemies embittered by the loss of power into a criminal passion?

It must however be admitted, that if Struensee did not make a bad, he certainly made

a violent and imprudent use of his extensive power; he seems, if we may judge from his actions, to have been in some measure intoxicated with royal favour, added to such accumulated honours, and not to have adverted to the examples which history furnishes of Wolseys in former periods, and of Choiseuls in modern times, who most strikingly evince the slippery foundation of political grandeur.

It cannot be surprizing that the reforms which Struensee introduced should render him highly unpopular with a great majority of the nation. The Queen-mother, Juliana, artfully availed herself of this dissatisfaction to mature a plan for ridding herself at once of the hated minister, and the no less obnoxious Queen. The King had no will of his own, but was the mere tool of those who might have his person in their power; in order to secure him Juliana contrived to gain over to her party Colonel Koller, who commanded one of the regiments that composed the garrison of Copenhagen, where the court then was, and Colonel Eichstadt, who had the dragoons belonging to the same garrison under his command. The only person of consequence implicated in the conspiracy besides those officers, was Count Ranzau. None of these possessed the abilities that might be thought necessary for the execution of so daring an enterprize, and nothing but the secrecy with which it was carried on ensured their success.

The 17th of January, 1772, was fixed for the execution of this dreadful plan. The regiment commanded by Colonel Koller was on the night of the 16th of January ordered to be upon guard in and about the palace, and the same evening a grand ball was given at court. Matilda, with the most unsuspecting gaiety, indulged her passion for amusement; at the hour of one in the morning she closed the ball by dancing with Prince Frederic, and the principal leaders of her party had the honour of playing with the King. These were the last joys of the devoted victims; the ball was concluded, and every one repaired to rest. Meanwhile such preparations were made as soon roused them again to unexpected horror.

The clock struck three—the dreadful hour appointed by the conspirators for the

execution of their designs. A dead silence reigned throughout the palace. Koller then went round to the different posts, collected his principal officers, and proceeded with them to the guard-room. He there declared that by the express orders of the King, he required their assistance to take the reigning Queen, and all her adherents, into custody, and commanded them to follow him. The officers were so astonished at the subject of his harangue, that not one of them thought of asking him to produce his orders. They accompanied him to the Queen-Dowager, where Count Ranzau arrived, attended by one Guldberg, who had been employed in drawing up the plan of the conspiracy, and in writing out the necessary orders. Colonel Eichstadt had in the mean time armed his dragoons, and surrounded the palace, in order to prevent the entrance of any person, and to receive the prisoners. The different parts were soon distributed among the conspirators; Ranzau was appointed to arrest the Queen, Koller to secure Struensee, and the rest of the officers to take Count Brandt and the other principal leaders of the party into custody. Koller immediately hastened to the apartments of the minister, and the officers dispersed to their different posts, while Juliana, Ranzau, and Guldberg, who carried a candle before them, went to the chamber of the King.

To their great disappointment they found the door locked, and none of the keys and picklocks with which they were provided would open it. The loss of a moment was of consequence to the undertaking. Ranzau flew to the apartment of the page in waiting, entered the room with great noise, affected the utmost consternation, and ordered him to repair immediately to the chamber of the monarch. The affrighted page hastened to the assistance of his master, and at the door found Queen Juliana, Prince Frederic, and Ranzau, who commanded him to open it immediately. The unusual hour, the known characters of the persons, and their anxious impatience, excited his suspicion, and he refused to comply. The Queen's consternation was inexpressible, the Prince trembled, while Ranzau and Guldberg, whose candle fell from his shaking hands, did not venture to take the keys from the

page by force; he was strong and resolute, and they wished to make no noise. Ranzau therefore endeavoured to effect that by fear which he could not by persuasion; he told him that the whole town was up in arms; that the rebels were ready to break into the palace; that the guards could not withstand their fury; and that no time was to be lost if they wished to save the life of the monarch. The Queen and her son joined in affecting the utmost solicitude for the safety of the King. The page was first moved and then alarmed; the promise of a considerable reward completely overthrown his resolution; he yielded, and led the Queen and her suite into the chamber of the sleeping monarch. The curtains of his bed were furiously torn open; he awoke suddenly, and started. No time was left him to recover from his fright; Ranzau denounced ruin and death; placed every image of terror before the eyes of the monarch, and his fruitful brain supplied him with new images of awful horror; he painted the rage of a rebellious nation, conspired to shake off the yoke which the Queen and Struensee had imposed, crying aloud for justice, and determined to be satisfied with nothing less than the death of the victims they demanded. "What a dreadful misfortune! whither shall I flee?" cried the king, half dead with fear; "help me, advise me, tell me what I shall do."—"Sign these orders," returned Ranzau, with double fury; "this alone can save the King, his royal palace, and his people." The paper lay ready upon the table, and the Queen held the pen, the instrument of the destruction of the King's best friends, and of her complete revenge. The king took it with trembling hand; but the moment he espied, upon the first paper, the name of his Queen, Matilda, he threw it away with vehemence: it was as if this name, which had so long seemed wholly indifferent to him, at once roused the dormant powers of his mind. He endeavoured forcibly to rise, but was as forcibly prevented: another torrent of menaces and terrors was poured out upon him. Ranzau accumulated the most horrid falsehoods:—"The people," cried he, "are at the gates of the palace, fire and sword in their hands, and life vengeance in their hearts: escape will soon be in vain; the

palace will soon be in flames, and the monarch the first victim of their fury." The King's courage could not repel this second attack; fear overpowered him, tears ran down his cheeks, his hand trembled, he guided the pen without knowing it, signed the orders, and Ranzau hurried to see them executed.

Colonel Koller had, in the mean time, proceeded to the apartment of Struensee, without waiting the King's orders to arrest him. Having left the officers who accompanied him in an adjoining room, he entered the chamber alone in which the minister lay. Struensee was roused by the noise with which the Colonel approached; he knew him immediately; and, equally frightened and astonished, he asked him, by whose authority he dared to enter his chamber at so improper an hour—"I will tell you that immediately," cried Koller; "haste this instant." He then seized him by the throat, and shook him so long and so violently, that resistance was vain; he surrendered, and was carried to the prison ready prepared for him in the citadel.

But the most dreadful scene of all was still to be acted. Ranzau, accompanied by Eichstadt, and a few other officers, repaired to the chamber where slept the beautiful and amiable Queen Matilda. The noise occasioned by their entrance into the antichamber alarmed her, and she called her attendants. Pale and trembling they entered the apartment; fear had rendered them incapable of answering her questions. Terri-fied by these appearances, she rose to enquire herself into the cause of their terror; when one of them informed her that Count Ranzau, accompanied by a train of officers, had entered the antichamber, and desired to be announced to her in the name of the King. "Ranzau!" cried she, "and in the name of the King? Run to Struensee, and call him to my assistance." She was then informed that Struensee had been secured and carried to prison. "I am betrayed, I am undone, I am lost for ever!" she added she, more composedly, "let the traitors come in; I am prepared to meet my fate." Half dressed she went to meet them with the most undaunted fortitude. Ranzau respectfully addressed her, and read the orders of the

King: she heard him without interruption, desired to read them herself, and Ranzau delivered the paper to her. Having read it quite through without betraying the least sign of fear, she threw it upon the ground with contempt, and cried,—“The character of treachery in you, and of weakness in the King, is so strongly stamped upon this whole transaction, that I shall not obey these orders.” Ranzau entreated her to conform to the commands of the monarch. “Commands!” cried she, with indignation, “commands of which he himself is ignorant—commands forced by the most villainous treachery from foolish imbecility—such commands shall never be obeyed by a Queen.” Upon this Ranzau grew more serious in his expostulations; and informed her that his orders must be obeyed, and without loss of time. “Till I have seen the King,” returned she, “your orders shall not be executed upon me. Bring me to him immediately; I must, I will see him.” She then stepped towards the door, but Ranzau stopped her: he grew impatient, and his entreaties were changed into threats. “Wretch!” cried the enraged Princess, “is this the language of a subject to his Queen? Go, thou most contemptible of beings! go from my sight, covered with your own infamy, but never feared by me!” The pride of Ranzau was touched; he cast an enraged look at his officers, fraught with a dreadful meaning; and the boldest of them stepped forward to seize the defenceless Princess. She tore herself from his arms, and called for help with all her strength, but in vain, for no assistance was at hand. Thus, struggling alone against armed men, distracted with rage and despair, she flew to the window, opened it, and attempted to throw herself out. One of the officers held her in the very moment: her fury now knew no bounds; she seized him by the hair, and dragged him to the ground: a second attacked her; and with equal strength and courage she disengaged herself from him. This shocking, this inhuman spectacle, which would have forced the dagger from the hand of the most bloody assassin, made no impression upon the mind of Ranzau and his banditti. They united their coward strength against this noble heroine; and she fell at last breathless, and almost faint-

ing, into the arms of one of the officers. As soon as she had somewhat recovered, and it appeared evident that she could make no further resistance, she was forced to dress herself in an adjoining chamber; and Ranzau, who was mean and cruel enough to insult her with offensive and indecent language, led her to the carriage which waited to carry her to the fortress of Cronenburg.

Upon her arrival in the fort, she uttered loud complaints; and, overwhelmed with unspeakable distress, her knees refused their support; she sunk down upon the stairs, and was dragged into her bed-chamber. The sight of a bed alarmed her; she stepped back, and cried, “Take me away, take me away! rest is not for the miserable! there is no rest for me!” She was then put into a chair; her bosom heaved with violent sighs, her whole frame seemed agitated and convulsed with anguish, and she at last burst into tears. “Thank God,” cried she with fervency, “for this blessing! this is a comfort of which my enemies cannot rob me.”

Meanwhile, as an insurrection was dreaded in Copenhagen, every military precaution was taken to prevent it. The most infamous and absurd reports were circulated among the populace, in order to throw an odium on the state-prisoners. They were accused of having infused poison into the King’s coffee, with an intention to destroy or debilitate his understanding, and to declare him incapable of governing; to send the Queen-Dowager, as well as her infant son, Prince Frederic, out of the kingdom, and to proclaim the Queen Matilda regent.

During these transactions Struensee and Brandt were detained in rigorous imprisonment. The former was loaded with very heavy irons about his arms and legs, and he was at the same time fastened to the wall with an iron bar. In a cell not above ten or twelve feet square, with a little bed and a miserable iron stove, he wrote with a pencil an account of his life and conduct as a minister; a composition which displays no ordinary ability. A tribunal was appointed for the trial of the Queen and the two Counts, counsel being assigned for each, in order to preserve an ostensible appearance of justice and equity.

Six articles were exhibited against Struensee; one of which charged him with an improper connexion with the Queen. His reverse of fortune seemed to have bereft his soul of fortitude and manly feeling. Terrified by the threat of the rack, confused by artful and ambiguous questions, and perhaps enticed by delusive hopes, he made a confession by which he highly impeached the character of the Queen, and at the same time roused the indignation of every honest mind against himself. On this charge alone was Struensee convicted; and he with his friend Brandt, against whom no crime could be proved, were beheaded on the 25th of March, 1772.

Four commissioners were now appointed to proceed to the principal part of this great cause, upon which it was necessary to decide, in order to insure stability to the success of the revolution. They proceeded to Cronenburg, to examine the Queen Matilda; and Baron Schak-Rathlau was appointed to take the lead in this important examination. A long and tedious series of days spent in the most gloomy solitude, the most exquisite distress, and tormenting suspense, had not yet broken the spirit of this noble Princess. She received the commissioners with an unaffected dignity, which displayed in its full extent the strength of her soul. A long string of captious and distressing questions which were put to her, were not able to disconcert her; her answers were short, pertinent, and precise; she calmly insisted that she could not reproach herself with any crime; and her unexpected fortitude and coolness, threw the commissioners into the utmost embarrassment. The cunning Schak saw plainly that he must in vain attempt to cope with the understanding of the Queen; but he hoped that her heart was not equally proof against his subtlety; and he promised himself as complete success in an attack upon the tenderness of her disposition, as she had in defeating his sophistical reasoning. He therefore made use of a stratagem, in order to procure from her that confession which alone could give validity to the sentence they were previously determined to pronounce, that led him to an action by which his name will be for ever branded with infamy.

He abruptly informed the Queen, that

Count Struensee had made a confession highly disgraceful to the honour and dignity of her Majesty. "Impossible!" cried the astonished Matilda. "Struensee never could make such a confession; and, if he did, I deny every thing he has said."—Schak was too cunning to suffer her to recover her fright and astonishment; but added immediately, that Struensee had not only actually made this confession, but had confirmed it in his examination, and had even signed it; but that, as the Queen denied the truth, nothing but the most excruciating tortures, and the most ignominious death, could atone for so gross a violation of the Queen of Denmark.

This was a thunder-bolt to the unfortunate Princess; she fell back senseless upon her chair; her colour left her cheeks, and a deadly paleness occupied its place. Her regard for her honour struggled violently with her feelings. She at last recovered; and said, with a faltering voice,—“And if I confess what Struensee has said to be true, may he then hope for mercy at the hands of his judges?” She at the same time cast her beautiful eyes at Count Schak, with a look full of tear and hope, and expressive of every thing her lips dared not to utter. The countenance of Schak immediately cleared up; he bowed assent, in a manner which the Queen might interpret as favourably as she pleased; and presented to her a paper containing the accusations against herself, to which nothing was wanting to complete the triumph of her enemies but her signature. This dreadful instrument of her destruction renewed in the mind of the Queen the most violent emotion, and her whole frame was in the greatest agitation. She suddenly seemed to exert her utmost fortitude; she took a pen and began, with trembling hand, to write her name. She had already finished the letters *CAVOL*—when casting a glance at Schak, she saw his eyes eagerly fixed upon her hand; he trembled with impatience, and betrayed in his face the malicious joy of triumphant treachery. In a moment she was convinced of the base arts practised against her; she threw away the pen, and cried with the strongest emotion, “I am shamefully deceived; Struensee never accused me; I know him too well; he never could have been guilty of

so great a crime." She endeavoured to rise, but her strength failed her; she sunk down, fainted, and fell back into her seat. With the most impudent audacity Schak then immediately took up the pen, put it between her fingers, and grasping her hand in his, he guided it; and before the unfortunate Princess again recovered, she had added the letters —*INA MANUDA*.

The commissioners having finished their examination, an extraordinary tribunal was formed to try the Queen, and the advocate who conducted the accusation in the name of the King demanded a sentence of divorce. Uhldal, her Majesty's advocate, requested a delay of a few days, and permission to consult the Queen on the manner of conducting her defence. This was granted; and he repaired to Cronenburg, where he had a long and very interesting conversation with his royal client.

The situation of the Queen was distressing beyond description. Young, beautiful, blessed by nature, and accomplished by education, with every thing that could render her susceptible of the most refined happiness throughout life, she now stood upon the very margin of a gulph which was ready to swallow up every thing that could be dear to her—her honour, her rank, her peace of mind; one moment was to rob her of her children, her husband, and her throne: and that she should survive this calamitous change, was a consideration fraught with new horror. Her sensibility rendered her capable of feeling her misery in its utmost extent; and the expressions in which she depicted the excruciating apprehensions of her mind to Uhldal, fully shewed with what acuteness she felt them. "I should be inconsolable," said she, "if the most trifling of my actions could have tended in the least to the dishonour or disadvantage of the King and the state. I have perhaps been imprudent, but have never meant ill; and in those points in which I have failed, my youth, and the strange circumstances in which I was placed, ought to plead my apology. I was too secure of the suspicion or censure of the world, and this security may have led me into error. If the laws of my country condemn me, it is my duty humbly to acquiesce in their sentence; but in the mouth of my judges, I trust their rigour

will be softened by humanity; and this affords me great comfort. But when I consider that my King, my husband, must confirm their sentence, then, then my languishing hopes revive—he will surely never desert me, nor cast me from him into endless misery and despair!" Her tears and sighs frequently interrupted this moving address; at last she found some relief from the acuteness of her feelings, in her weakness to support them, rather than in a diminution of her distress. She spoke to Uhldal in a more tranquil tone, and consulted with him upon the best means by which her cause could be defended.

The eloquence and talents of Uhldal were in vain exerted in behalf of the injured Matilda, and a formal divorce separated her for ever from her husband.

Measures were now taken for the removal of Queen Matilda from Cronenburg. The small town of Aalborg, in Jutland, was first intended for her residence, and she herself seemed to wish to live within the Danish dominions. But when she heard of the melancholy end of her friends, she changed her resolution. Her brother, the King of England, made an offer to the Danish court, to appoint her a residence at the palace of Zell, in the electorate of Hanover: this proposal was accepted; and it was at the same time agreed, that she should still keep the title and rank of a Queen. Her dower of 250,000 dollars was returned, and an annuity of 30,000 dollars (about 3000 sterling) settled upon her for life.

On the 27th of May, two English frigates and a cutter, arrived at Helsingor; and on the 30th the Queen left Cronenburg. The last moments which this amiable Princess spent in the Danish domini-

This squadron was commanded by the gallant Captain Machride, whose conduct upon this, as on every other occasion, was that of a gentleman, a brave officer, and a true patriot. He conducted her to the frigate in his barge; the squadron saluted her, upon her coming on board, as the sister of the British monarch; and as soon as she was on board, he hoisted Danish colours, and insisted that the fort of Cronenburg should salute her as Queen of Denmark; which salute he returned with two guns less.

ons, were distressed in the highest degree. She was now under the necessity of parting from her only comfort, the only object of her affection, her infant daughter; and of leaving her in the hands of her sworn enemies. For some minutes she fondly pressed the babe to her bosom, and bedewed it with a shower of tears: she then attempted to tear herself away; but the voice, the smiles, the endearing motions of her infant, were chains that irresistibly drew her back. At last she called up all her resolution, took her once more into her arms, imprinted upon her lips, with the impetuous ardour of distracting love, the farewell kiss, returned her to the attendants, and cried, "Away away—now possess nothing here."

At Zell, Matilda appeared in her true and native character. Divested of the routine and pomp which, on the throne of Denmark, veiled her in a great degree from observation, the qualities of her heart displayed themselves in her little court at Zell, and gained her universal love.

Her person was dignified and graceful; she excelled in all the exercises befitting her sex, birth, and station: she danced the finest minuet of all the females at the Danish court, and managed the horse with uncommon spirit and address. She had a taste for music, and devoted much of her time, while at Zell, to the harpsichord. The characteristic style of her dress was simplicity; that of her deportment an affability which, in a person of such high rank, might be termed extreme condescension. Her talents were extensive, and having been cultivated by reading, they displayed themselves on all occasions. She conversed with perfect facility in French, English, German, and Danish, and to these attainments she added a thorough knowledge of the Italian, which she studied and admired for its beauty and delicacy. Her manners were the most polished, soft, and ingratiating, and even the contracted state of her finances could not restrain that princely munificence of temper which kept her purse continually open to distress and misery. Naturally cheerful and happy in disposition, even the dark cloud of adversity could not alter the sweetness and serenity of her temper. Though banished with every circumstance of indignity from the

throne of Denmark, she yet retained no sentiment of revenge against the authors of her fall, or the Danish people in general. Her heart was not tinctured with ambition, and she looked back to the diadem which had been torn from her brow with calmness and magnanimity. It was not the crown that she regretted; her children alone employed her care. The feelings of the sovereign were absorbed in those of the mother.

she quitted the isle of Zealand, it was because she was bereft of the dear objects of her maternal fondness.

A few months before her death she showed, with transports of joy, to the first lady of her bed-chamber, a portrait of the Prince Royal, her son, which she had just received. It happened that a few days afterwards, this lady entered the Queen's apartment at an unusual hour; she was surprized hearing her Majesty talk though quite alone. While she thus stood in mute astonishment, unable to retire, the Queen suddenly turned round, and addressing her with that charming smile which she alone could preserve at a moment when her heart was torn with sensations of the acutest anguish.—"What must you think," said she, "of a circumstance so extraordinary as to find me talking though quite alone: but it was to this dear and cherished image that I addressed my conversation. And what do you imagine I said to it? Nearly the same verses which you sent not long ago to a child sensible to the happiness of having found a father—verses," added she, "which I altered after this manner.—

"Eh! qui donc, comme moi, goûteroit la douceur

"De s'appeller mon fils, d'être chère à ton cœur!

"Toi qu'on arrache aux bras d'une mère sensible

"Qu'une pleure que toi, dans ce destin terrible."

The lady could not make any reply; overcome with her own emotions, she burst into tears, and hastily retired from the royal presence.

In the beginning of May, 1775, she was seized with the disorder which proved fatal to her. Leyser, the physician by whom she was attended, dreaded the event from

the first moment. She was no stranger to his apprehensions, and impressed with a sentiment of her approaching end, she said to him,—“You have twice extricated me from very dangerous indispositions, but this exceeds your skill; I know that I am not within the help of medicine.” When the dangerous nature of her disorder became generally known, anxiety and consternation pervaded her whole court, by which she was idolized. Her physician called in to his assistance the celebrated Dr. Zimmermann, of Hanover, but her Majesty’s illness, which proved to be a most malignant spotted fever, baffled every exertion of their skill. She bore the pains of her distemper with exemplary patience, and even showed the most generous and delicate attention to the ladies by whom she was attended. She preserved her speech, senses, and understanding to the last moment, and only a short time previous to her dissolution, which took place on the 10th of May, 1775, expressed the most hearty forgiveness of all those enemies by whom, during her life, she had been persecuted and calumniated.

Her Majesty’s remains were interred with her maternal ancestors, the Dukes of Zell, with a pomp suited to her dignity. The streets and the great church were thronged with crowds of people, impressed with the sincerest sorrow by the event which had called them together. It was a scene the most affecting and awful that can be imagined; and when the funeral sermon was delivered, the numerous audience melted into tears, and were overcome with emotions to be compared only with those of the famous Bossuet on a similar occasion, the interment of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, about a century before.

But the most striking proof of the love and attachment borne to her Majesty’s memory after death, and the impression which her virtues had made among all ranks of people in the country where she died, is the resolution drawn up soon afterwards at Hanover, by the states of Lune-

burg. It was as follows:—“The nobility and the states of the duchy of Luneburg assembled, have resolved in their session on the 10th June, to present a request to the King of Great Britain, to obtain permission to erect, at Zell, a monument in memory of the qualities of mind and heart of the late Queen of Denmark, as well as of the devotion and veneration which they bore to that Princess. They intend to choose the first-rate artists for its execution, and they hope by this avowed proof of their zeal, to perpetuate to the remotest posterity, both the profound grief which the premature death of that young Queen has spread through a whole province which adored her, and the homage which they rendered to that true greatness which disasters and adversities the most cruel only rendered the more respectable.”

These wishes, so honourable to the memory of the unfortunate Matilda, were granted; and the monument, by the celebrated Oeser, stands in the garden belonging to the electoral palace at Zell.

A late traveller, adverting to the catastrophe which precipitated Queen Matilda from the throne of Denmark, observes, that people, in Denmark, now strive to forget the whole history of that event, which is never mentioned among such persons as are at all connected with the court. “Nevertheless,” continues he, “I have had several conversations on the subject with a gentleman who is honoured with the intimacy of the royal family. The butchery of Struensee and Brandt is regarded with horror, and the fate of the amiable but unfortunate Queen is universally deplored. The Crown Prince has pretty plainly expressed his sentiments on the matter. As soon as he attained the direction of public affairs, the Queen-Dowager was obliged to quit Copenhagen; she resided at Fredericksborg till her death in 1796. The Prince has likewise invariably shewn a decided aversion to all those who sided against his mother.”



## THE ARTIST.

No. III.

*Including the Lives of living and deceased Painters, collected from authentic sources,—accompanied with OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Continued from Page 54.]

HAVING in our last brought the biography of Mr. West nearly to a close, it has been suggested to us that our account would be imperfect, unless it were connected with somewhat of a detailed history (supplementary to the few hints we have given) of the Royal Academy; a society which has chiefly flourished, and been supported in its highest lustre, under the Presidency of this illustrious artist. In the present inquiry, therefore, we shall give a detail of the origin of the Academy, and the views with which an institution commenced which has obtained so much celebrity throughout Europe; we have resolved therefore to enter upon the subject with that minuteness which its importance so well deserves.

We shall consider this institution under its several Presidencies, and conclude with some hints as to its reformation and future direction, which we trust will not be unacceptable to the general body of artists. We shall commence our subject without any further preface.

The importance of the fine arts, as connected with the honour and prosperity of the country, had been acknowledged, and sensibly felt, by many persons of high rank and talent more than half a century ago; and considerable efforts have been made for the establishment of a national school. It is a just pride to the artists, that every attempt failed but what had its origin in their own exertions. It was they who first formed themselves into a body, which, however wanting in dignity and the principles of permanence when compared with their present institution, must ever be considered as the origin of the Royal Academy.

From their own exertions was formed the

Incorporated Society of Arts. Their first exhibition took place at the Great Room in Spring Gardens, in December, 1760. There they were incorporated, and continued to exhibit yearly with great success. Notwithstanding the prejudice arising from novelty, and the difficulties they had to encounter from the low ebb, not to say the depravity of national taste, such was the success of their Exhibitions, that, in a very short time, they accumulated a fund of five or six thousand pounds; and though subsisting in this loose and detached state, without the patronage of rank, or the aid of wealth, they were enabled, from their own efforts, to open the most cheering prospects to their brother artists, and to hold out to the kingdom the institution of a school of national delineation, from which its taste might be corrected, and its commerce improved.

The tranquillity of this society was first disturbed by intrigues arising amongst themselves. In a struggle to obtain the government of this institution, two parties were formed, of the most opposite and hostile interests, headed by two architects. Mr. Chambers, afterwards Sir William Chambers, was at the head of one party; and Mr. Payne, a gentleman of considerable eminence in his profession, governed the other. Both of these gentlemen being in the Directory, and each struggling for an ascendancy over that body, the interest of Mr. Payne prevailed at a general election, and the friends of the latter alone were admitted.

This was a fatal blow to the peace of the society; most of the distinguished artists withdrew; and that they might still enjoy the dignity and advantages of a corporate capacity, the present was viewed as a favourable

moment for forming a new society, to be under the Royal patronage.

In the communication which took place between Mr. Chambers and his present Majesty, a proposition for a new Academy was made, which was graciously received by the King, who was pleased to name four artists, who were to form a committee, and communicate with him personally, respecting the plan of the new Institution.

The names of these Artists were, Mr. Chambers, G. M. Moser, F. Coates, and B. West. These gentlemen waited upon the King, and communicated the plan of their Institution, in the formation of which his Majesty engaged with the warmest interest and most active zeal. Communication was made to several eminent artists for their assistance in forming the laws to regulate the intended Academy. The code, when nearly complete, was laid before the King, which received his Royal sanction, and commands to be carried into immediate effect.

From the general body of the artists, academicians were created by his Majesty. Their first meeting was in the month of December, 1768 (the anniversary of the institution as now holden), when they chose their annual officers, and, having elected Sir Joshua Reynolds to the chair, recommended him to the approbation of the King. At the same time they chose their council, consisting of eight, their secretary, and keeper. The office of treasurer his Majesty reserved to be filled upon his own nomination, and he was graciously pleased to appoint Mr. Chambers.

It is here worthy of remark, that the love of the Academy gave a perpetual seat and voice at the Council Board to the treasurer, but no vote, except he should be elected one of the members of the council.

Such was the origin of the Royal Academy.

In order that a society, formed under the express patronage of his Majesty, should have those principles of permanence and independence in its constitution, which might exempt it from the operation of those influences that had proved so fatal to the incorporated society, and secure its dignity and internal peace, his Majesty judged proper, to prevent all external influence from endangering its government, to direct that none but professional men should belong to the institution,—with the exception of a few who were eminently marked for literature, and distinguished in certain branches of science. Upon this, Dr. William Hunter was elected Professor of Anatomy; Dr. Johnson, Professor of Ancient Literature; Mr. Gibbon, Professor of History; and

Bonetti, Secretary of Foreign correspondence; but none of these gentlemen had any voice in the government of the Academy.

Under such auspices and arrangements the Royal Academy commenced. Something perhaps might be pointed out, both in the plan of its government, and internal administration, which must necessarily have sown the seeds of disorder, and provoked dissensions in the body; but of this hereafter.

It is not to be doubted that this institution was fostered and adopted by the King from motives of the purest patriotism, and a zeal for the arts which had its source in a love of his country. It could not escape the observation of an enlightened Prince that, in a

state of commerce, and a preference obtained for its manufactures in the different markets of Europe, a national school of delineation was necessary, in which, by the cultivation and general diffusion of the elements of art, the taste of the manufacturer and mechanic might be corrected, and something of a higher quality,—a more improved utility, and dignified elegance, be ingrafted upon the produce of his labour. It would, above all, not fail to strike a Sovereign, whose ambition was to govern in the hearts of his people, and elevate the British name and character to a pitch of dignity which should establish his reign as an era in the annals of his country, that nothing could be more essential to his true glory than the cultivation of those arts, which, under a pure administration, and a generous patronage, had a natural tendency to expand the mind, and improve the morals of his subjects, and add that last and most exquisite polish to the manners of the people, which might be considered as the glory of civilization.

It was from views of this nature, so worthy the character of a patriot King, that his Majesty had actively embarked in the formation of the Royal Academy, and laboured, even with the ardour of personal industry, to construct its scheme of government, and communicate to it those principles of growth and improvement which should advance it, in due season, to that point of excellence which might constitute it as a feature in his reign, and give it all the splendour of an institution excelling in arts, and the solid dignity of an establishment for national purposes.

At the very outset, his Majesty had rejected every thing narrow and confined. His object was not to add a something to the train of greatness; to create an extra appendage to the equipage of royalty; to construct a servile academy of artists, to submit upon his pleasure

and measured dole of bounty, in a state as degraded as any of his menials. It was not these motives,—motives which have stimulated the pride of the petty princes of Italy and Germany, to set aside a vacant room in their palaces for the reception of a few needy artists, who were enrolled in their domestic train, and whose genius was as degraded as their situation—it was not motives of this nature which actuated the mind of our gracious Sovereign. The stream of royal bounty was not meant to be contracted in its channel,—it was directed to fructify, and flow through the country at large; to wait upon the artist at his own door, in the most distant provinces; to call him from that obscurity, in which he might otherwise have been condemned to toil, to that portion of public patronage of which he might be found deserving.

The whole nation was invited by the example of the Sovereign to engage in the same task, and the liberality of his patronage excited to other service from the artists than the improvement of the estate which he had committed to them. The only return he sought was the prosperity of their institution by their own efforts; the securing of its tranquillity, which was only to be obtained by a prudent and impartial administration; and its permanency, which must necessarily depend upon the unanimity which should prevail amongst the members of the body.

Thus have we briefly traced the origin of the Royal Academy, and the motives from which the august patronage of the Sovereign originated, and it now remains for us to shew the progress which was made in the infancy of the institution, and the prospects which were opened of those beneficial effects which had been promised as the result of this establishment.

But as we have undertaken to review the proceedings of the Academy under its different Presidencies, it is but justice, in the first stage of our inquiry, to explain the state of the arts prior to the appearance of Sir Joshua Reynolds in his profession, and, in order to form a just appreciation of his merits, to consider this institution in the state in which he was placed in the chair, the degree of improvement to which he raised it, and with which his Presidency concluded.

The superior style of portrait-painting, introduced into this country by Vandyke, under the patronage of Charles the First, had undergone a material decline from the distractions of the kingdom, in that unfortunate period; and lapsing into more feeble hands, upon the death of that artist and his patron, it ex-

perienced a rapid degeneracy from the qualities which it once possessed. The arts, indeed, appeared to decline in a kind of regular descent, from Dobson, the successor of Vandyke, through Walker, Lely, Kneller, Dohl, Hudson, Kneller, and Shackleton, to the close of the reign of George the Second; and they were in a state of still further decay when Reynolds appeared in his profession.

It may be remembered that this distinguished artist received the rudiments of his education under Hudson, but soaring beyond the fame and imperfect examples before him, his zeal carried him into Italy, for the purpose of studying the works of the great Italian masters; and by the principles of art which he acquired in this school, he returned to his native country with an improved taste and superior refinement in that branch of his profession which he peculiarly cultivated. It will ever indeed be the just praise of Sir Joshua, that portrait-painting grew in his hands to an elevation of art which it had hitherto not attained; that he was enabled to invest it with graces to which it had been a stranger; to give it a dignity and decision of character,—something of the majesty of History, and the grace and amenity of landscape. This period we are ever bound to consider as the epoch in which was produced a refined style in portrait-painting, and a more general diffusion of taste with respect to the Fine Arts.

From this acknowledged pre-eminence of Sir Joshua Reynolds, it is to the credit of the first Academicians that they had the discernment to recommend him to his Majesty, to be confirmed, by his gracious sanction, as President of their Society.

When we consider the auspicious commencement of this Presidency, supported at that period by the talents of a Wilson and Barrett in landscape-painting, a Garashouough in landscape and portraits,—Cotes in portrait crayons, West in history, together with Cipriani and Pennington in elton, and many others of eminence, in sculpture; Sir William Chambers, Gwynne, and Paine, in architecture; all of whom were zealous to carry into effect his Majesty's glorious views towards the infant Academy—then we consider the commencement of a Presidency under auspices like these, it is not to be wondered that a series of illustrious, which had claim to a more dignified character in art, and a splendor far exceeding what had hitherto appeared in the country, should have graced the infancy of the Academy.

[To be Continued.]

## DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

## MONUMENT,

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HOWARD.

BY JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, ESQ. R. A.

"Into thy hands I commend my Spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord  
God of truth!"

MARIA,

THE THIRD DAUGHTER OF ANDREW LORD ARCHER,  
WAS MARRIED TO HENRY HOWARD, ON THE TWENTY-SECOND OF NOVEMBER, 1784;

AND DIED WITH HER INFANT DAUGHTER,  
ON THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER, 1789; IN THE TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF HER AGE

THIS TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION IS PAID TO THE  
MEMORY OF HER WHO APPROACHED NEAR TO PERFECTION,  
BY THE AFFLICTED HUSBAND AND SISTERS.

IN THE CHURCH

OF

CORBEY CASTLE,

THE SEAT OF THE FAMILY OF THE HOWARDS, IN THE COUNTY OF  
CUMBERLAND.

The group in this monument is composed of the dead child and the expiring mother, in the arms of Religion.

The intention of the artist in this composition, is to express, in the first place, that all hope is extinguished in the mother's breast, with respect to the life of her child. The infant is dead, and lies carelessly on its parent's lap, whilst the only consolation which the mother seems to feel, is that of a future state, which Religion, with graceful and energetic confidence, points out to her view.

In the agony of expiring life, the countenance of the mother is lighted up with a divine consolation, and she is already lifted above all earthly concerns. These feelings the artist has most admirably expressed, in the graceful turn of the head, the majestic elevation of the face, and the tranquillity and ease which pervade the whole figure and the drapery.

The figure and countenance of Religion are no less admirable. Mr. Nollekens has thrown into it a surprising benevolence, a serene and noble dignity. Her mantle, which falls in broad and square folds of simple drapery, seems to shroud and cover round the mother and the child. It is a just and noble emblem of her bounty, and is finely contrasted with the drapery of the other figure.

Such is God's monument, which dignifies, whilst it recalls to us a common and sorrowful scene of domestic life, — a beautiful young woman, lost, with her infant, in child-bed, to an affectionate and worthy husband. It must ever be the just pride of Mr. Nollekens, to have raised, from such simple materials, a monument which elevates, to the effect of the most sublime pathos, a sad and frequent occurrence of daily life.





## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## THE MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

*[Continued from Page 94.]*

NEXT morning the mistress of the castle invited the stranger to breakfast. She had time, during the night, to prepare herself so that she might say neither too much nor too little. As soon as breakfast was over, she locked the door of the room, and began her narrative.

"I must acknowledge that my father was right, when he said that I was an extraordinary creature, and capable of the most singular contradictions in my conduct. For these two years past, I have been taking every possible precaution, in order that I might not be known, and now I voluntarily discover myself to you. I am, however, convinced that something very different from curiosity, has excited in you a wish to be made acquainted with my history. I shall, therefore, not hesitate to communicate to you the events of my life, though I shall reserve the right of concealing my name.

"I have heard or read that certain persons carry within themselves the germ of their destinies, and meet with extraordinary adventures, because they bring with them extraordinary sentiments into all the circumstances of life. To this class of people, I, perhaps, belong. I have always viewed the world with different eyes from what most are accustomed to consider it with, and might say with Rousseau, I know not whether I was better than others, but this I know, that I was unlike them.

"Scarcely had my tongue begun to express the ideas of my infant mind, when I was proclaimed a genius. And why? Because I shewed some talents, and a strong desire to learn. My father, a man of a sound understanding, and various attainments, was highly delighted with the thirst of knowledge manifested by his little Theresa."

"Theresa?" exclaimed the stranger, "is your name Theresa?" asked she, with a pale face, at the same time overspreading her countenance.

"Is this name so frightful to you?" enquired the recluse.

"Frightful?" rejoined the stranger, "O, no, I venerate it, like the name of Juliet. I had once an unknown friend, whose name was Theresa. A Theresa saved me from a cruel fate. No. XXIX. Vol. II."

ing it, from the most dreadful of misfortunes. But let me request you to proceed."

The recluse was more rejoiced than concerned at the discovery of this new advance with the stranger, and thus continued:

"My father's circumstances permitted him to devote his whole attention to the cultivation of my little talents. He had been minister to a German Prince, but had resigned his post, out of discontent with the administration of the country, which he had in vain endeavoured to improve, and now passed his best years in a delightful retreat in the country. He was the more attached to me, because my birth had been the death of my mother, and my brother manifested none of those dispositions by which I gave the promise of being once able to check the old age of my father. No expence was spared to provide me with books and teachers. I learned music, drawing, botany, geography, various languages, in short, every thing that I had a mind for. As soon as I could read, poetry and plays were put into my hands, though I afterwards became neither poetess nor actress. Thus I grew up amidst ideas, sciences, flatteries, and reverses, without myself knowing what kind of a being I was, or still less thinking how to make an impression on any one by my various qualifications and attainments. My father was naturally pleased with me; and as for me, scarcely any person pleased me but my father. I was not anxious for applause; I lived in a creation of my own fancy; and though my spiritual notions embraced every object that can possibly occupy the mind of a child, I never bestowed a thought on myself, and, for that very reason, was happy.

"The first epoch in my little history was the death of my father, which happened when I was thirteen. He had been the only man with whose partiality I was in my pleasures. I could not dispense. To please him I had learned many things which would otherwise have been indifferent to me. He was always my first thought with every new acquisition, be it of science, with every new acquaintance, that I chanced to make, and with every wish or whim that arose in my bosom. I did not

feel till after his death, that my father had filled my heart, and this discovery was the first observation that I made upon myself.

"Every thing within and around me was now totally altered. My reveries and my thoughts followed the corpse of my father. My natural vivacity forsook me. I seated myself, when nobody observed me, in an arbour in the garden, and wept. No one took any notice of me. Not a creature was enlivened by my cheerfulness. The feeling of vanity, of which I had often read without knowing what it meant, embittered the enjoyment of the little pleasure, which I yet derived from my harpsichord, my drawings, and my books. I grew extremely serious, petulant from vexation, and cold for want of an object on which to fix my affection.

"The change in my external situation, and the transition from infancy to another period of life, completed the internal revolution of my being. I was placed under the guardianship of a relation who lived in town, and my mode of life was accordingly changed. Young gentlemen of such a description as would not have been very welcome at my father's country seat, and were not often seen there, daily threw themselves in my way, in the house of my guardian, in order to say fine things to me. My coyness, as they termed it, drew from them numberless ineffectual sallies. The coldness with which I listened to their witty apostrophes, was, in their opinion, the simplicity and inexperience of a girl of thirteen. These people rendered themselves the most disagreeable to me, by the sarcasms with which they endeavoured to counteract the effects of the religious instruction. ~~Just~~ about this time I received from a respectable clergyman. Religious devotion was now the only sentiment that gave my heart a kind of satisfaction. This sentiment I cultivated with so much the more ardour, because it was new to me, and because it associated itself in a manner entirely new, with the remembrance of my father, whom I now hailed in my reveries as an angel in another world.

"These religious sentiments made me very attentive to myself. To fulfil my duties now became the chief object of my solicitude. Even the pleasures of infancy, which in the simplicity of my heart I had enjoyed without regard to duty, now appeared all at once in the light of levities, which it was necessary to expiate. From this time I did not wilfully take any step, without first enquiring whither it would lead: I wished not only to make amends for my past errors, but to have something in store, when merits and rewards should come to be weighed.

I played the usurer with my feelings, but really without knowing it. My only wish was to please the invisible searcher of the human heart, for the idea of his presence every where accompanied me. This wish made me the more indifferent to the approbation of men than I had already grown, in consequence of the loss of my father. The recollection of my father gradually ceased to be the point in which my sweetest sensations were concentrated. Shall I confess it?—He to whom I owe my existence, was banished from my soul by the father of all beings. For him alone I had now any sensibility; to him alone was I attached; and my love burned with all the ardour of passion. In the innocence of my heart, indecent as it may sound, I became enamoured of God.

"Had I at this moment fallen into the hands of some mystical sect, I should scarcely have escaped with my reason. The world would probably have seen in me a second Guyon, or Bourignon. But my teacher, to whom the sensibility of my soul gave the greatest delight, because he was himself something of an enthusiast, was displeased with my sensual attachment to the father of spirits. He zealously inculcated the truths of the Catholic religion, in which I was educated, but at the same time warned me against all mystical, as well as free-thinking heretics. So much the more warmly did he recommend to me the performance of good works, the subjugation of the passions, and resignation to the decrees of the Eternal. From his instructions I brought back unsophisticated sensations, but the fulfilment of the ordinary duties of life appeared insufficient to my warm imagination. I wanted to sacrifice myself; I resolved to renounce the world, and to go into a convent.

"You may conceive how my determination was received in the house of my guardian, where every sentiment like those which I stood in need of, was a coin of an unknown stamp.

"By the young gentlemen who came to whisper tender things to me, I was now called the pietist, by my brother, the nun, and by my guardian, the fool. How I rejoiced in thus being the object of their ridicule! I now suffered for the performance of my duty: and now, as I thought, I had at least earned a leaf of the palm of the martyrs.

"A second time I was in danger of losing myself in the mazes of mysticism. Disgusted with the society which surrounded me, I courted solitude. Indifferent toward the world, which would have forced its pleasures upon me, I aspired to what was unattainable, and my imagination created for me a society



of supernatural beings. Such was my situation, when I had the good fortune to meet with a female friend, before my reveries had extinguished within me the feelings of human nature.

"From the day that friendship again attacked me to the earth, from which enthusiastic devotion had so nearly disengaged me, I date the third period of my moral life.

"A more unequal pair than myself and the friend who for four years constituted the happiness of my life, fortune certainly never brought together. Though the very reverse of myself both in person and mind, I conceived a stronger affection for her than for any other object in the world, and in me alone she found what she sought in vain in men and women who were more like herself. She was not of noble birth, neither of that class which ranks the next to the nobility. Her father was master of the public school in the city, and she followed the profession of painting.

"A fancy of my guardian who wished to see my portrait among his family pictures, was the occasion of this tender attachment, the possibility of which I was far from suspecting. Francisca and I so perfectly understood each other's looks and words, before she had finished my portrait, that we had scarcely been half an hour together, when we threw ourselves into one another's arms, and thus commenced that union, which time still more strongly cemented. Our unusual manner was, as we soon mutually acknowledged, what engaged the notice of both. But much as she distinguished herself from the rest of her sex, so much did she differ from me. She beloved wholly to the world, which I was desirous of renouncing, but only that she might, in the feeling of her own independence, set herself above all those demands which the world of course made upon her. She, too, was indifferent about the opinion of others, more indifferent indeed than a woman ought to be; but not like me, from motives of religion. She thought it ridiculous, in judging of our actions, to pay any regard to the opinion of those who cannot be so intimately acquainted with us as we are with ourselves. She was conscientious, but only from principle, and not in order to comply with any rule. Frankness, humour, naïveté, and enthusiasm for every thing beautiful in the visible and invisible world, gave to her ideas an energy, to her words a fire, to her actions a vivacity, and to her whole being a superiority to which I was obliged to submit. It was a long time before I could bring myself to approve of what she said and did. But she had gained my

heart. In her mode of feeling she was more of a man than a woman, and she absorbed all my affection.

"If we continue longer together, my dear friend, I will relate to you some anecdotes, which will prove what a noble mind, though unshackled by rules, my friend possessed. You will then be able to comprehend the dominion which, without wishing to rule, she exercised over my sentiments. From her I learned to forget heaven for earth, which, on account of the beauties which I discovered and tasted in it, became to me a second heaven. She persuaded me to relinquish my intention of taking the veil. She so thoroughly convinced me of the impossibility of conceiving in imagination the joys of a future life, that I soon began to laugh myself at my mystical reveries. She demonstrated to me that man would not have been placed on earth, had he not been designed to enjoy all the beauties that it affords. My wishes daily grew more human, yet I did not feel myself debased; for any degrading thought or action would perhaps have been more easily forgiven by my confessor than by my friend. She never talked of principles, and had very few that she followed; but to these few, which comprehended the whole essence of morality, she most strenuously adhered.

"What hours did we pass together in cheerful converse, or in exercising the creative powers of imagination! What plans did we form, what air-built castles did we construct! We traced the course of our future lives down to the remotest period. She was determined never to marry, and I, persuaded by her reasons, resolved to follow her example. We hoped to grow old together, and to show the world that two female friends can dispense with every thing but their mutual affection, and that, to complete their happiness, they have no occasion for the intervention of the other sex.

"Fate, however, decreed, that this hope should not be realized. My friend, my beloved friend died.

"Here permit me to conclude for to-day the first part of my history. The second begins better, and ends still more unfortunately than the first. Now come with me into the garden, I must show you the monuments of friendship, as I have shown you those of love."

The stranger followed the recluse, and was conducted by her from one monument to another, but without paying particular attention to what she saw and heard. More than once, as if absorbed by new thoughts, she held her hand to her forehead, and looked around without taking notice of any thing. The recluse observed her distraction; but she was too

deeply engaged with the recollection of past scenes to enquire the reason of it. Both left the garden in such a confusion, as if they had communicated to each other either too much or too little. The stranger wished to be alone. At dinner time she begged to be excused, shut herself up in her apartment, and was engaged till evening in writing. When it grew dark, she sent her servant, as she informed the recluse, with a letter to her physician in the next town. This place was likewise a post town, and the servant, instead of going to the physician, procured a courier, whom he dispatched in great haste with a packet for Maisnilles.

Next morning, after breakfast, the recluse related the second part of her story.

"By the death of my friend, I became one of the most forlorn of all beings endued with sensibility. Never had I yet had such experience of life—never had I sustained such a loss. To heaven I had been unfaithful, and earth, as I imagined, had nothing more to offer. I had advanced so far beyond the childish affection with which I had four years before been attached to the memory of my father, that I could not return to it. During that interval I had learned too much. I had become too intimately acquainted with hope, to be satisfied with that compensation which reflection could afford. That I, who was ready to make such sacrifices, should be deprived of that which constituted my only happiness, seemed to me an unprecedented hardship. The excess of my grief was not mitigated by religion; on the contrary, I murmured at the decrees of fate. My melancholy was converted into sullen indifference.

"In this state, in which I pushed aside every hand that was outstretched to support me, I continued almost a year, discontented with myself, and still more dissatisfied with the world. Sometimes I encouraged my former resolution of taking the veil, at others I abandoned it again, because the monastic life appeared joyless and uncomfortable. A feeling for which I could find no name impelled me onward, as it were, and frustrated all my endeavours to sacrifice the future to the past. I had at one time been ready to resign every thing; but now when it came to the trial, so far from submitting to the will of fate, I seemed disposed to extort from it by force its most valuable gift. And could any gift be more precious than such a friend as she whose loss I deplored?—The thought of dying unbeloved, was almost as terrible as that of everlasting perdition.

"Before I was fifteen I had read most of the celebrated novels, and among the rest, Roas-

seau's *Heloise*. At that time I could not conceive how this book could be thought so dangerous; for its perusal had as often given me *ennui* as pleasure. A few passages, however, had impressed themselves more deeply on my memory than I wished; and these glowed within me in characters of fire, now when I darted my anxious looks into futurity as into an unknown wilderness. 'I too shall die without having lived,' exclaimed a voice in my bosom. I read *Heloise* a second time, and now my imagination, to which friendship no longer afforded nourishment, was occupied with images of disappointed love. Thus in my nineteenth year I was ripe for my fate.

"Engaged with reveries which fortunately nobody dreamed, I awaited, in a company which my guardian had invited, the arrival of my brother. Private business had separated him from us for half a year. He had been in Russia, was now on his return, and as he informed us, was accompanied by a fellow-traveller from the north of Germany, who intended to pass through our city on his way to Vienna. A fellow-traveller of my brother! thought I, what can that be? A man like himself? and consequently a person from whose society I can promise myself no pleasure or comfort? I nevertheless found a satisfaction in figuring to myself his image, not such as I expected but as I wished him to look. My brother had mentioned that he would pass a few days with us. Such were the thoughts with which I was occupied while we were waiting on the appointed day for the arrival of the travellers.

"In the trifling circumstances of that day were as interesting to you, my friend, as to me, I would relate to you all that passed from minute to minute; I would tell you how each of the company sat or stood when the travellers entered, and every word that passed between them and myself on the occasion.

"It was a serene day of autumn. We had assembled in a garden in front of the house. The company was numerous; preparations had been made for an entertainment, and fireworks provided for the evening. I was tormented with questions about my ill humour; my play-fellows, for so they shall be called, though I had little inclination to partake of their sports, plundered the plum-trees, and pelted each other with the fruit, while I took my scissars from the case, and cut profiles out of the leaves.

"But what are all these trifles to you? You must be aware of what is to follow, and that my brother's fellow-traveller, who became acquainted with me when in such an ill humour, is destined to make a conspicuous figure in

my history. My eyes discovered him sooner than his perceived me; my whole soul was fixed upon him the moment I saw him, so that I almost entirely forgot my brother. How could I be otherwise? He bore no resemblance to my brother either in his appearance or his behaviour. How, thought I, could two persons so totally different form an acquaintance with each other?

"My brother first presented his companion to my guardian, and then introduced him to me. I blushed like a child that had never seen a stranger before. One circumstance not a little remarkable was, that this stranger actually had some resemblance to the picture of him which my imagination had drawn. The world would not perhaps reckon him handsome. He was tall, and rather slender than otherwise. His countenance displayed more delicacy than fire; but every feature was replete with animation, and his eye moved as though it could speak every language. It seemed to me as if at that moment we sympathized even in our humours. He was grave and aloof; his tone was colder than I should have expected from so accomplished a man, when paying the first compliment to a female, and yet he appeared unassuming; when, after a few common questions and answers, I left him to the company and addressed myself to an older acquaintance.

"I followed him with my eyes, but not without great caution, and when I thought he was not observing me. It afforded me some small satisfaction that he was not more talkative with the other ladies to whom he was presented than with me; with the gentlemen also he was extremely short. I took aside one of my acquaintances after the other, and asked how they liked the stranger. They thought him interesting, as they were pleased to express themselves, but not at all amiable. I declared that he had made the same impression upon me, though in fact it was of a very different kind.

"It was not long before he again stood, without having sought me, by my side. He was now more talkative, and conversed in a different tone as though the quarter of an hour in which we had not spoken to each other had been a year passed in habits of the closest intimacy. Travelling, and the uniformity of common life, were the subjects of conversation; every word he said proved to me that he had thought much, and that his sentiments respecting life in general, nearly coincided with mine. Some ladies, who had pretensions to wit, joined in our conversation; he listened to them with the same politeness as to me

Whatever they said obtained them some compliment, but my only recompence was his serious approbation. The ladies did not seem perfectly satisfied with their share, but I was so much the more pleased with mine.

"I now began to be uneasy whenever he approached me, and I acknowledged to myself without reserve, that he was an object worthy of my love. The company withdrew from the garden to a pavilion, and I lost sight of the stranger. Meanwhile it grew dark, and each gentleman sought a female companion. I had intended to avoid the stranger, but before I was aware, I found him by my side. At the moment when the rockets and squibs occupied the eyes and ears of all, we were both engaged in as philosophical a conversation as if the silence of midnight reigned around us. We conversed on the happiness and enjoyment of life. 'Love alone,' said he, 'renders life worth enjoying; and love alone can make us so unhappy that life with all its pleasures resembles continual death.' This he said without looking at me, and, as I should imagine, without any reference to me; but it flashed like lightning to my heart. I was disposed to ask him in jest if he spoke from experience, but I could not. He continued to reason upon his text, and I made observations as well as I could.

"I was desirous to know how he had become acquainted with my brother. In order to change the conversation I asked the question. He looked steadily at me, and said in a whisper, 'Through you.'

"'Through me!' said I, with surprise. How can that be? 'I almost forced myself as a companion upon your brother,' replied he, 'for the purpose of making myself acquainted with you.'

"I could scarcely breathe. At the moment when he was going to proceed, he was interrupted by a squib, which, as I afterwards found, was maliciously thrown at us by my brother, who had overheard our philosophical conversation. A loud laugh betrayed him, when I sprang aside with a shriek. We were now obliged to rejoin the company. The stranger greeted me, and soon afterwards left us all, without assigning any reason why he would not stay to supper. My brother and guardian pressed him to accept a lodging with us while he remained in our city, but he was not to be persuaded. He requested permission to visit us every day, took a hasty leave of me, and departed.

"How gladly would I also have left the company! Surprise and curiosity had so overcome me that I scarcely knew where I was.

The one imposed silence on all my thoughts, the other kept me in anxious suspense. I could not take my seat at the table before I had asked my brother where and how he became acquainted with the stranger.

‘Has he already found the way to your heart?’ asked my brother, laughing. ‘But take care,’ continued he; ‘and if you are wise cut the bird’s wings, or shut him up in the cage of matrimony, while he is tame. He might otherwise grow wild again, and fly away.’

“I was rather disconcerted; but recovering myself replied, that this was no answer to my question, and that what I wanted to know was, where and how he had become acquainted with him.

‘Where else but at the gaming-table?’ said my brother, laughing as before. ‘Do you suppose that he is not fond of play because he is a philosopher? He is one of the philoso-

phers of the new school; he is as fond of cards as of books, and when he has read and played till he is tired, he seeks some kind female, and finds one, I dare say, wherever he finds an inn.’

“An involuntary shuddering seized me. Once more I requested my brother to give me an answer to my question, instead of those useless particulars which I considered as calumnies.

“He turned round and burst into a loud laugh. Before he went away he again turned to me, and with a tone of mingled irony and gravity said:—‘Sister, you are a philosopher yourself; can you be so dull as not to perceive that you will soon marry a philosopher?’

“With this apostrophe he left me. If I was before embarrassed I was now confounded. All my feelings and all my thoughts were at variance with each other.”

[To be continued.]

## FRAGMENT OF A JOURNEY IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE,

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RESIDENCE OF BUFFON, THE CELEBRATED NATURALIST.

We pursued the road towards Montbard, where we arrived about four o’clock in the afternoon. We were very anxious to see this spot so celebrated by the labours of the immortal Buffon, and which will long be the end of many literary pilgrimages.

We were ushered in by the worthy Lapiere, who lived forty-three years with the Count de Buffon, in the capacity of gardener, and who still takes care of this dwelling for the widow of his unfortunate son.\* The house, which is large, rather resembles the residence of a Bourgeois than a castle; it is situated in the principal street, and the court-yard is at the back of it. You ascend some steps to enter the garden, which is on the ruins of the ancient castle, the walls of which still form terraces. At the extremity there still exists an octagonal tower, in which Buffon made his observations on the effect of reflected wind. This singularly picturesque garden would be well worthy of being visited, even were it not

rendered so interesting by the remembrances which it recalls to our mind. It is not kept in the same order as during the life of its illustrious proprietor; but the great number of foreign trees which he had collected, form a very agreeable shade; the flowers which Buffon delighted to raise in great profusion are, however, no longer to be seen. The kitchen-garden is situated towards the south-east, on seven of the fourteen terraces of which these grounds are composed. It would have been impossible to have derived more advantage from this wildly rural spot.

The worthy Lapiere shewed us every place to which his late master had been partial; particularly a cabinet in which Buffon used to study in the warmest season of the year; it is situated in a pavilion called *La Tour de St. Louis*, St. Louis’s Tower. This simple and modest laboratory has been described by Herault de Sechelles. It is entered by two green folding doors; the interior resembles a chapel, on account of its vaulted roof; the walls are painted green. Lapiere made us particularly remark another cabinet, a little square building, situated on the edge of a terrace; here it was that Buffon passed the greatest part of the year on account of the coldness of the other. From this pavilion the view extends over a plain, embellished by the river Braine, and bordered by numerous d

\* Put to death on the revolutionary scaffold, the 28th of July, while saying with dignified calmness the following words:—“Citizens, my name is Buffon.” Which proved he possessed an exalted soul, and a consciousness of the respect with which his name ought to have inspired all who were not assassins or executioners

lightful cottages. It was here that Buffon composed almost all his works; he repaired to this spot at sunrise, caused the doors and shutters to be closely shut, and worked until two o'clock by the light of a few tapers. Prince Henry, who was desirous of visiting this modest cabinet, gave it the name of the *Cradle of Natural History*. J. J. Rousseau, before entering it knelt down, and kissed the threshold of the door. During Buffon's life it was ornamented with drawings of birds and quadrupeds. How much pleasure we should have experienced in contemplating these drawings, the old leathern chairs, the wooden table, the rude walnut-tree *secretaire* which ornamented this cabinet, the arm-chair in which Buffon used to sit, having before him a print of Newton! but the revolutionary brigands envied the lovers of literature this enjoyment; they have stripped this sanctuary of the Muses, the simplicity of which ought to have protected it from their sacrilegious rapacity. Not a vestige remains of these things, which, notwithstanding their rusticity, would now be worth their weight in gold.

We could not leave this spot without the greatest reluctance, and almost fancying we still beheld Buffon, dressed in his grey silk night-cap, and his red striped morning gown; we thought we heard him amidst those familiar expressions, *C'est ça, tout ça, par Dieu*; \* saying those deep and striking words which instantly manifested the superiority of his genius. We were however compelled to quit these gardens to visit the remainder of the town, that we might be enabled to resume our journey early in the morning.

On our return we passed by the pillar which Buffon's son erected to the memory of his father. This monument has been allowed to remain, but its inscription has been effaced, which commemorated filial affection, as if the sentiments of nature were an outrage to liberty. The following is the inscription:—

*Excelsæ turri, humilis columna;  
Parenti suo, filius Buffon, 1785.*

"The humble column to the lofty tower;  
"To his father, Buffon the son, 1785."

The good Lapierre, his instructions keeping pace with the interest we displayed, allowed nothing to pass unobserved; he shewed us the house that belonged to Daubenton, Buffon's assiduous companion in his labours; he made us remark the staircase which our author ascended every morning at five o'clock, to repair to the cabinet we had visited.

We proceeded to the church, which is situated on a rising ground; we here saw no monument consecrated to the memory of Buffon, but notwithstanding the wreck which has destroyed them, his name is imperishable. The modest tomb which he erected to his interesting wife, Mad. de Saint Bliu, has also disappeared. The entrance to this church is by a staircase with a balustrade, but there is also one for carriages. Near it there is a small esplanade and an alley of trees, from which a good prospect of the town and adjacent country opens to the sight. It is here that Buffon, after having attended mass, which he did regularly, used to walk, richly dressed, accompanied by his son and father Ignace, and surrounded by the peasantry.

We wished to have seen the forges from which Buffon derived the most considerable part of his revenue, but for this we must have gone a league out of the town. The sheep-fold in which the illustrious Daubenton had made his experiments for the improvement of wool, would also have been worthy our attention, but the fleecy tribe are no longer kept there.

We soon explored the little town of Montbard, which is severed in two by the river Braine. Night had almost set in when we arrived at our inn, where a new pleasure awaited us. We had refused sleeping at the post house, on account of its distance from the town, and had put up at the sign of *l'Ecu*. This inn is kept by a man of the name of Gautier, who was formerly Buffon's cook; I believe that if he had been much less skilled in his art we should have found his cooking excellent; but it was really very good. Madame Gautier, who had lived from her youth, as well as her husband, in the service of this great man, was charmed with our enthusiasm; she remained in the room all the time we were at dinner, shewed us every attention, related particulars of Buffon, his family, many persons who have visited Montbard, and gave us a list of all the distinguished characters whom she had seen there. On learning we were going to Dauphiné, she gave us a letter for M. de Faujas. We should have liked much to have seen Mademoiselle Blewcau, a little peasant whom Buffon had made his *gouvernante*, and who finished by governing him; she lived with the interpreter of nature for the space of twenty years; and had obtained such an ascendancy over him, that it was necessary for those who wished to please Buffon first to obtain her favour. Madame Necker shewed the greatest consideration for her, and corresponded with her. Unfortunately she was at this time absent

\* 'Tis this, all this, by God.

## ON GALLANTRY.

WHEN we consider the cares and anxieties, the torments and disappointments which usually attend the pursuit of what the world calls gallantry, and how many untrodden ways and thorny paths it leads its followers into, it is astonishing that so many men should be so

There is a wide distinction between love and gallantry. Love exalts and purifies our nature; gallantry clouds and debases it. Love is imposed on us by nature to soften the rigidity of our temper, assuage the violence of our passions, and sweeten the bitter draught of life. Gallantry is what we impose upon others, with a view to trifle away our time and gratify our vanity, at the expense of their ease and happiness. But in the pursuit of gallantry, the ball often rebounds upon the hand which gives it motion, and whilst we are endeavouring to destroy the honour and peace of mind of another, it frequently happens that we insensibly undermine our own.

Love is that prepossession which we feel for a particular person, of whose perfections we are more than ordinarily sensible, whose figure and turn of mind strike our fancy, who at once commands our esteem and excites our tenderness, and for whose sake we could contentedly give up every other pursuit, expecting to find in the enjoyment of the beloved object the completion of happiness. Such a passion inspires us with the most refined sentiments, and exalted notions, gives us elevation of mind, and benignity of temper, annihilates every vice, and improves and strengthens every virtue.

Gallantry, on the contrary, is the bane of all merit; it is a general and vain desire of being liked by every body we come near, and liking nobody ourselves. A man of this turn of mind can be neither a true friend nor a sincere lover; he can neither give nor receive any lasting satisfaction. His views are unbounded, because his designs are so general that his work can never be at an end whilst there is a woman unconquered. He is a stranger to the inexpressible delight of a reciprocal passion; because he has no sooner gained the ascendancy over one woman than his mind is monopolized by schemes to obtain the affections of another; and thus he spends his whole time in pursuit of what must eventually produce repentance and remorse. His pleasures are flat and insipid, because he regards no

one woman but as a step to another; and if it were possible for him to subdue them all, he would regret that there were no more to conquer, or else exclaim—"it is all vanity and vexation of spirit."

It would be more excusable if none but fools and senseless followed this lamentable practice; but to our shame be it said, men of the most refined understanding take the same method. Vanity is as predominant in a man of sense as in an ignorant blockhead, and however we may charge women with that folly, we have full as much of it ourselves. What else can betray us into the weakness of courting every woman we see, and endeavouring to gain a favourable opinion of ourselves from many of them whose judgment we despise? The true reason is, that we think it serves to establish us in the opinion of the world, and gives us an authority with others for whom we have a greater regard.

It must be allowed that the women, in a great measure, contribute to our guilt; for notwithstanding their partiality to their own opinion in most matters yet they are very apt to judge of a man from the general reception he has met with. Thus we see fops and fools succeed with women of sense, who are often humane enough to take a lover upon trust, and on the judgment of other people, though they may depend solely on their own in every thing else. In these cases a woman's pride is concerned; she fancies it is a great proof of the power of her charms, if she can attract a man who has been favoured by other women, and she thinks, according to the old song,

"If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see

"That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me."

Not considering that the man who obtains the good graces of the women in general, is seldom worth the regard of any one in particular.

These triflers in love, in both sexes, may be justly compared to flies that play about scalding liquors till they fall in and lose their life. But as no warning will prevent them from continuing their course, they must be left to their own experience, which, sooner or later, will infallibly convince them, that no attachments between the sexes can be satisfactory and permanent, but such as are founded on similitude of manners, and mutual esteem and affection.

## THE CESTUS OF VENUS.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PAPER ENTITLED "THE CESTUS OF VENUS," IN NO. 25, OF OUR MAGAZINE, IN A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR, BY A LADY.

SIR,

I AM a woman who, though otherwise happy, am greatly hurt at the manner in which my sex is treated by yours. I have a kind of partial benevolence for them which is my torment. I do not mind your ridiculing our fashions, our knotting, or those trifling follies which are inseparable from the course of life to which we are so unjustly confined; but I am hurt at the cowardly attacks which are made upon us in the more material articles of character, from a supposition of our inability to defend ourselves in public.

Possessing a lively sense of these injuries, I cannot remain silent, but I hope I shall not be thought either uncandid or unjust. You may suppose me as you please, maid, wife, or widow. If the first, to be sure I am an old neglected one, and consequently satirical and morose; if the second, I am certainly a termagant, and my poor husband is to be pitied; and if the last, some young fellow has surely jilted me, and I hate the whole sex for his sake. It is enough that I am a woman, and wield the pen for the honour of my sex, and not for any private wrongs of my own.

You pretend that our manners have been much injured by our perusal of certain moral writers; or, in other words, you wish to deter us from such a course of reading as may improve that reason which is given to us in as ample a degree as to men. This betrays the narrow wish of your whole sex: conscious ye are that nothing but our perverted education could support your boast of superiority, and that with the same advantages of instruction we should be very nearly a match for you in almost every thing in which bodily strength is not concerned.

I call upon the observing parent to vouch for the early dawn of reason, the kindly opening of the intellect, the powers of comprehension, memory, and discrimination, which the female child exhibits before improper education damps all its vigorous efforts, and not only denies it the due assistance, but directs its energy to mere trifles, and fills it with a passion for finery and gewgaws; I call upon the uninstructed of both sexes to stand forth, and show the woman's superiority; I call upon those females whose active minds have dispelled the cloud, and shone in history, poetry, criticism, and philosophy.

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But it is apprehended that by reading we may be argued out of some of those pretty accomplishments so necessary to the happiness of the men; or, that we may become conscious of our own powers, assert our dignity, and assume a somewhat higher character than that of beings formed for mere folly and dalliance. It is however allowed that we have a strong natural propensity to refinement, elegance, and love. I fear this is, to our misfortune, too true. But where, as the world goes, can these propensities be gratified? Surely not among men, who when they mean to be refined, always pay us the involuntary compliment of previously becoming effeminate; whose elegance is always foppish, and who, instead of love, value themselves, with much animal importance, on a gross, capricious, selfish passion totally devoid of sentiment, constancy, friendship, and affection.

But we are told, that the men would be all we could wish, if we would only borrow a little from the loose ones of our sex; and that they, good creatures! love not vice, but only seek for happiness. I deny the truth of this assertion, for we see many instances of the greatest elegance of person, and exact attention to the ornaments of dress, thrown away on the dullest insensibility, nay, entirely neglected, to sink into the embraces of ugliness, ignorance, and vice; and this for a noble reason, and a variety of a man, because the first were united to virtue and good sense in the person of a wife, and the last were recommended by one single irresistible charm, that of vice; whose characteristic it is to forsake beauty and prey on trash. Nor is it merely by dress and compliance with their whims, that these lordly creatures are governed, for the overbearing domination of the shrew is often very effectual, provided it be joined to the charm aforesaid, and in many instances the bestialité has been very successfully applied, and very gracefully couched under.

These are the beings for whom we are to wear the *cestus*! for whose amusement every hour of our lives should be applied, and our reason left uncultivated! This is the creature who calls on us to view him, to examine, to explore, consider, and study him as the standard of perfection!

You seem really to lament that custom does not admit us to a personal observation of the

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scenes of vice, and with great delicacy request us to supply this want, by raising our imagination to the subject—I allow we have pride and ambition, both given us for the noblest purposes, to raise and animate our conduct to pursuits worthy of rational beings; and to court, above all applause, even that of our rational man, that of the monitor in our own bosom. My pride is, that I am a woman, and can do this; my ambition, that I may also be able to do so.

How candid, wise, honest, delicate, and consistent are the lords of the creation! They breed us up in ignorance, and then make it their favourite subject of ridicule; if, in spite of their endeavours, any rays of genius break out, then all the wretched sensations of envy are roused, and they labour to expose the reverse of that folly which they laughed at before. They themselves are models of wisdom; one would imagine that to such, good sense would be very pleasing. No; to captivate wisdom, we must dress, and paint, and patch, and lisp, and amble. We must smile, and we must frown, and be less reason for a lie, the more attractive will it be to wisdom. Even the finest faces among us, if they have any meaning except a certain one, are not allowed to be beautiful. Our very imperfections have a pleasing prettiness in them, because they keep us still farther from the dreaded opulence, and the sullen, the coquet, the morbidly ill, and the more truly ridiculous we are, the greater favourites we become of wisdom, and the greater is our ascendancy over it. Our principle, too, must be strictly delicate, or by custom established by their authority, infamy and the severest penalties attend us: yet we are told on the same breath, that there is an intolerable insipidity in virtue, and that we ought always to make the adepts in vice our models of behaviour, if we mean to delight the deficiency of these worthy legislators.

I am aware with what a scornful, yet jealous eye, a female production will be read. At the first glance there will be a shrug, and a half look of pity; then it will be pronounced to be not raillery, but railing, trifling, low, unconnected, rambling,—flimsy style, no method.

I am perfectly easy about all this, and am comforted by the reflection that every man who reads it, if he understands it, will be galled, for it is truth. Although the lion in the fable could not paint pictures, yet he could growl, and had the means when provoked, of convincing the man of his natural superiority.

Yours,

MARIA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM ANOTHER  
LADY ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

This letter is the effusion of a grateful heart, that wishes for powers to make a more suitable return to the benignity of a few men, who have condescended to inform us of the blameworthy of friendship; and to entreat them to proceed in the generous purpose. Accustomed as I have been, both in books and conversation, to the dogmatizing stoic, inflated with self approbation, partial to his own faults, too odious, merely from their enormity, whilst he sinks us into despair, merely as it is fortune, but talks of averted censure! how can I refuse this public testimony of my regard to men who appear to be induged by the most delicate and generous sensibility; as ardently solicitous for our happiness as for their own felicity; which are indeed so intertwined, that to separate them would destroy the bliss of both.

If I indeed imagine for a woman to reflect without astonishment on the ascendancy which illiberal female, often devoid of every claim of mind or person, have established over our sex; and when they meet with men of cultivated understanding and refined minds, this is oft carried to a flagrant tyranny; whilst we daily see the most amiable of our sex, if they be wives, neglected, perhaps used with brutality. It is with real concern, free from resentment, that I declare I never knew a truly lovely woman treated with complaisance by her husband. You have given me more satisfaction on this subject than I ever before received; and, without reserve, I confess that women of virtue and education do not always sacrifice as liberally to the graces as they should do. The reasons are too obvious to need a disquisition; besides, those unhappy women, who are obnoxious to our laws, helpless and friendless, compel the protection of the generous by the strongest attractions, imbecility and dependence.

The depravity of women in exalted stations is apt to be general; and I fear the censure is too well founded, as it is the natural consequence of the corruption and inconstancy of the men. Justice and candour must allow that these women are objects, not of detestation but of pity; stimulated, as they are, by every incitement that can soothe the proud, allure the voluptuous, and gratify the malignity of the revengeful. What, alas! is beauty, sensibility, softness, but the source of misfortunes, and the origin of vice, by strongly exciting the desires of the sensual?



Men have private seminaries and public colleges for their instruction: every faculty of the mind has been impressed to form their judgment, and bestow solidity on their understanding. Take us helpless and unsupported, under your protection, recommend to parents the expansion of our minds, while they are ductile, adapted to our station and fortune; that is in proportion to the leisure we shall probably have. But, with humble deference, I would advise rather to exceed than fall short; as I have observed in the lowest ranks, too idle for idleness, and those that are but a little elevated, spare for cards and gossiping. I

persuaded this would add much to your happiness; for, as Milton says,

"Among unequals what society  
"Can sort, what harmony or true delight?"

The ladies may apply to themselves these lines:

*Nos quoque pars mundi, quoniam non corpora solum,  
Sed non eliam volantes animas sumus.*

OVID, METAMORPH.

According to this free translation,

"We too, the soul's immortal essence claim  
"And our just share of intellectual fame."

## THE LADIES' TOILETTE OR, ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 72.]

### CHAP. XV.

#### Of Bathing.

THE pleasing mythology of the Greeks concealed under agreeable emblems all the truths presented by the sciences, morals, and philosophy. A brilliant colouring imparted charms to the driest precepts. The imagination of that celebrated people put every thing in action, and knew how to invest the most austere sciences with the veil of attractive allegory. Physicians have long affirmed that the use of the bath is favourable to beauty; the Greeks have represented the goddess of love rising from the bosom of the deep. Is not this ingenious fiction designed to signify that water is the element which creates beauty, and that in its vivifying waves the most seductive charms are produced and improved?

It is very true that of all received practices none has a more direct influence upon health as well as beauty, than the frequent use of the bath. It has been remarked that the nations among whom it was the most common were particularly distinguished for physical perfection and the most constant flow of health.

The use of the bath was general among the Greeks and among the Romans, and to this salutary habit Baghvi ascribes the longevity and the vigour of most of the people of antiquity.

When we compare the way of living of the Romans with our own, we find how much nearer theirs approached to nature and how much more favourable it was to health. The afternoon with them was entirely devoted to

corporal exercises, to fenni or ball, to dancing or walking. But at the hour of three, every one hastened to the bath: neither could a person neglect this practice without incurring the risk of being taxed with shameful negligence. There persons of all ranks met, there the poets recited their compositions, and laid the foundation of their fame.

Though all physicians are agreed respecting the utility of the bath, they are far from being unanimous as to the manner of taking it. Some have extolled hot baths, and others have been as loud in praise of cold ones. Antonius Musa, physician to Augustus, discovered such extraordinary virtues in cold baths, that he regarded them as an universal specific. Accordingly he prescribed the cold bath to all his patients he then disorder what it might. By a lucky accident he cured the Emperor himself. Accident has often produced astonishing cures; but in medicine, in particular, it often works miracles, for which unfortunately people do not acknowledge themselves under any obligation to it. Accident, in this instance, established the fame of Antonius Musa, who gathered, without any merit or trouble, the fruits of the efforts of nature alone. This physician was venerated like a god; a magnificent statue was erected to him, and the Emperor conferred on him the extraordinary honour of wearing a gold ring. Some time afterwards the young Marcellus fell sick: Musa prescribed the cold bath, and Marcellus fell a victim the

the ignorance or obstinacy of Musa, who sunk from the highest pinnacle of reputation into the utero of contempt, and was obliged to remove to some other place, to bury his disgrace and his system.

The opinion of our physicians concerning the effect and properties of baths has varied as much as upon many other subjects. Every century has had its system.

The debilitating and relaxing action of hot baths, and the bracing and strengthening effect of cold ones, were long undisturbed. Marcard appeared, and produced a great revolution in this theory. He proved that hot baths so far from debilitating, tend, on the contrary, to brace the system, when the temperature of the water is not higher than that of the body; and his opinion is admitted by most modern physicians. This system, indeed, is not a new one, for the greatest physicians of antiquity held the same opinion relative to hot baths that we entertain of the present day. The hot baths were dedicated to Hercules, the god of strength, and the Romans made daily use of them.

When physicians proclaimed the debilitating quality of hot baths, they extolled, on the contrary, the strengthening virtue of cold baths. But experience has proved that the praises they bestowed on the latter were exaggerated, and too many experiments made upon unfortunate children, the victims of a mercurious system, have shown how easy it is to be led astray by specious reasonings from the paths of truth.

Prudent persons now leave the use of the cold bath to the inhabitants of the polar regions: it is ill adapted to those of hot, or even of temperate climates, where it should be permitted to none but persons of a very vigorous constitution. Even then it is necessary to assign to attend to certain essential precautions, such as not to bathe either when in perspiration, or if very cold; and on coming out of the bath to wipe one's self perfectly dry, so as not to leave any humidity upon the body.

We would advise females desirous of preserving their beauty, very seldom to use the cold bath, unless it be prescribed by the physician for the sake of their health. The cold bath, considered as a cosmetic, possesses no virtue whatever; it renders the skin hard and scaly; and this induration of the skin may prove injurious to health, by checking insensible perspiration in a particular manner.

Still less would we advise cold baths for children. During infancy and youth, persons of a weak constitution often fall victims to

these baths; and even those who are more robust are sometimes carried off by a practice which is not suited to our climate.

Such is the doctrine of the most celebrated practitioners, some of whom have been convinced by long experience of the danger of cold baths for children. With pain, however, I observe that a modern physician, in a work recently published, advises ablutions of cold water for the convulsions of infants. I shall not mention the name of this writer; it would be unnecessary, since I shall content myself with protesting against his opinion, without pretending to set myself up for a censor of his doctrine. I shall merely observe with Marcand, whom I have already cited, that cold baths, by acting upon the nerves may very possibly have sometimes cured nervous affections; but that it is not probable they may have even rise more frequently to others, as Hippocrates and Galen of olden times, those writers attribute the cause, or at least a case in which it, to a practice which is general among themselves, of that country, who wash their children, and apply them to the water, without suffering the rigors of winter to interrupt this custom.

When I discuss the effects of cold baths to the preservation of beauty; they give freshness and an exuberance to the skin. Hippocrates recommends the washing of children with warm water, to protect them from convulsions, to facilitate their growth, and to brighten their colour.

Persons who are in a very weak state, those whose humours are agitated by fever or by any passion, should not bathe. When the body is too much heated, or covered with perspiration the bath is not advisable.

Baths, if too hot, would produce an effect diametrically opposite to what is expected from them; like such as are too cold, they would injure the texture of the skin, render it dry and hard and impair the strength. When we advise the use of hot baths we speak of such as rise to the temperature of 18 or 20 degrees in winter and 22 or 24 in summer: for it is always necessary that the temperature of the bath should bear a certain proportion to that of the atmosphere. Every one will easily conceive that a bath at 18 degrees which would seem warm in winter would feel rather cold in summer. The bath, at the degree we have mentioned, recruits the strength exhausted by fatigue, dilates the pores of the skin and facilitates the circulation.

Besides simple baths, there are likewise compound baths for the toilette. These are such to which certain substances are added to

augment their energy, or to communicate new properties.

A little soap may be added to the water: it then acts with more success, and cleanses the skin more perfectly. Instead of common soap you may use scented soaps, which communicate an agreeable smell to the skin; their composition we shall describe in another place. One kind of soap, for the toilette, called Sulfur soap, is of particular repute.

Some people put it to the water for bathing, and add either aromatic herbs. These baths perfume the skin, and render it softer and more supple. The women of Egypt add borax to give the more lustre.

Of the most celebrated baths are those of sweet marsh-mallows, of violets, of roses, have immortalized the memory of the fifty chess-esses, which were painted the front of the celebrated Reggins for this purpose.

A bath, called the bath of modesty, has long been established. It possesses, we are told, the same virtues, as the bath of ass's milk, which would be very expensive, and is made as follows:—

Take four ounces of such almonds peeled; one pound of pure apple kernels, and one pound of soap, for hundreds of insects, one ounce of oil of marish-mallows, and one ounce of lily roots. Grind all these substances in a mortar into a paste, add five or six three little bags. Throw them into the water of the bath, and empty them by compression.

This bath of modesty may be made in a

more simple manner. Nothing more is necessary, says Moreau de la Sarthe, than to take a quantity of paste of almonds sufficient to colour the water, and to give it a milky appearance.

On leaving the bath, females, especially such as have a delicate skin, should dry themselves with precaution, if they are desirous that it should preserve its softness and beauty. Some women have the skin covered with small tubercles; such, says the doctor whom I have just named, ought to use a sponge, rather than a towel, to friction cannot fail to take on the epidermis at the top of these tubercles, which would render the skin still rougher, and more uneven.

The use of oil after bathing, makes the skin more soft and supple, prevents the contact of the air, and thus protects it from the influence of that element, so destructive to the most perfect charms.

In France, and many other parts of Europe, it is difficult to make use of the bath so frequently as health, cleanliness, and the preservation of beauty would require. How many females are there whose vexations would suffer by a daily ablution of too great length! How many would find it difficult to make even the little pecuniary sacrifice which this part of the toilette demands. Such persons may make themselves by different patent emulsions, which require neither care nor expense, nor loss of time. There are bathings of the feet, washing of the face, hands, &c. of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

## HISTORY OF BIANCA CAPELO.

TOWARD the conclusion of the fifteenth century, Thomas Buonaventuri, a young Florentine, of a good family, but in low circumstances, lived with a countryman of his, a tradesman at Venice. Opposite to the house in which he resided, was the back-door of the mansion of Bartolomeo Capello, a noble Venetian. One of the inmates of the latter was a young female of extraordinary beauty, named Bianca. She was strictly watched, but yet, standing frequently at the window, according to the custom of her country, it was not long before she discovered Buonaventuri. Though he could not flatter himself with the hope of a nearer interview, he, nevertheless, did every thing he could to please her, and to disclose his inclination. He was young and handsome,

and it was not long before he made a profound impression on the heart of the fair Bianca. In a word, the lovers at length found means to overcome every difficulty, and to attain to the completion of their wishes. Bianca did not fall late every night, when the rest of the family had retired to rest, to steal to the chamber of Buonaventuri, in the merchant's house, by means of the little back-door of Capello's mansion, which she left on the latch; and she always returned before day-break without being observed.

After she had carried on this game for a considerable time, she became, as is generally the case, bolder through custom, and having one morning remained longer than usual with her lover, a baker's boy happened to observe

that the little back-door was ajar. Supposing that it had been left so by accident, he shut and fastened it.

The young lady soon afterwards came, and found, to her utter confusion, that she could not gain admittance. She hastened back to the house which she had just quitted, knocking softly at the door, and was admitted by her lover, whom she acquainted with this untoward accident. Gratitude, as well as love, induced him to come to a speedy determination. He resolved to sacrifice every thing to her safety, and instantly leaving the house, with Bianca, took lodging with another Florentine. Here he kept himself as closely concealed as possible, till a favourable opportunity for escaping to Florence presented itself.

At Florence he had a small house in the Vialarga, near the church of St. Mark, opposite to a convent of nuns. Here they lived for some time in the greatest privacy, for fear of being discovered by emissaries from Venice.

Francis Maria, the son of Cosmo I. and father of Mary de Medicis, was at that time Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was married to Johanna of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand, and Queen Dowager of Hungary: a very worthy Princess, but who was already advanced in years. For this reason the Grand Duke often preferred other women to his consort. One of his courtiers, who had a wife that was not less officious than himself in promoting the pleasures of the Grand Duke, commonly acted the part of his confidant in this kind of intrigues.

Notwithstanding the care with which Bianca kept herself concealed, the fair Venetian who had recently arrived, soon became the subject of general conversation at Florence. The report of her adventures, as well as her beauty, and her cautious seclusion, excited in the Grand Duke a strong desire to see her. With this view he daily passed by her house, and as her only favourite pastime was to stand at the window, it was not long before he had an opportunity of gratifying his curiosity. She was half covered by a veil, but the Grand Duke had seen enough to make him desperately in love with her.

The confidant, who soon remarked the irresistible passion of his master, was now equally solicitous with him to devise means of satisfying it. His wife, who was impressed with the same sentiments, was duly consulted. The hard fate which Bianca had hitherto experienced, and her melancholy prospects for the future, furnished the good lady with the fairest opportunity to give Bianca privately to understand, that she had some important commu-

nication to make, and to invite her to her house. Buonaventuri was long unwilling to suffer Bianca to accept this invitation. The high rank of the lady, on the one hand, and his own necessitous circumstances, on the other, at last overcame all his scruples. Bianca went, and was received with the most flattering civility, nay, even tenderness. She was requested to relate her history; it was listened to, at least apparently, with the deepest emotion; the most courteous offers were made her; she was loaded with marks of favour; presents were tendered, and their acceptance almost enforced.

Highly satisfied with this first essay, the Grand Duke flattered himself that at a second visit he might venture to make his appearance. The lady soon sent Bianca another invitation. She was treated as before, with the greatest tenderness and regard. After repeated declarations of compassion, and many compliments to her beauty, she was asked, if she did not wish to be introduced to the Grand Duke. He, for his part, continued her pretended friends, was ardently desirous of becoming acquainted with her, since he had already found an opportunity to see and to admire her. Bianca had either too little firmness or too little virtue to reject this new proposal. She endeavoured at first to decline it; but, as her wily seducer marked, with eyes which expressed her wish to be urged still more. At this moment, as it had been previously concerted, the Grand Duke entered, as if by chance. Bianca was highly delighted with his person, his impassioned eulogiums, and his liberal offers. The visits were repeated, and an intimacy imperceptibly took place. Some presents which, coming from the hands of the sovereign, she durst not refuse, assisted the Grand Duke in the attainment of his end; and her husband at length deemed it unadvisable to interrupt a connection which was certainly profitable, and might perhaps be innocent. The Grand Duke was not one who was likely to stop when on the high road to success; the commands of the husband were employed to gain him the favour of Bianca; and to be brief, he finally attained the object of his wishes, to the entire satisfaction of all parties, so that he and Bianca, and Buonaventuri, agreed as perfectly together as the three sides of an equilateral triangle. The husband was soon uncommonly well pleased with his new situation; he removed with his beautiful wife into a better house, and every day made new acquaintances at court, and among the nobility. But this rapid elevation was more than the shopman could bear: prosperity rendered him, like

many others, haughty and overbearing; he began to treat persons of the highest distinction, and even the Grand Duke himself, with insolence; and by this conduct created so many enemies, that he was at length dispatched in the street by the stiletto of an assassin.

Who was more rejoiced than the Grand Duke and Bianca?—The latter now wholly divested herself of every vestige of modesty and reserve, and appeared in public in all her splendour.

Johanna, the wife of the Grand Duke, strove to conceal her just indignation at the conduct of her consort, and her jealousy of her beautiful rival; but she could not forbear saying it so seriously to heart, that she fell sick and died.

The decease of the Duchess opened new and still more brilliant prospects to the haughty Bianca. She had gained a complete ascendancy over the heart of the Grand Duke: he was obliged to do whatever she pleased, and she now employed all her arts to persuade him to a formal marriage with her. In vain did Cardinal Ferdinand de Medici, the brother of the Grand Duke, and who, in failure of male issue, was the heir apparent to the throne, endeavour to counteract her machinations; she gained her point; and in a short time Bianca became Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

It was not long before she conceived a wish to present her husband with a son and successor. She directed prayers and masses to be read for her in the churches, she sent for astrologers and soothsayers; but all in vain. At length that she might have her will, she resolved to counterfeit pregnancy, and to palm upon her husband a supposititious child. Thus, as she imagined, she should at least have the honour of the thing. A bare-footed friar, in the convent of Ogni Santi, was easily induced by a bribe to undertake the execution of this plan. The Grand Duchess now began to be indisposed; she had extraordinary longings, and complained of tooth-ache, loathing, oppression of the stomach, &c. She kept her room, and afterwards her bed; she received the compliments of the court on the occasion, and nobody was so overjoyed as the Grand Duke himself.

When the time for her delivery had, according to her calculation, arrived, she suddenly raised a great outcry in the middle of the night, wakened her attendants, complained of the first pains of labour, and with the greatest impatience commanded them to send for her confessor, the bare footed friar.

The Cardinal, who was not a stranger to the craftiness of his sister-in-law, had long kept such a watchful eye upon her, that he was perfectly acquainted with her whole plan. Accordingly, the instant he was informed that the confessor was sent for, he repaired to the anti-chamber of the Grand Duchess, where he kept walking to and fro, reading his breviary. No sooner did the Grand Duchess hear him, than she sent out a message to request him for God's sake to withdraw, as she could not endure the thought of a man being there in her present circumstances. The Cardinal drily replied, "Your highness had better attend to your own concerns; I am attending to mine,"—and continued reading without interruption in his breviary. The confessor arrived. As soon as he entered, the Cardinal ran with open arms to meet him "Welcome!" cried he, "welcome dear and venerable father! The Grand Duchess is in labour, and stands greatly in need of your assistance." With these words, he pressed the friar closely in his arms, and discovered a pretty new-born infant, which the good father had concealed in his bosom. He took it from him, and cried out loud enough for the Grand Duchess to hear him in the adjoining room; "God be thanked! the Grand Duchess is safely delivered of a sound and healthy son!"—at the same time shewing the child to all those who were present.

The Grand Duchess, incensed almost to madness by this exposure, resolved to take the most cruel revenge on the Cardinal, let it cost what it would. She soon contrived, that the Grand Duke, whose affection for her remained undiminished, should afford her an opportunity of gratifying her resentment.

All three of them once made an excursion to Poggio-a-Caino, and dined together. The Cardinal was extremely fond of almond-soup; the Grand Duchess ordered this dish to be provided for him. Having spied in all quarters, the Cardinal received information, that the almond-soup was poisoned, before it was brought in. He seated himself at the table, but notwithstanding the pressing invitations of the Grand Duchess, he would not take any of the almond-soup. "Well then," said the Grand Duke, "if the Cardinal will not have any, I will." He immediately helped himself. The reader may conceive the situation of the Grand Duchess at this moment. Unable to prevent his eating, without betraying her black design, and clearly perceiving that she was undone, she took herself all the rest of the poisoned soup, that she might be sure of escaping the vengeance of her brother-in-law. She and her husband died the same day, namely,

the 21st. of October 1687. The Cardinal succeeded his brother by the name of Ferdinand I. and reigned till the year 1698.

This narrative, which we are told, is taken from a manuscript, does not perfectly agree with history; for Moreri says, that Francis Maria had a legitimate son by his second marriage, named Antonio de Medicis, who lived till 1621.

The accuracy of this account is nevertheless

supported by this incontestable fact, that the Grand-Duke Francis Maria was not succeeded by any son of his own, but by this very Cardinal Ferdinand, which could scarcely have been the case had the former left any legitimate male issue. Another circumstance which corresponds is, that according to the same writer, the Grand-Duke and his wife both died on the same day, which, according to him was the 9th of October.

## ON THE EDUCATION AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF FEMALES.

In a late Number of our Magazine we presented our readers with a brief notice respecting the interesting *History of the Female Sex*, by Professor Meiners, of Göttingen. The following observations extracted from that work will be found well worthy of the attentive perusal of parents, and of all those who may be engaged in the important business of female education:—

The productions of the needle are brought to a higher degree of perfection as articles for sale in England, France, Switzerland, and Holland, than in Germany. Nevertheless, in the latter, the girls of the middle and higher classes are more carefully instructed in all kinds of needle-work, and the German ladies display greater industry in these occupations than the females of any other country in Europe. It is, as far as I know, a practice peculiar to our countrywomen to take with them their materials for knitting or other work when they go into the company of their female friends and acquaintances; instead of playing with their fans, or chasing the useless as well as expensive amusement of unravelling gold and silver thread, with which not very long ago, ladies of rank and fortune, in France and England, and also in some parts of Germany, employed themselves. Upon the whole the more common works, such as sewing, knitting, spinning, and the making of apparel ought to be recommended to the fair sex, such as the making of hosiery and thread-lace, tambour-work, embroidery, and the like, not only because the former are more useful, but because they are less liable to excite a passionate fondness for pursuing them in which case such works may easily prove injurious to the eyes, or even to health in general, and produce a neglect of other more necessary avocations. I should be misunderstood, were my fan

readers to imagine that I would dissuade them entirely from the finer works, or that I would discourage in every case, a decided partiality for them. Who could find fault with females possessing talents and industry, for indulging so innocent a passion, if a natural taste be combined with extraordinary skill, and can be gratified without prejudice to health, and without neglecting more important duties? Many of my readers will probably be surprized that I should recommend spinning as a very useful employment. My reasons for so doing are deduced from a multitude of observations, which I have had occasion to make for a long series of years. Ladies are so fond of an article of dress, that they have the misfortune to lose their husbands, and with them a great portion of their pleasures, especially their domestic conversations and employments. At the same time the sight or health may be so far impaired as to prevent them from reading or going abroad into company and partaking of other diversions, so much as formerly. Under these circumstances it is fortunate if females possess a collection and talents for works that are not too fine, and require no extraordinary exertion, with which they may shorten and vary the long solitary days, and tedious evenings. Miss Weddellcraft expresses herself with great animosity against the making of "caps, bonnets, and the whole miscellany of trimmings." It is certain that some women employ their talents in this way to gratify excessive luxury and a ridiculous love of fashion. In this, however, as in other things, the abuse does not militate the utility. I consider the practice of teaching girls to make their apparel, which has within these few years been adopted, as a very important improvement in female instruction. How could many fathers of numerous families make their incomes suffice, if

they were obliged to pay milliners and mantua-makers, for all the alterations which their wives and daughters chuse to make in their gowns, caps, and attire in general? Every saving that can be made in a family by the exertion of industry and skill becomes daily of more and more consequence.

A still more important science than any of those to which I have already alluded, and even than any other accomplishment which can adorn the person or the understanding of a woman, is that of domestic economy. In the higher and highest ranks, it has been customary from time immemorial, throughout almost all Europe, to relieve the mistress of the house entirely from the necessity of attending to the family concerns, by means of a number of domestics. But if these domestics are not judiciously chosen and sufficiently looked after, the consequence is, that families possessing princely revenues are involved, by the negligence of the masters and mistresses, and by the dishonesty, ignorance, and prodigality of the servants, in more than princely debts, and, like the majority of the Portuguese, Spanish, and Italian nobility, are obliged to strive almost the whole year in the interior of their palaces. Opulent merchants, tradesmen, and others likewise have it in their power to exonerate their wives from the burdens of domestic affairs by having stewards, housekeepers, and cooks of both sexes. But could we even presuppose, as we unfortunately cannot, that all these substitutes perform the duties of their situations with the same fidelity and care as an intelligent and industrious mistress; still, is not every unnecessary augmentation of a family attended with an increase of its expences, and might not the money be applied to a better purpose? The prices of all the articles of life are continually advancing, and the salaries of place-men and persons in various situations remain the same, or at least are not raised in the same proportion as the necessity or occasion for expence increases. How would men with a moderate income and a numerous family be capable of living in a style suitable to their rank were they not saved from ruin by the most economical management on the part of their wives in the domestic concerns? Thus it appears that the existence and welfare of hundreds, nay thousands of families, depend in all places on the prudence and attention of the mistresses. Is it not then unpardonable negligence and error in mothers not to make their daughters pay an early and serious attention to the management of a house, from an idea that they are too good for such occupations, that they will be able to

dispense with the knowledge which these require, from the advantageous matches which their beauty or talents will not fail to ensure! Is it not an inexcusable folly in young females who are not very rich themselves, and probably will not obtain husbands with large fortunes, to disdain the offices of domestic economy as low and menial employments? Such silly creatures ought to be punished with the contempt of all rational people, and thus reminded of their duty. In the present state of things it is very rarely the case, that young married people of the middling classes have, at the commencement of their union, such an income as to support the expence that would accrue from the ignorance and inexperience of the mistress of the family, without running into debt, and thus involving themselves in misery for the greatest part of their lives. In most matrimonial connections it may be assumed, that to the income of the husband must be added the utmost frugality on the part of the wife, to enable them to live with decency. A young man, therefore, who intends to marry, and has not a sufficient fortune to keep servants to perform all the duties incumbent on the mistress of a family, ought above all things, to enquire whether his intended partner understands the management of the domestic concerns, and is disposed to undertake it. Without this, beauty and virtue, understanding and knowledge, are insufficient. If a wife gives herself no concern about either the kitchen or the cellar, the pantry or the table; either about the linen or the furniture, the culinary or other utensils; if she does not know when and at what prices the articles necessary for housekeeping should be bought in; how and at what seasons to make pickles and preserves; how to keep and examine books of house-keeping and accounts; this neglect, and this ignorance, are productive of circumstances more or less provoking and vexatious, which at length dispel the charm of the most ardent passion in the husband. Sometimes it is the dishonesty or carelessness of servants, at others the discovery of unnecessary waste through mismanagement, that disturbs the peace of the house, or the happiness of the conjugal union.

The mistress of a family, indeed, is not required to be either a cook or a house-maid. But if the circumstances of the husband do not permit him to keep a professed cook of either sex, or he is unable to meet with either one or the other, the mistress of the house ought at least to understand enough of cookery to instruct a kitchen-maid to send up in a proper manner all the common dishes that are

required for the family. In men of letters and men of business the faculties, health, and capacity for exertion are much more intimately connected with a good kitchen than is commonly supposed. The lives of many men have been saved or prolonged by the skill and attention of their wives; others, on the contrary, have been plunged into an untimely grave, or at least their health has been ruined by the unskilfulness of their consorts. It is an art of the highest importance throughout life to know how to prepare simple dishes in such a manner as at once to excite and gratify the appetite of men who lead a sedentary life, and not to oppress or utterly destroy the powers of digestion. When passionate lovers kiss the delicate hands, or the blooming cheeks of the fair objects of their affection, and in their transports vow that neither shall ever again be profaned by the fire, the smoke, and the duties of the kitchen, the least that can be said of them is, that they know not what they are doing, and women of sense ought immediately to decline the intended honour.

Among the fine arts in which persons of the female sex are instructed, none is of so much real utility to a woman as the noble, if not fine art of domestic economy. A woman may be extremely amiable and respectable, without being a proficient either in drawing, singing, or music in general. Among the last mention-

ed accomplishments, drawing upon the whole deserves the preference, unless a person possesses extraordinary talents for music. Girls ought to receive instructions in drawing, even though their taste may not lie that way, because an acquaintance with its principles exercises through life a favourable influence in the choice of the patterns of articles of furniture and dress. Drawing in crayons, and painting in oil-colours, or in miniature, should only be encouraged when a girl is powerfully and almost irresistibly impelled by her genius to the study of any of those departments of the art. It is only upon the same condition that the playing upon any musical instrument should be approved. A moderate proficiency is soon lost for want of practice in the first years of marriage, and with it all the time and trouble that have been expended in its acquisition. On the contrary, a thorough acquaintance with any instrument, may, after it has long been suspended, be again renewed, and produce pleasing fruits even in advanced age. With singing, the case is very different from instrumental music. A naturally agreeable and flexible voice may, without much expence of time and trouble, be so far improved as to afford every great pleasure in the domestic circle, or in the more numerous company of friends and acquaintances.

### ON CUPIDITY.—A DREAM.

I was bewildered in the midst of a dark forest, and the beams of the moon scarcely piercing through the thickly interwoven foliage of the trees, threw a doubtful light, which rendered the obscurity of the spot more terrifying. The weakness of a child invaded my soul, and fear exerted a resistless influence over me; every shadow I deemed a phantom; the smallest noise caused my hair to stand an end, and I tottered at every step over the half-naked roots of the oldest trees.

Aerial beings, who both eluded my sight and my touch, forced me to follow their guidance. They whispered the most ridiculous tales to my ears which they strenuously attempted to make me believe; they led me in the midst of briars, then mocked my ignorance and credulity, and exulted in the triumph of their malignity. Sometimes they raised an *ignis-fatuus*, to dazzle and deceive me. I vainly toiled to reach a twinkling, but pure and cheering light,

which seemed to burn at the end of a long alley; I quickened my steps but when I thought I had gained the extremity of the forest, I found only a small empty space, bounded by an almost impenetrable waste of trees. How many bitter tears I shed during this long and tedious night! Hope and courage at last warmed my heart, and patience and time brought slowly on the enlivening dawn. I then succeeded in getting out of that gloomy forest, the abode of terror and anxiety, and found myself on a spot little calculated to assuage my wonder.

I beheld wide spreading plains rich with the gifts of lavish nature. Never had such delightful prospects greeted my sight. Fatigue and hunger overwhelmed me, but the trees loaded with mellow fruits, and around whose boughs luxuriant vines entwined their flexible arms, whence hung golden clusters, refreshed my eyes and invited my hands. I rushed exulting,



to quench my thirst, and inwardly blessed the Almighty creator of all good, when a man, clad in a strange garb, suddenly stopped my progress. "Ignorant boy," he exclaimed, "one may easily see that thou hast just escaped from the wilds of infancy, and knowest not the customs of the world: read on yonder stone portico the laws which thou must obey, or perish."

Astonishment and indignation swelled my breast when I read that the whole of this fertile land was either let or sold; that I was not allowed to drink, eat, walk, or rest within its limits without first obtaining leave from its possessors; and that notwithstanding the immense extent and fertility of the fields that spread before me, not a single foot of ground could afford me a resting-place, not a single apple appease my thirst, for the whole had been invaded by my predecessors.

I ran the risk of dying with hunger through want of small quicksilver balls, very easily lost, and which that hard-hearted man required in exchange for the productions of the earth. I thought I inwardly, has no greater claim to the possession of this land; he is only a tyrant, but I am the weakest, and yield obedience.

I learned that, in order to acquire those quicksilver balls, it was necessary to bear round the body a thick iron chain, terminated by a leaden bullet a hundred times heavier than all the little balls which it was possible to collect. The man who addressed me carried that useful burden; he perceived my embarrassment, and with an accent of affected pity, mingled with pride, exhorted me, if I wished to gratify my appetite, to avail myself of his kindness, and pass round my neck one of the links of his chain until I should be able to carry the whole. I was dying with hunger and thus compelled to obey.

He then presented me some food; and accompanied his gift with a hard fillip on the nose. I grumbled much, but ate abundantly. I still continued to mutter my displeasure, when another man, still more loaded with chains than my master, gave him a box on the ear with all his might. Instead of resenting this affront, my master kissed the hand that had struck him, but at the same time received many of those quicksilver balls which he seemed to prize as the highest good.

I forgot my passion, and could not help exclaiming; "how could you bear such an offence?" He laughed at my ignorance and told me. "You seem very young, my friend, learn that this is one of the customs of the land. Every placeman who bestows a gift, takes care

at the same time to gratify his pride or malignity on the person whom he obliges. Though inwardly cursing the blow and its giver, I hid my feelings, and comforted myself with the thought that he who thus insulted me, had received many more blows than I, and that I shall have the right by and bye of striking others as I please. But till now I have been sadly unfortunate, scarcely have I now and then been able to inflict a few trifling fillips on my inferiors! What! this astonishes you? poor young fellow! this is no cause for wonder, you shall see much more; come, follow me."

I followed him. "Behold," said he, "you steep mountains, their summit meets the clouds; there is found the sole object of man's insatiable desires; thence springs the stream of quicksilver, of which I, alas! possess only a few drops. Follow me, let us overcome every obstacle, let us fight and conquer; bear one half of the weighty chains which I am about to impose on myself, the heavier our burden the sooner we shall reach our goal. Oh! if ever I can arrive at that blessed source, and draw some of the wealth it contains, I swear that thou shalt have thy share."

Curiosity, rather than the unfortunate state in which I was placed, incited me to accompany him. Heavens! what a rugged road! what contentions! and how many insults and afflictions were we obliged to bear; I attempted to conceal the blushes which overspread my cheeks, and my leader assumed a smiling face, but I sometimes perceived he bit his lips with inward despair, whilst he cried aloud, "courage, my friend, all is well." Cupidity braced his nerves with more than human strength, and as if I were a link of his chain he dragged me along with him. We reached the mountain's foot through the most indefatigable exertions, but met here with still more powerful opposition. The vales were crowded with men who shook their fetters, and tore from each other, with demonstrations of feigned civility, a few drops of the quicksilver that flowed from the fountain.

I had no hopes of being able to cleave the seemingly impenetrable multitude collected before us, when my master, regardless of right and wrong, struck violently those who stood around him, and indignantly trod under foot the unhappy beings whom he had knocked down. Shuddering with horror, I beheld their mangled bodies before me, and reluctantly crushed their limbs. I longed to fly; but it was too late, I was forcibly dragged forward. We were stained with blood, and the screams and curses of victims rose incessantly around us, and smote my heart with terror. At last

we ascended the top of a small hill, and my conductor, with a look of exultation, exclaimed:—"Now we prosper; the first step is taken, the first difficulties are overcome, let us not shrink from the remainder. Behold how we made you wretches behind tumble over each other. Here we must follow a different plan, we are near the fountain, and must proceed more gently, we must skilfully and secretly elbow our rivals out of our way; never spare any one, let us crush the rascals, but avoid giving any public offence.—Such is the courtier's art."

My heart was too much oppressed with grief to allow me to reply; I was ashamed of belonging to this cruel man; I feared lest he should attempt to prove his conduct was right, for he had the example of many to bring forward in his favour. What a dreadful scene of contention and tumult! all the passions were let loose, and every virtue sold, or else covered with ridicule. A black phantom filled the seat of Justice, from which he had driven her, and placed unlawful weights in her scales: and men still sullied with their native dust, mocked the misery of their fellow creatures, and gathered the admiration and respect of the multitude.

Others rubbed their bodies with quicksilver, and stalked with an erect brow, pride gleaming in their eyes, and debauchery raving in their hearts; they fancied themselves superior to the rest of men, and despised whoever had not whitened his skin with the same metal: though they did not always strike those whom they met, their gesture was an offence, and their smile an affront, but it often happened that the quicksilver wore off, and they became once more low, submissive, and fawning slaves. Then exulting rivals returned them a hundred fold the scorn and insults which they had formerly received from them; wrath stung their hearts, and impelled them to commit the greatest crimes in order to regain their former state; yet it must be owned that some of them had lost their senses through the fatal effects of the quicksilver. I descried a man who had descended from the summit; overwhelmed by the weight of his quicksilver, he had sunk upon the ground, and remained motionless and entirely wrapt up in admiration, whilst contemplating his whitened limbs, refused either to eat or drink; I wished to assist him in getting up, but he clenched one of his fists as if to defend himself, and with his left hand begged I would favour him with a small quicksilver ball, which would make him die in peace.

A little higher on the mountain, forty rapa-

cious men carried away a large quantity of that precious metal in numerous barrels; they had torn it from the weak hands of women, children, aged men, the industrious, and the poor; it was stained with their blood and bedewed with their tears. These plundering villains commanded an army of robbers, who ransacked the abode of helpless indigence. I remarked that the more they increased their store the more violently their thirst for plunder raged.

The sight filled the bosom of my conductor with emulation. "Hasten, hasten forward," he exclaimed, "I fear thou wert reflecting, upon thy fixed and observing glance; let us on. Behold amidst yonder rocks, that delightful spectacle! see how that stream rolls its dazzling white waves adown the rugged crags! Oh, let us run thither, or it may be exhausted before we reach the spot; yet let us beware, the last steps are also the most dangerous. How many for want of caution have been dashed from yon summit into the deep abyss. We may push others in, but must take care lest we should be pushed too. Follow me, I have discovered a safer way."

Whilst speaking thus, he led me towards a narrow path which few people dared to enter; it formed a dark and unequal staircase winding through the rock. We proceeded for some time, when our course was suddenly checked by three marble statues of the purest white; their whiteness alone could persuade me they were not living forms, so exquisite was the art that had produced them. Their arms were entwined together as though they intended to forbid imprudent man to pass beyond fixed limits. They represented Religion, Humanity, and Probity. The following lines were inscribed on their pedestals:—"These statues are the *chefs d'œuvre* of human art, their originals dwell in heaven. Respect these marble images, O ye men, let them be sacred in your sight, for they close the path that leads to the abyss of destruction. Woe to him who beholds them unaffected; and cursed be the sacrilegious hand that shall dare to destroy them."

I remained in silent respect and admiration, and looked at my rapacious conductor; he seemed awhile confused and undecided, but hearing loud acclamations proclaiming a new eruption of the fountain, his complexion changed to a dark red, and he snatched up a large fragment of the rock. In vain I attempted to check his hand, he overthrew this sacred monument in his impious rage, and rushed over its ruins. I renewed my exertions in a contrary way, and with the strength of despair burst at last the chain which

held us together. "Go," I exclaimed with indignation, "senseless villain, glut thy cupidity, the thunders of heavenly vengeance are ready to blast thy guilt." But he could no longer hear me; I followed him with my eyes, the wretch maddened by his thirst for wealth, whilst attempting to draw some of the precious metal, plunged headlong into the stream. Carried away by the torrent, which he adored as his god, his limbs were dashed against the pointed rocks, and his blood reddened for a few seconds the dazzling whiteness of the rolling waves.

Struck with fear and surprise, I contemplated

ed the melancholy wrecks of the marble statues strewed around me, and unwilling to tread upon them, dared not to leave the spot on which I stood. Tears of sorrow burst from my eyes, I looked towards heaven, and raised my hands in prayer, when a divine power gathered their scattered fragments together, and replaced them unhurt, as noble, majestic, and beautiful as ever on their pedestals. I knelt before these sacred images, which the sacrilegious hand of guilt and impiety shall never destroy.

E. R.

## FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

### DISPOSITION, QUALITIES, AND TALENTS NECESSARY TO FORM A GOOD PHYSIOGNOMIST

PLEASANT features, a well made shape, a sound constitution, senses replete with acute feelings, easily affected, and transmitting faithfully to the soul the impressions of external objects which they receive, a penetrating, quick, and sure glance, ought to be the chief characteristics of every person who wishes to become a skilful physiognomist.

The acuteness of his senses will lead his mind to make numerous observations, and the spirit of observation will in its turn improve the senses, which it ought also to rule.

Without a sound judgment a physiognomist will never be able either to observe exactly, or to compare the result of his observations, and deduce from them just consequences. The science of physiognomy consists of judgment itself put into practice, and may be called the logic of bodily differences.

To a profound sagacity the physiognomist must join a powerful and lively imagination, and an active mind; for the mind will easily perceive the likeness that exists between the signs expressed by the features of a face and the corresponding meaning of passions or external objects; the mind alone understands and speaks the language of physiognomy.

All the scenes of nature, the different character of nations, the productions of genius, of the arts and sciences, all the varied expressions of languages ought to compose his store of information.

If he wish not to err in his judgment, the art of drawing becomes indispensably neces-

sary, as its assistance will guide and support his imagination. Anatomy and physiology, and the study of constitutions, must also enlarge the sphere of his ideas, and increase his knowledge.

But the most important study is that of the human heart. How attentively he must explore his own! the deeper he dives into its secrets, the more easily will he become acquainted with that of others.

A physiognomist must know the world, and mix with men of every rank and every condition, and observe their conduct under the influence of changing circumstances and events. A retired life does not suit the science of physiognomy, for the sphere of his observations must be as widely extended as possible. To peruse relations of travels which lay open to our gaze the manners of distant nations, to converse with the skilful artists and learned philosophers, to court the company of the virtuous and clever, but not to lose sight of the vicious and ignorant, and especially to study the growing passions of children, will be found powerful, if not indispensable, auxiliaries in acquiring a deep knowledge of physiognomy.

Let us resume in a few words: a physiognomist ought to enjoy a good constitution, and possess a well proportioned figure, the power of observation, a strong imagination, a quick and penetrating mind, and be well versed in the arts and sciences. Firmness tempered by mildness, innocence and the love of peace, must form the characteristics of his soul; his heart must be free from impure and violent passions, and teem with noble and virtuous

sentiments; for how could a man discover the expression of generosity in the features of another, or the signs of great or good qualities, unless he be able to display generous feelings, or perform great actions?

#### PHYSIOGNOMICAL ANECDOTES.

A virtuous parent, whilst taking leave of his son on the eve of his departure for a distant land, exclaimed:—"All I ask of you, my son, is to bring back with you the same set and expression of features."

A young lady who had never left the peaceful retirement of the country for noisy cities, and whose features beamed with innocence and piety, perceived her face in a mirror at the moment when she had finished her prayer, and was rising to seek her peaceful couch; struck with her own image, she cast down her eyes, whilst a modest blush overspread her cheeks. She spent a winter in town; surrounded with admirers, and carried away by the stream of public amusements, she forgot to perform her usual devotions. At the dawn of spring she returned to the country, repaired to her room, and perceiving her prayer-book on the table, glanced at the mirror, and shrinking from her own features, sunk instantly upon her knees. "Gracious Heaven!" she exclaimed, "I can know myself no longer, I am so altered! my face bears the impression of my foolish vanity. How is it that I did not remark it sooner? In the midst of peace and retirement, in the sweet exercise of piety and benevolence, I will try to resume my wonted looks."

"I will give my life that yonder man is a rascal," exclaimed Titus, pointing to the priest Tacitus. "I saw him weeping and sobbing three times, when nothing could cause a tear to flow, and turning his face away to hide a smile when viccs or calamities were mentioned."

"How much do you think my face is worth?" asked a stranger of a physiognomist. The answer was,—that the moral value of a face could not easily be reduced into money. "It is worth two hundred pounds," the other replied, "for that sum has been lent me upon it."

The following anecdote is taken from *Les Histoires des Savans*.—A foreigner, whose name

was Kubisse, was so struck with a portrait whilst passing through Mr. Delanges' apartments, that he remained stationary before it, and forgot to follow us. A quarter of an hour had elapsed when we perceived his absence; we hastened back after him, and found him still contemplating the same picture. "What is your opinion of this portrait," enquired Mr. Delanges, "is it not that of a very handsome woman?" "Yes," answered Mr. Kubisse, "but if it be a likeness, the original must be an atrocious wretch." It was an exact likeness of La Brimilliers, celebrated for poisoning, and as well known on account of her beauty as her crimes, which led her to the scaffold.

A friend of Count T—s, who lives at W—, visited him one morning with a face which he attempted to enliven by a smile. After having transacted the business which caused this visit, he was about to withdraw, when the Count refused to let him go. "It is very strange you would wish to keep me here," exclaimed his friend; "I tell you I must go."—"You shall not leave my room," the Count replied; and at the same time locked the door. "What, for Heaven's sake, can you mean by this?"—"I read in your features that you intend to commit a bad action."—"Who, I? what, do you think me capable of?"—"You intend to commit a murder, or else I am blind." The visitor grew pale, owned the truth, and gave the Count a loaded pistol he had in his pocket, unfolding at the same time the reasons which would have led him to suicide. The Count generously relieved his friend from the painful situation in which he was placed.

A beggar stopped a passenger in the street, and preferred his humble request. "How much do you want?" said the passenger, struck with his physiognomy. "How should I dare to tell you all I want," the beggar replied; "give me what you please, and I shall be grateful for the smallest alms."—"No, indeed, you must tell me what you would wish to have, and let it be ever so much, or so little, fear nothing, you shall have it."—"Well then, let me have fourpence."—"Here they are; had you asked four pounds, you should have had them the same."

[To be continued.]

## MODE OF SOFTENING CONTROVERSY.

MR. EDITOR,

IN Fabroni's *Life of Mazochi*, I met with an anecdote which pleased me much. That learned man had been betrayed into unseemly asperity of language in some controversies in which he was engaged. Sensible of the fault, when he was apprised of an attack made upon a new publication of his, he requested a friend to peruse the piece, and draw up a summary of the arguments, omitting all personal and extraneous matter. These he set down and answered, without feeling any temptation to deviate from the calmness of a mere argumentative debate. Whatever irritating expressions there might be in the work of his antagonist, they were all dropt, and nothing came before him but objections stated in the way of a friend.

This, I think, would be an excellent method to be pursued by all those who cannot regard an opponent in any other light than that of an enemy, or who are unable to preserve their temper when assailed by illiberality and abuse. A man of a warm disposition, in his impatience of insults, is ready to say, like M. Harpin, in Moliere, "*Moi, me plaire doucement!*" Even among the philosophers there are, I fear, very few who would be able to persevere in the cool indifference to abuse displayed by the writer who thus began his reply to an adversary — "Your work consists of railing and reasoning; to the railing I say nothing—to the reasoning I answer as follows." Although such forbearance is found by experience to be uncommon, I am rather surprised that it should be so, considering the manifest superiority it gives to the party practising it. Who does not feel that there is a grandeur in thus treating with silent contempt the effusions of petulance or malignity, which is forfeited by the most successful retaliation? Were the object even to mortify a quarrelsome antagonist in the most sensible manner, it would generally be most effectually attained by passing over his provocation without notice. There are many to whom a war of words is an agreeable exercise. They thrive by such contention, and are perfectly willing to take their share of reproachful language, provided they gain an opportunity of returning it with interest. I heard of a lady of free speech, who found herself often provoked to employ her vituperative powers on her husband. His method was always to take up his fiddle and play her a tune, without opening his lips, whilst she was bawling with vexation. Her violence, aug-

mented by his tranquillity, at length brought her to her death-bed; but when near expiring, "I think," said she, "I could recover yet, if the fellow would but answer me:" this remedy, however, he was not at all inclined to administer.

To return to the prudent expedient of Mazochi.—One who should be unprovided with a friend capable of serving him in the manner mentioned, might, perhaps, perform a similar office for himself, by resolutely turning over every page of his opponent, which a glance of the eye should inform him to contain nothing but personalities, and stopping only at the argumentative parts, which, to make sure of them, he might cut out, and study by themselves. At any rate, a controversialist who is conscious of being prone to irritation, might make it a rule never to publish a reply without first committing it to the examination of some sober friend, who should have full authority to expunge every word he did not approve. There is no doubt that this would operate as a sufficient damper: for there are few who cannot with tolerable patience bear the abuse levelled at a friend.

I remember a comic instance of the cooling efficacy of a medium of transmission in a scolding match. The late Dr R. F. when he first settled in this country, brought over a wife and a numerous family, not one of whom, except his eldest son George, knew a word of English. It was not long before misunderstandings arose between the mistress and the servants; and one morning a lodger in the house was witness to the following scene:—Mrs. F. stood at her chamber door, the maid at the stair-foot, and George upon the landing-place. The lady, in harsh Teutonic, thundered invectives, which George, translated in their passage, "My mother says you are a thief, and a slut, and a naughty woman." The wench, in an equally loud key, retorted that her mistress was a liar, a slanderer, and so forth; which George, with the same fidelity, and in the same calm unvaried tone, translated to his mother. Thus the dialogue was divested of all the necessary violence of speech and gesture, and passion soon subsided for want of fuel. I should suppose that the discussions of plenipotentiaries by means of interpreters enjoy a similar advantage; otherwise, the mutual complaints of rough and uncivilized people might be apt to bring their respective agents to blows. Yours, &c.

L.

# POETRY,

## ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

### EXTRACTS FROM MARMION; or, A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

#### CHARACTER OF LORD MARMION.

ALONG the bridge Lord Marmion rode,  
Proudly his red-roan charger trod,  
His helm hung at the saddle bow;  
Well, by his visage, you might know  
He was a stalworth knight and keen,  
And had in many a battle been;  
The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd  
A token true of Bosworth field;  
His eye-brow dark, and eye of fire,  
Shew'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;  
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek,  
Did deep design and counsel speak.

His forehead by his casque worn bare,  
His thick moustache, and curly hair,  
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,  
But more through toil than age;  
His square-turn'd joints, and strength of  
limb,  
Shewed him no carpet knight so trim,  
But, in close fight, a champion grim,  
In camps, a leader sage.

Well was he armed from head to heel,  
In mail, and plate, of Milan steel;  
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,  
Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd;  
Amid the plumage of the crest,  
A falcon hovered on her nest,  
With wings outspread, and forward breast;  
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,  
Soared sable in an azure field:  
The golden legend bore aright,  
"Who checks at me, to death is right."  
Blue was the charger's brodered rein;  
Blue ribbons decked his arching mane;  
The knightly housing's ample fold  
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

#### SIR DAVID LINDSAY'S TALE.

It chanced as fell the second night,  
That on the battlements they walked,  
And, by the slowly fading light,  
Of varying topics talked;  
And, unawares, the Herald-bard  
Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,  
In travelling so far;

For that a messenger from heaven  
In vain to James had counsel given  
Against the English war;  
And closer questioned, thus he told  
A tale which chronicles of old  
In Scottish story have enrolled:—  
Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
In Scotland, far beyond compare  
Linlithgow is excelling;  
And in its park, in jovial June,  
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,  
How blithe the blackbird's lay!  
The wild buck bells from ferny brake,  
The coot dives merry on the lake,  
The saddest heart might pleasure take  
To see all nature gay.  
But June is to our Sovereign dear  
The heaviest month in all the year:  
Too well his cause of grief you know,—  
June saw his father's overthrow.  
Woe to the traitors, who could bring  
The princely boy against his King!  
Still in his conscience burns the sting.  
In offices as strict as Lent,  
King James's June is ever spent.

When last this ruthless month was come,  
And in Linlithgow's holy dome  
The King, as wont, was praying;  
While for his royal father's soul  
The chaunters sung, the bells did toll,  
The Bishop mass was saying—  
For now the year brought round again  
The day the luckless king was slain—  
In Katharine's aisle the monarch knelt,  
With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt,  
And eyes with sorrow streaming;  
Around him, in their stalls of state,  
The Thistle-Knight-Companions sate,  
Their banners o'er them beaming.  
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,  
Bedeafened with the jangling knell,  
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,  
Through the stained casement gleaming;  
But, while I marked what next befel,  
It seemed as I were dreaming.  
Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,  
In azure gown, with cincture white;  
His forehead bald, his head was bare,  
Down hung at length his yellow hair.—

Now mock me not, when, good my Lord,  
I pledge to you my knightly word,  
That, when I saw his placid grace,  
His simple majesty of face,  
His solemn bearing, and his pace  
So stately gliding on;  
Seemed to me ne'er did limner paint  
So just an image of the Saint,  
Who propped the Virgin in her faint,—  
The lov'd apostle John.

He stepped before the monarch's chair,  
And stood with rustic plainness there,  
And little reverence made;  
Nor head, nor body, bowed nor bent,  
But on the desk his arm he leant,  
And words like these he said,  
In a low voice,—but never tone  
So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and bone:

“My mother sent me from afar,  
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—  
Woe waits on thine array;

If war thou wilt, of woman fair,  
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,  
James Stuart, doubly warned, beware:  
God keep thee as he may!”

The wondering monarch seemed to seek  
For answer, and found none;  
And when he raised his head to speak,  
The monitor was gone.

The Marshal and myself had cast  
To stop him, as he outward past;  
But lighter than the whirlwind's blast  
He vanished from our eyes,  
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,  
That glances but, and dies.

While Lindsay told this marvel strange,  
The twilight was so pale,  
He marked not Marmion's colour change,  
While listening to the tale:

But, after a suspended pause,  
The Baron spoke:—“Of nature's laws  
So strong I held the force,

That never super-human cause  
Could e'er controul their course;

And, three days since, had judged your aim  
Was but to make your guest your game.  
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,  
What much has changed my sceptic creed,  
And made me credit aught.”—He said,  
And seemed to wish his words unsaid:

But by that strong emotion pressed,  
Which prompts us to unload our breast,

Even when discovery's pain,  
To Lindsay did at length unfold  
The tale his village host had told,  
At Gifford, to his train.

Nought of the Palmer says he there,  
And nought of Constance, or of Clare:

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The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems  
To mention but as feverish dreams.

“In vain,” said he, “to rest I spread  
My burning limbs, and touched my head,  
Fantastic thoughts returned;  
And, by their wild dominion led,  
My heart within me burned.

So sore was the delicious goad,  
I took my steel, and forth I rode,  
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,  
Soon reached the camp upon the wold.  
The southern entrance I passed through,  
And halted, and my bugle blew.

Methought an answer met my ear,—  
Yet was the blast so low and drear,  
So hollow, and so faintly blown,  
It might be echo of my own.

Thus judging for a little space  
I listened, ere I left the place;

But scarce could trust my ears,  
Nor yet can think they served me true,  
When sudden in the ring I view,  
In form distinct of shape and hue,

A mounted champion rise—  
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,  
In single fight, and mixed affray,  
And ever, I myself may say,

Have borne me as a knight;  
But when this unexpected foe  
Seemed starting from the gulph below,—  
I care not though the truth I show,—

I trembled with affright;  
And as I placed in rest my spear,  
My hand so shook for very fear,  
I scarce could couch it right.

“Why need my tongue the issue tell?

We ran our course,—my charger fell,—  
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?

I rolled upon the plain.  
High o'er my head, with threatening hand,  
The spectre shook his naked brand,—

Yet did the worst remain;  
My dazzled eyes I up and cast,—  
Not opening hell itself could blast

Their sight, like what I saw.  
Full on his face the moon-beam strook,—  
A face could never be mistook!

I knew the stern vindictive look,  
And held my breath for awe.  
I saw the face of one who, fled  
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—

I well believe the last;  
For ne'er, from visor raised, did stare  
A human warrior, with a glare  
So grimly and so ghost.

Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;  
But when to good Saint George I prayed,  
(The first time e'er I asked his aid,)

T

He plunged it in the sheath;  
 And, on his courser mounting light,  
 He seemed to vanish from my sight:  
 The moon-beam drooped, and deepest night  
 Sunk down upon the heath —  
 'Twere long to tell what cause I have  
 To know his face, that met me there,  
 Called by his hatred from the grave,  
 To cumber upper air:  
 Dead, or alive, good cause had he  
 To be my mortal enemy."—

Marvelled Sir David of the Mount;  
 Then, learned in story, 'gan recount,

Such chance had hap'd of old,  
 When once, near Norham, there did sight  
 A spectre fell, of fiendish night,  
 In likeness of a Scottish knight,  
 With Brian Bulmer bold,  
 And trained him nigh to disallow  
 The aid of his baptismal vow.

"And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,

With Highland broad-sword, farge, and  
 plaid,

And fingers red with gore,  
 Is seen in Rothiemureus glade,  
 Or where the sable pine-trees shade  
 Dark Tomantoul, and AchnaSlaid,  
 Dromouchty, or Glenmore.

And yet, whate'er such legends say,  
 Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,

On mountain, moor, or plain,  
 Spotless in faith, in bosom hold,  
 True son of chivalry should hold

These midnight terrors vain;  
 For seldom have such spirits power  
 To harm, save in the evil hour,  
 When guilt we meditate within,  
 Or harbour unrepented sin?"—

Lord Marmion turned him half aside,  
 And twice to clear his voice he tried,

Then pressed Sir David's hand,—  
 But nought, at length, in answer said;  
 And here their farther converse staid,

Each ordering that his hand  
 Should bowne them with the rising day,  
 To Scotland's camp to take their way,—  
 Such was the King's command.

#### LOCHINVAR.—LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the  
 best;

And save his good broad-sword he weapons had  
 none,

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,

There never was knight like the young Loch-  
 invar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for  
 stone;

He swam the Eske river where ford there was  
 none;

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,  
 "and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his  
 sword,

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a  
 word,)

"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Loch-  
 invar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you  
 denied;—

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its  
 tide—

And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of  
 wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by  
 far,

That would gladly be brides to the young Loch-  
 invar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took  
 it up,

He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the  
 cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up  
 to sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her  
 eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could  
 bar,—

"Now tread we a measure!" said young Loch-  
 invar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,

That never a hall such a galliard did grace;

While her mother did fret, and her father did  
 fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet  
 and plume;

And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere  
 better by far

To have matched our fair cousin with young  
 Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her  
 ear,

When they reached the hall-door, and the  
 charger stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—



"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush,  
and scaur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth  
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the  
Netherby clan;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode,  
and they ran;  
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie  
Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Loch  
invar.

### REFLECTIONS.

Ah! who has power to say,  
To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,  
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe  
Diffuse a brighter ray?

Ah! who is ever sure,  
Though all that can the soul delight  
This hour enchants the wandering sight,  
These raptures will endure?

Is there in life's dull toil,  
One moment certain of repose,  
One ray to dissipate our woes,  
And bid reflection smile?

What is the mind of man?  
A chaos where the passions blend,  
Unconscious where the mass will end,  
Or when it first began!

In childhood's thoughtless hours,  
We frolic through the sportive day!  
Each path enchanting, sunny, gay,  
All deck'd with gaudy flow'rs.

In life's maturer prime  
We wander still in search of peace;  
And, as our weary toils increase,  
Fade in the glooms of time.

From scene to scene we stray,  
Still courting Pleasure's fickle smile,  
Which, though delighting to beguile,  
Still farther glides away.

We seek Hope's gentle aid,  
We think the lovely phantom pours  
Her balmy incense on those flowers,  
Which blossom but to fade!

We court love's thrilling dart,  
And when we think our joys supreme,  
We find its raptures but a gleam—  
Its boon a wounded heart.

We pant for glittering fame,  
And when pale envy blots the page  
That might have charmed a future age,  
We find 'tis but a name.

We toil for paltry ore,  
And when we gain the golden prize,  
And death appears!—with aching eyes  
We view the useless store.

We bask in friendship's beam,  
And when malignant cares assail,  
And fortune's fickle favours fail,  
We find 'tis but a dream!

We search for idle joy;  
Intemperance leads to sure decay;  
The brightest prospects fade away,  
The sweetest—soonest cloy.

How frail is beauty's bloom!  
The dimpled cheek,—the sparkling eye,  
Scarcely seen, before their wonders fly  
To decorate a tomb!

Then since this fleeting breath  
Is but the Zephyr of a day;  
Let conscience make each minute gay,  
And brave the shafts of death!

And let the generous mind,  
With pity view the erring throng,  
Applaud the right, forgive the wrong,  
And feel for all mankind.

For who, alas! shall say,  
"To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,  
"And o'er this gloomy vale of woe  
"Diffuse a brighter ray."

### ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING

"Nobody comes to Woo."

ELIZABETH warbled so sweetly—

"Oh! nobody comes to woo;"

I sigh'd—then with rapture exclaim'd—

"Eliza!—it cannot be true!"

"Has Cupid his arrows thrown by?"

"Have turtles forgot how to coo?"

"Are swains quite estranged from love?"

"Eliza!—it cannot be true!"

If miter'd, or crown'd, was my head,

And 'Liza should smile and prove true,—

I'd fly on the wings of a dove,

Eliza to court and to woo.

G.

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MARCH.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

On Thursday, February 25th, a new musical farce was brought forward at this theatre, the avowed production of Mr. Alvingham, intitled, *Who Wins? or, The Widow's G'love*—The following are the characters and outline of the piece:

Iambic Extensmore, Esq.	} Mr. FAWCETT.
(a poor poet .....	
Caper (a wealthy merchant)	Mr. LISTON.
Friendly .....	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Matthew Mole .....	Mr. SIMMONS.
Trust .....	Mr. DENMAN.
The Widow Bellair .....	Mrs. C. KEMBLE.
Miss Serenely Softly .....	Miss LISTON.
Lisette .....	Miss DE CAMP.

The whole property of a deceased gentleman is left to the *Widow Bellair*, his niece, on condition that she marries one of his two nephews (*Extensmore* and *Caper*), and her choice is to be fixed by a throw of the dice, with a proviso, that should she refuse the winner, the property shall be divided between his nephews; and, should they both refuse her, she is to be entitled to the whole. The widow, having assumed the name of her waiting-maid (*Lisette*) in that disguise arrives first at the house of her deceased uncle, and delivers a letter, as from the widow, to excuse her attendance; but fearing she may be discovered by a portrait in the room, she procures *Friendly* (her agent) to substitute in its place that of her grand-aunt. Her cousins arrive, and throw the dice, *Extensmore* has the highest throw; and expressing his doubts to *Mole* (the steward) whether the prize is worth his acceptance, *Matthew* shows him the wrong portrait, declaring it to be an exact resemblance of the widow. The poor poet having a prepossession in favour of the supposed *Lisette*, and being disgusted with the picture, disposes of his right to the widow and fortune to *Caper* for 1000*l.* and signs a paper, refusing to marry her. The widow having discovered *Extensmore's* disinterested sentiments, and learning what has just passed, has recourse to a stratagem, by which she obtains from *Caper* a written refusal to marry her, and being thus left to her free choice, she declares in favour of *Extensmore*.

This story, ridiculously improbable as it is, is not altogether new. The under-plot of the

opera of *Two Faces Under a Hood*, appears to have furnished the ground-work of this piece, which may, however, be considered as a humorous trifle, not calculated to sustain much weight of criticism. The dialogue is animated, and some of the songs very whimsical.—The music, sufficiently sprightly is said to be the production of Mr. Conell. Of the acting and singing, the chief humour lies with Fawcett, Liston, and Mrs. Charles Kemble, in the two lovers and the Widow. The whole performance went off with applause to a very numerous audience.

## DRURY-LANE.

On Tuesday, March 1st, a new musical farce was performed at this theatre, intitled "*In and Out of Tune*," melodized by Mr. Corri

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old Discord .....	Mr. DOWRON.
Meshee .....	Mr. WLWITZER.
Cornet Gorgest .....	Mr. DE CAMP.
Corporal Mallowney .....	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Dingy (a Negro Servant) ...	Mr. MATHEWS.
Charles } Sons of Discord {	Mr. GIBBON.
Edward } {	Mr. WEST.
Watchmen .....	Messrs. SMITH & MILLER.
Margaretta (a Scotch Lady)	Miss DUNCAN.
Rosa (Daughter to Discord)	Miss LYON.
Sally .....	Mrs. BLAND.

The story is simply that of an old rich Attorney, distracted by a *musico-mania* that has seized his whole family, from the garret to the cellar—in one of the paroxysms of which, his daughter is carried off by a young officer, who owes him a considerable sum of money, being the amount of a debt which he had purchased of a Jew. These slight materials, which are ill put together, were scarcely tolerated till the fall on the curtain, in consideration of the music, which, to say nothing more of it, is pretty. Miss Duncan sang a pleasing Scotch and Johnstone an Irish ditty, which was *encored*. But the incidents introduced are so grossly vulgar, and the dialogue so meagre, as to have roused the indignation, and tired the patience of the audience early in the second act. At the dropping of the curtain it was withdrawn for alterations.



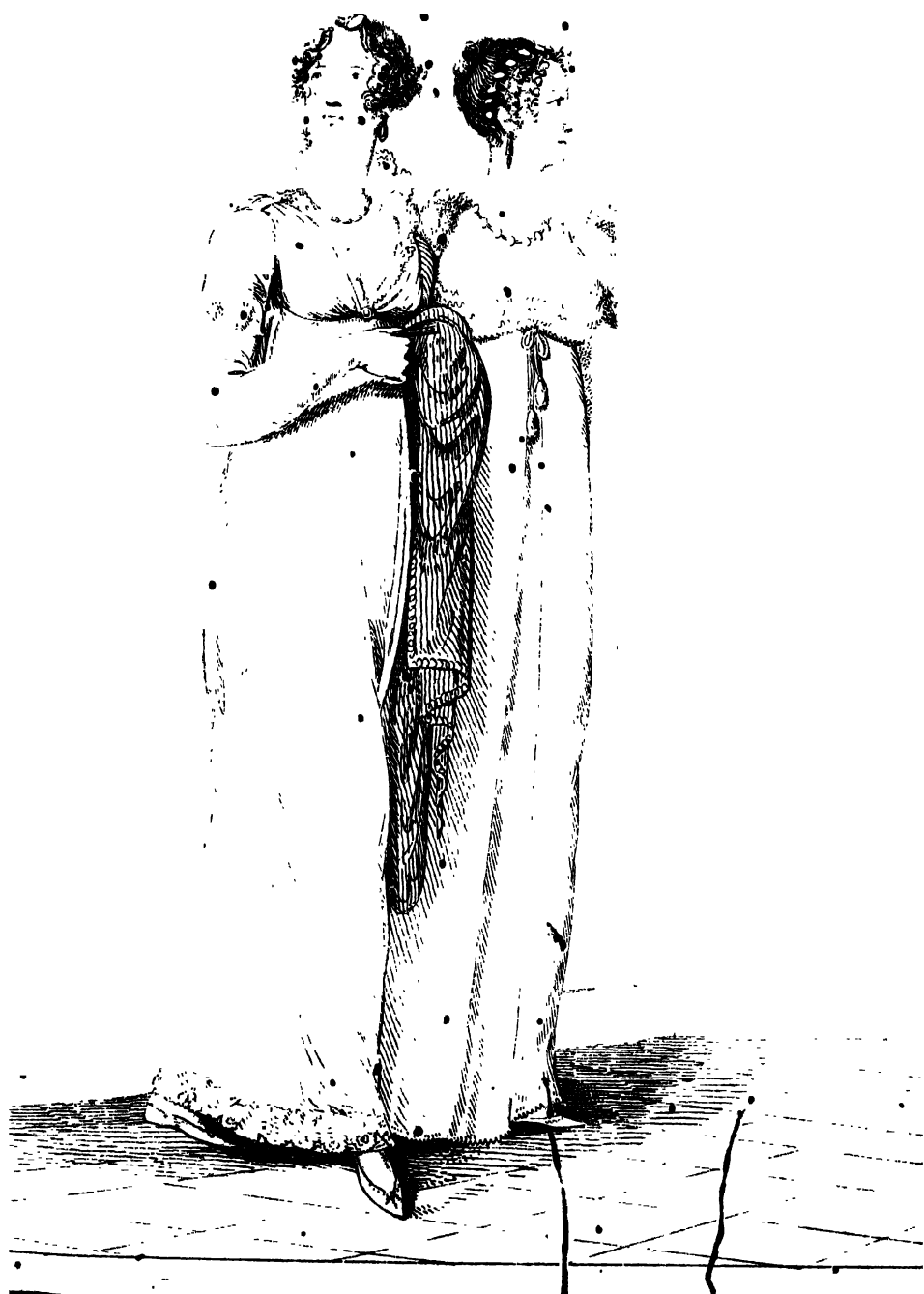


Nº.2.

Nº.1.

*Femiale Costume of Egyp<sup>t</sup>.*

*London Morning Dre.*





# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

## F A S H I O N S

For APRIL, 1808.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

#### ENGLISH COSTUME.

##### No. 1—A WALKING DRESS.

A plain cambric, or shawl gauze walking dress, with high back, wrap front, and platted back crease. A loose carriage coat, with French lappets, composed of a figured Chinese silk of the colour American green, or poppy-red; lined throughout with a muslin of the same shade; snugly confined in front of the bosom with a bow of ribbon, or antique brooch. *Clap on* the collar as the coat, with front of the *tail* for the crown sitting close to the head, gathered rather full towards the roots of the hair behind, and simply tied under the chin with corresponding ribbon. Necklace a double row of the Scotch pebble, linked with gold. Gold spangled earrings, of the hoop form. Round swansdown Opera tippet. Slippers of purple kid; and gloves of York tan.

##### No. 3—AN EVENING DRESS.

A round dress of satin, an apricot blossom, or spring green; made a walking length, and trimmed at the feet with a deep thread lace (placed on easy fulness), or a silver scalloped fringe. The dress constructed high in the back, with full robin front, and plain frock sleeve. The new fan, or Queen's ruff, of rich point lace, with shell scalloped edge, sloped to a point in front of the bosom, and finished with an onyx brooch; the bottom of the sleeve to correspond with the dress. Hair cropt behind, and formed *à-la-rustique* in front, divided in the centre of the forehead, with a large onyx set in deep gold. A twisted necklace of the milk-white Bohemian pearl, linked with gold beads. Bracelets and earrings of the

same. Slippers of white satin or kid, trimmed with silver. Gloves of French kid, above the elbow. Opera fan of carved ivory. Angola shawl of deep amber, thrown negligently over the shoulders on opera tippet nap.

##### No. 4—AN EVENING DRESS.

A round dress with short train, of silver half lustre, white muslin, or violet crape, worn over white satin, fastened at the feet in thick scallops, and fine silver beading; the waist and sleeves wrought in a small pattern to

exhibit much of the bust. A silver girdle tied in front of the waist with large cone tassels. Hair in the Parisian style, confined on the crown of the head in a tuft of full curls, forced in falling ringlets from the centre of the forehead, and ornamented with a bandeau of amethyst linked with gold. Necklace and bracelets of the same, with drop, or pearl earrings to correspond. The broad oriental armlet, composed of dead and burnished gold. A short round Opera tippet of swansdown, Turkish slippers of figured white, or violet silk. French kid gloves, above the elbow. With this dress a bouquet of spring flowers and myrtle leaves, most attractive effect.

#### EGRA COSTUME.

##### No. 2.—A YOUNG BRIDE OF EGRA, IN HER WEDDING CLOTHS.

Every country has its customs, and every custom its motives, which are usually found in the diversity of the manners and characters of the inhabitants, and this diversity is known to proceed principally from the difference of

climates. With certain nations wedding days are days of rejoicing and finery in dress, not only for the bride and bridegroom, but for all their relations and friends invited to the nuptials: the bride, clad in white, is covered with flowers, diamonds and lace; and if she is in the deepest mourning, it is thrown aside that day, though to be put on the following. In other countries, on the contrary, and particularly in Egypt, marriage, considered as a religious and social act of the most sacred and solemn nature, is celebrated with more gravity and reverence. Observe how this timid and modest maid approaches the altar, with downcast eyes, holding her rosary with one hand, and her veil with the other. Her only ornament is the nuptial band bound round her forehead; the rest of her dress, and the large cloak in which she is wrapped up, are of the gloomiest colour, and seem much less adapted to a wedding than to a funeral.

## A GENERAL DELINEATION

### ON THE MOST PREVAILING AND SELECT FASHIONS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

THE extreme precariousness of the season for some weeks past, has given a check to nature; and the children of fashion, able retarded in their career, have advanced with less rapidity than usual in that animated diversity and attractive change of costume which generally accompany the return of Spring. — Though the Park, public drives, and theatres have been frequently crowded, yet till within these last few days, we have remarked little of novelty in the general display. But as April may be considered as a carnival month in the metropolis, the numerous articles offered at the shrine of fashion will enable us to select a delineation of female attire, at once distinguishing and elegant. As to the general style, both in full and half-dress, the antique and Chinese seem to prevail over every other. It is extended to articles of jewellery, and almost every species of female and household ornament.

The Russian, Polish, and Zeal of wraps and mantle, which have so distinguished the fashionable female during the winter, have lately undergone a considerable metamorphose. Cloth, velvet, and skins are entirely laid aside; and the chinchilli, which has so universally adorned the winter pelisse and mantle, is reserved for the embellishment and comfort of a subsequent season, when its fame

will be more generally disseminated. In compliance with the wishes of some of our Correspondents, we here take occasion to remark, that the above-mentioned little animal (whose coat affords this fur, so eminent for its waving softness and neatness of shade) inhabits the base of some mountains in South America, beyond Buenos Ayres, and has been imported from thence to this country. The chinchilli we presume to be a quadrupede of somewhat recent discovery, for in many of our natural histories we find no mention made of such an animal. From the smallness of the creature we may account for the high price of its skin. We have examined it in its natural state, and find it not much larger than a full grown American squirrel; but the formation of its body more nearly resembles that of a cat; it also has large whiskers like those of that animal.

But to return to the usual subject of remark, from which we have a little digressed; we hasten to inform our fair readers, that pelisses, coats, and mantles, are now invariably composed of shaded, and figured brocade sarsnets, and Chinese silks. The colours so various as to render it difficult to say what is most prevalent. American, or pining green, stone colour, shaded purple, violet, and silver grey, are most eminent amidst a fashionable selection. They are still formed with French gores, sitting close to the figure; plain and unconfined in the back. Those of the lowest construction are styled a Polaise coat and vest — and are what is commonly termed a three-quartered length. The long pelisse is worn quite loose, and is wrapt round the figure in unstudied negligence, by the disposition of the hands. Their most fashionable trimming is silk tufted fringe, or the large link trimming, formed of the same material as the coat, with village bonnets to correspond. We have been favoured (by a female of acknowledged fashion, rank, and beauty) with the sight of a spring habit, comprising much novel elegance. It consisted of a round robe of double sarsnet; its colour a silver brown, and it was formed with a plain long sleeve, of easy fulness, and cut a walking length, sitting high round the neck, and close to the bust. It laced behind, and was ornamented with frogs, of the same colour, on each side of the *bonom à-la-Militaire*. Round the edge of the throat was placed an antique lace, with cuffs of the same. A loose Capuchin cloak converted this habit into the carriage, or walking costume. It was confined on one side of the figure by the attitude of the hand, and on the other it flowed in wav-



ing negligence. It had a deep collar, shaped to sit close round the chin; where it was finished with a scalloped lace in double plaits and united in front of the throat with a large shell brooch of oriental pearl. A wove border of a shell pattern in brocade suiting with the shade of the sarsnet, ornamented the cloak at the edge; and a slouch hat of plain split straw, of the finest texture, with a Brussels lace veil, reaching a little below the chin, completed this chaste, and superior habit. Rich French silk scarfs, Cassimere, and Angola shawls, with Opera mantles of white satin, trimmed with Angolafringe rank high amidst the fashionable variety.

Straw hats of divers forms are now offered as an appropriate spring covering; those of the small Yeoman form, with the sloch and fancy gipsy, are considered at present most genteel. They are sometimes ornamented with wreaths of spring flowers, simply and tastefully disposed; or with ribband figured sarsnet bonnets, corresponding with the coat or mantle, appear on females of unquestionable taste and celebrity. They are chiefly of the French poke, and Scottish form, ornamented with lace puttings of ribband. These bonnets (like the little French caps which distinguish the morning, or half-dress), are cut so as to display the ears, and sit close to the roots of the hair behind. In full dress the hair still preserves the antique style; ornamented with *Chapeaux de fleurs*,—and the Anne Boleyn cap of black lace, tamboured in shaded green silk, or chenille. Corbets of gold filigree, formed in a cluster of shells, and fastened behind with the new and elegant Persian pin, shine most conspicuous amidst a drawing-room diversity. The Brazilian coil, of bright amber tissue, wrought in small checks of silver, and ornamented with large cut silver beads, is an head-dress at once *novque* and splendid.

The twisted necklace, of pearl, beads, and gold, blended in tasteful contrast, are much in esteem: we have seen some of purple beads linked, or twisted with gold, some of garnets, and others of the emerald shade. Maltese amulets are more general than ever. The most fashionable construction for gowns is, high in

lace. Trains are again become visible in full dress, but are still of the moderate order; and the long sleeve, set in from the shoulder, also forms a part of this costume. But we observe many females to whom nature has given an arm fair, and beautifully moulded, still persevere in the short sleeve, which best displays them to advantage.

Coloured robes of buff, or azure, formed of sarsnet, or lustre, are selected for the season. White muslin, or Italian crape round dresses, painted, or tamboured up the front, and round the bottom, in a border of the scarlet geranium (the leaf and flower tastefully entwined), forms a most beautiful garment. But though white robes will necessarily regain a portion of popularity as the summer advances, yet it appears that coloured dresses of various constructions, will obtain the most novel and fashionable distinction. Morning, or breakfast wraps, are now made without a cape; to sit so high round the throat as to meet the roots of the hair behind; they are usually bordered entirely round with needle work. With these wraps, (and also with the caland jacket of fashionable notoriety) are worn high drawn ruffs of muslin edged with a narrow vandyk scalloped lace. These frills are sometimes attached to the embroidered habit-shirt—which last mentioned useful article is now formed in a more fanciful manner than we can find time to delineate.

In the article of shoes, we remark coloured kid to prevail over jean; in full dress, figured silk, and plain satin, are most in esteem; for undress, brown, purple, and buff kid are more appropriate.

Gloves are generally guided by the taste of the several wearers; but white and blossom kid, for full dress, with York tan and Limerick, for the morning habit, must ever be considered an appropriate adoption.

The most fashionable colours for the season are pale olive, stone colour, American, or spring green, and jonquille. Sarsnets of agreeably contrasted shades will, it is thought, be much in request during the summer season.

### THE DESERTED WIFE.

LETTER FROM A DESERTED WIFE IN AMERICA, TO A FAITHLESS HUSBAND.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND,—I who had expected your return from Duope with painful anxiety—who had counted the slow hours which parted you from me—think how I was shocked at hearing you would return no more, and that you had settled with a mistress in a distant state. It was for your sake that I lamented. You went against my earnest entreaties; but it was with a desire which I thought sincere, to provide a genteel maintenance for your little ones, whom you said you could not bear to see brought up in the evils of poverty. I might now lament the disap-

pointment, in not sharing the riches which I hear you have amassed, but I scorn it—What are riches compared to the delight of sincere affection? I deplore the loss of your love, I deplore the frailty which has involved you in error, and wif, I am sure, as such mistaken conduct must, terminate in misery. But I mean not to remonstrate. It is, alas! too late; I only write to acquaint you with the health, and some other circumstances, of myself and those little ones whom you once loved.

“The house you left us in could not be supported without an expence which the little sum you left behind could not long supply. I have relinquished it, and have retired to a neat little cottage, thirty miles from town. We make no pretensions to elegance; but we live in great neatness, and, by strict economy, supply our moderate wants with as much comfort as our desolate situation will allow. Your presence, my love, would make the little cottage a palace.

“Poor Emily, who has grown a fine girl, has been working a pair of ruffles for you; and as she sits by my side, often repeats with a sigh,—“When will my dear Papa return?” The others are constantly asking me the same questions; and little Henry, as soon as he began to talk, learned to lisp in the first syllables he ever uttered,—“When will Papa come home?” Sweet fellow! he is now sitting on his stool at my side, and as he sees me drop a tear, asks me why I weep, for Papa will come home soon. He and his two brothers are frequently riding on your walking-cane, and take particular delight in it because it is Papa’s.

“I do assure you I never open my lips to them on the cause of your absence; but I cannot prevail on myself to bid them cease to ask when you will return, though the question frequently extorts a tear (which I hide in a smile), and wrings my soul, while I suffer in silence. I have taught them to mention you with the greatest adour of affection in their morning and evening prayers, and they always add of themselves a petition for your speedy return.

“I spend my time in giving them the little instruction I am able. I cannot afford to place them at any eminent school, and do not choose that they should acquire meanness and vulgarity at a low one. As to English, they read alternately, three hours every morning, the most celebrated poets and prose writers; and they can write, though not an elegant, yet a very plain and legible hand.

“Do not, my dear, imagine that the employment is irksome; it affords me a sweet consolation in your absence. Indeed, if it were not for the little ones I am afraid I should not support it. I think it will be a satisfaction to you to hear that by retrenching our wants and expences, we are enabled to pay for every thing we buy; and though poor, we are not unhappy from the want of any necessary.

“Pardon my interrupting you; I mean to give you satisfaction—Though I am deeply injured by your error, I am not resentful. I wish you all the happiness you are capable of and am your once loved, and still affectionate

“EMILIA.

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Well's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1808.

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

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2. The CONQUEST, by R. SMIRKE, Esq. R.A.
3. FIVE WHOLE LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON.
4. A new DANCE and WALTZ, composed expressly and exclusively for this Work, by M. LANZA.
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HER MAJESTY

Bell's  
COURT AND FASHIONABLE  
MAGAZINE,

For APRIL, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES  
OF  
ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

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The *Fortieth* Number.

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THE MOST NOBLE THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND

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ANNE, Marchioness Townshend, is the youngest daughter of William Montgomery, Esq. afterwards created a Baronet. Her family was originally Scotch, though settled in Ireland. Her first acquaintance with the noble Marquis her husband, arose when his Lordship held the high office of Viceroy of Ireland. It was there that he first beheld Miss Montgomery, and became enamoured of her; his attachment was speedily followed by an offer of his hand, and he married her, May 19, 1773.

In an early part of this Work we took occasion to submit to our readers some biographical particulars respecting the Marchioness Townshend, and to pay a sincere homage to those virtues which diffuse a brighter lustre over the possessor than beauty, rank, wealth, or honours.\*

It would consequently be unnecessary to repeat here the facts recorded in our first Volume; we have therefore only to notice the change that has taken place in the condition of the Marchioness, who, last year, became a widow by the death of her venerable husband, and her recent resignation of the office of Mistress of the Robes to the Princess of Wales, which she had held ever since the formation of her Royal Highness's household.

Her Ladyship has a numerous and most beautiful family. Anne, the eldest child, was born, Feb. 1, 1775, married to Harrington Hudson, Esq.; Charlotte, born March 17, 1776, married August 9, 1797, to his Grace the Duke of Leeds; Honoria Maria, born July 6, 1777; William, born September 3, 1778; Harriet, born April 20, 1782; James Nugent Boyle Bernardo, born September 11, 1785.

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\* See Vol. I. p. 16.

## THE DUCHESS OF WEIMAR.

"AMONG the few distinguished persons who have retained the elevation of the ancient German character, is Louisa, reigning Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, and daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt. Her consort, as is well known, was one of the Generals of the King of Prussia, in the ever memorable campaign of 1806. When the allied armies collected themselves in the little territory of the Duke, where it was resolved to wait the arrival of the French; when it was determined to hazard the battle, which was to decide the fate of all Germany, in the vicinity of Weimar, the Duchess resolved to abide in her residence. The venerable Duchess Dowager, the sister of the Duke of Brunswick, and the hereditary Prince of Weimar, with his consort, the sister of the Emperor Alexander, retreated precipitately to Brunswick; but the Duchess, even after the fatal issue of the battle of Jena was foreseen, retired within the walls of her palace, and waited the event with calmness and resignation. She had assembled round her the ladies of her Court, and generously offered an asylum to the English, whose situation was then so perilous. Her amiable friend Miss Gore, with her aged parent, (since deceased), and Mr. Osborne, a gentleman who formerly filled a diplomatic character in several of the Continental Courts, were among the select party whom the Duchess collected together in a wing of the Castle, while the state apartments were opened for the reception of the unwelcome and terrible guest. During the awful path of October, the Duchess and her friends were amazed in their recess, and had no nourishment but a few cakes of chocolate found by accident. When the fortunes of the day began to be decided (and that took place early in the morning), the Prussians retreated, through the town, were pursued by the French, and slaughtered in the streets. Some of the inhabitants were murdered, and a general plunder began. In the evening the Conqueror approached and entered to possess the Duke, now become his own, by the *virtu* of conquest. It was then that the Duchess left her apartment, and seizing the moment of his exit from the hall, placed herself on the top of the case, to greet him with the formality of a courtly reception. Napoleon started when he beheld her: "*Qui êtes vous?*" (Who are you?) he exclaimed with his characteristic abruptness

"*Je suis la Duchesse de Weimar* (I am the Duchess of Weimar)." "*Je vous plains*," he retorted fiercely, "*Je cruserai votre mari* (I pity you, I shall crush your husband)." He then added, "I shall dine in my apartment," and rushed by her.

She sent her Chamberlain early on the following morning to enquire concerning the health of his Majesty the Emperor, and to solicit an audience. The morning dreams of Napoleon had possibly soothed his mind to gentleness, or he recollected that he was Monarch, as well as General, and could not refuse what the Emperor owed to the Duchess: he accordingly returned a gracious answer, and invited himself to breakfast with her in her apartment.

On his entrance, he began instantly with an interrogative. "How could your husband, Madame, be so mad as to make war against me?" "Your Majesty would have despised him if he had not," was the dignified answer he received. "How so?" he hastily replied. The Duchess slowly and deliberately rejoined, "My husband has been in the service of the King of Prussia upwards of thirty years, and surely it was not at the moment that the King had so mighty an enemy as your Majesty to contend with that the Duke could abandon him." A reply so admirable, which asserted so powerfully the honour of the speaker, and yet concluded the vanity of the adversary, was irresistible. Bonaparte became at once more mild, and exclaimed, "Madam, you are the most estimable woman I ever knew—*vous* have saved my husband!" Yet he could not forget to avow his own passion with her; for reiterating his assurances of esteem, he added, "*Je ne puis, sans vous, être un bon soldat*," (*I cannot, without you, be a good soldier*). The Duchess to this made no reply; but seizing the proper moment, interceded successfully for her surviving people. Napoleon declared that the plundering should cease, and afterwards ordered that Mr. Osborne, who had in the mean while been arrested, should be released.

When the treaty, which secured the nominal independence of Weimar, was presented by a French General, to the Duke, he refused to take it into his own hands, saying, with more than gallantry, "Give it to my wife." The Emperor intended it for her."



## THE ARTIST.

No. IV.

*• Including the Lives of living and deceased Painters, collected from authentic sources,—accompanied with OUTLINE DRAWINGS of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Continued from Page 111.]

From the revenues arising from the Exhibitions, united to the bounty of his Majesty in making good any deficiencies in the current charges, the Academy found itself sufficient, in a less period than five years, to decline trespassing any longer upon the royal purse. It was now enabled, not only to subsist upon its own resources, and the regular receipts of its annual exhibitions, but to lay the basis of a charitable fund for the purposes of professional benevolence.

Such was the state of the Academy for upwards of fifteen years, under the Presidency of Sir Joshua Reynolds; during which period the utmost friendship and harmony, with respect to the general conduct of the institution, prevailed among the Academicians; and the sure effects of this domestic tranquillity were experienced in the rising estimation and prosperity of the Society. The office of President was thus rendered no less flattering to the fame, than acceptable to the private feelings of Sir Joshua, but the death of many of the first members, and the introduction of new ones, produced in a few years, a visible difference with respect to the tranquillity of the society, and the office of President; and so disturbed was the situation of Sir Joshua, and embarrassed the general arrangement of the Academy, that he was induced to resign the chair.

The good sense of the Academy prevailed, a deputation was sent to invite him to resume the chair, with whose solicitations he complied.

The Academy continuing to increase in prosperity with the general advancement of the arts, and the estimation of the institution rising in the public opinion, an influence which had its source in a dictatorial power which the constitution of the Academy had vested in the Treasurer, Sir Wm. Chambers,

began to make its appearance; which so much disturbed the latter years of Sir Joshua's presidency, that had not death put an end to it, it was his fixed determination to have resigned.

Sir Joshua's demise took place in the year 1791; but a few weeks previous to it, finding his health decline, he appointed Mr. West to take the chair, as his deputy; and to present, to the General Assembly his letter of resignation; upon this, Mr. West was appointed Chairman for conducting the business of the Academy, till another President should be elected.

It thus appears that this gentleman was regarded by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the general body of the Academicians, as the worthy successor to the chair. Indeed, throughout the procession, there was but one voice upon this subject.

In order to form a just estimate of the state of improvement at which Mr. West has introduced into his profession, it is necessary to take a concise view of historical painting, by British Masters, previous to the year 1791, when he came to this country.

It had been the practice of many of our British sovereigns, in consulting the necessary dignity and ornament of their courts, and perhaps from some love of the art itself, however originating in pride, to narrow and pre-vented, to invite into the kingdom foreign artists of distinguished reputation, in order to supply the defect of native talent; which was not at that time considered to have proceeded from what has been since prized its only source,—the want of domestic patronage. Nevertheless, whatever might be the temptation to the foreign artist, or the taste and liberality of the monarch, it is certain that the first attempt to do any thing allied to excellence

in the historical line, were made by Sir James Thornhill, a native artist, in the reign of Queen Anne.

Sir James Thornhill was a man of undoubted talent, and of a sufficiency of taste and knowledge in historical compositions, to meet the full demand of the age in which he lived. His paintings on ceilings, and his architectural deceptions, form the body of works from which he is to be estimated.

Such, however, was the taste in art which prevailed during his time, not only in England, but throughout Europe. It was this taste which turned the talents of the artists toward the readiest and most accommodating means of satisfying it; and hence arose those clumsy allegories, and still harsher personifications, which took their course through most of the compositions of that day; and to which we are indebted for having in personal form and shape, the Cardinal Virtues, and many other of the abstract qualities of mind and body. Whilst a phrenzy of this kind prevailed, it is no matter of surprise that the art should be gradually reduced, till it became at length almost the humble handmaid of the mason and the plasterer, and was chiefly employed in the decoration of the external walls of houses, with subjects of the same sort which had before occupied the interior. Indeed, at this period, legendary subjects and allegories seemed to be the only remaining employment of the historical pencil throughout Europe.

In succession to Sir James Thornhill, Hogarth appeared. It was the peculiar talent of this great painter, to seize upon the vices of human nature, and to chastise them, not with the light and gentle hand of ridicule, under which (as a great writer has observed,) they are more apt, like Norway pines, to shoot up with a quicker growth, and flourish with a more expanded luxuriance; but to punish them with the sternness and just indignation of which humour was the least laboured and least ostensible feature, to derive a grand and extensive moral, applicable to those scenes of life which he had chosen as the subjects of his pencil. Such was the talent of Hogarth, and whilst we confess his pre-eminence in this province of art, justice compels us to say, that his few attempts at his own have no tendency to extend the dominion of his genius beyond it.

To Hogarth succeeded Hayman, whose works, produced under the patronage of Tyers, at Vauxhall, and several compositions for books,—such as his *Don Quixotte*, and *English Poets*, are well known to the public.

Hayman was a man of genius, and his works are creditable to himself and the age in which he lived; but the world has long been contented to assign them any other merit than that which belongs to works of history.

Such was the state of historical painting, not only in England, but throughout Europe, when Mr West's pencil first attracted the attention of the public, in his picture of Agrippina standing at Brundisium with the ashes of Germanicus; his Regulus departing from Rome; his Hannibal swearing eternal Enmity to the Roman Name; his Death of Epaminondas; his Death of Chevalier Bayard; his Penn's Treaty with the Indians; and his Death of General Wolfe. These subjects of historical facts, which express the dignity of human actions, and the just representations of nature under the most awful and interesting events of life;—these subjects, in which the loftier virtues of patriotism, fortitude, and justice, are seen embodied in real agents, and brought forth in scenes of positive existence, in which likewise the milder virtues of conjugal fidelity and social philanthropy, and all those qualities which elevate the human being, and bring him forward in the just dignity of his nature, and grandeur of his mind,—these subjects, which form the compositions of the pictures above enumerated, were reserved for the pencil of this distinguished artist, and must ever be considered as forming the era of that taste and national advancement in the perception of the excellencies of the historical pencil, which commenced with Mr. West's appearance in his profession.

The unrivalled prints from these subjects, by Woollett and others, spread a knowledge of them through the civilized world, at a price never before experienced in art; and they not only became the pride of this nation, but laid the basis of a purer taste, and became the origin of historical works of corresponding dignity, throughout all the kingdoms of Europe,—a circumstance which has so justly given to this artist, in Italy, France, and Germany, the appellation of the “Reviver of Historical Painting,” which has been repeatedly declared by their numerous academies. The success attending these prints gave rise to those numerous speculations which produced so many national collections, under the names of the *Shakespeare*, the *Poets*, and the *Historical Galleries*.

The above-mentioned pictures, together with the *Life of Edward the Third*, in the King's Presence Chamber at Windsor; the designs for the windows of the Collegiate Church from the New Testament; with Mr.

West's other works in the cathedrals of Rochester, Winchester, St. Stephen's, Walbrook; in King's College chapel, Cambridge; and in the chapel of Greenwich Hospital,—these, with many others of his large pictures, together with the subjects from revealed religion, for his Majesty's chapel at Windsor, were produced prior to his being called to the chair, on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1791.

From this slight review of the works of Mr. West prior to this period, it is no matter of surprise that the members of the Royal Academy should unanimously have voted him to fill the chair of the Academy in succession to Sir Joshua Reynolds, not only as one of the four artists who, under the sanction of his Majesty, had first founded the Royal Academy, but as one who, by the efforts of his pencil, had ever laboured to support the higher department of art at all their annual exhibitions.

Without any particular view to personal reputation in filling the chair of the Institution, it was the ambition of Mr. West to consider the station he occupied, as one only of the means by which the love of the arts might be cherished and extended in the country, coupled with the elevation of the character of the artist, and the improvement of his general condition.

It was to these views, abstracted from all other considerations, that he directed his attention; and it is for the public to decide,

in a long course of professional life, that which formed the uncommittal object of his ambition and industry, has been crowned with any thing of success.

We have before hinted at some differences which existed between Sir Joshua Reynolds and the then Treasurer of the Academy, Sir William Chambers. Upon Mr. West's succeeding to the chair, the first object of his attention was the finances of the Society, which he found in a state of unexpected derangement. These funds, indeed, at the commencement of the Institution had been very loosely and insufficiently guarded. The custom had been to invest them in the Bank of England, in the names of the President, the Treasurer, and Secretary, without providing any particular auditorship, or general trust, in the body of the Academy itself. This, to say no more, was exposing the funds of the Academy to danger, or at least to a temptation to abuse them; but it so occurred, that almost upon Mr. West's becoming President, by the death of the Treasurer and the withdrawing of the Secretary, the whole funds and personal wealth of the Academy became invested solely in his name, and stood thus, with his uncontrollable power

of disposition over them, in the books of the Bank of England. Under, therefore, to remedy this so unprecedented and dangerous consequence in any single officer, Mr. West, in conjunction with the Council, submitted to the Academy a new plan for the disposition and security of their funds, by recommending the following propositions:—

1st. That auditors should be chosen to review and check the accounts from the commencement of the Institution, and ascertain the precise state of the funds.

2d. That the General Assembly should appoint perpetual Auditors, to be renewed by annual election, and, in order to secure the funds more effectually, that a Trustee, chosen by the Assembly, should be joined with the President, the Treasurer, and the Secretary; and that the property should be invested in the name of the Academy, as their corporate fund.

As these funds had accumulated from the receipts of the Exhibitions, after defraying the regular expenses of the Academy, it became highly necessary, in order to keep up their productiveness and increase their amount, that a series of splendid Exhibitions should become a constant source of public attraction, and that the fame of the artist should be invited to go hand in hand with the prosperity of the Society. Mr. West directed his views to this object, and, whilst he continued indefatigable in his own exertions, he cherished, with the most ardent zeal, and provoked, by all the incentives in his power, as well by personal instruction as by constant supervision, the juvenile pencils of the Academy. From these meritorious labours, and from other concurrent causes, the fame and popularity of the several Exhibitions were increased beyond what had hitherto been their lot, and the receipts became proportionate to the public attraction. The finances of the Academy becoming thus largely on the increase, it was resolved to establish two funds,—one, limited to the Institution, for the purpose of its regular disbursements, to be called the Academical Fund; the other, for the purpose of giving assistance to the aged and decayed artists, their widows, and children, to be called the Donation Fund.

This fund is at the present day capable of affording considerable relief to its reduced members. To this fund, moreover, the savings of the Academy are appropriated, in order to extend its operations, and lay a basis of larger benevolence.

[To be continued.]

## DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

## THE CONQUEST.

BY P. SMURK, ESQ. R. A.

THE leading idea of this pleasing composition is taken from a French Poet's "Fable," in which Lady Pentameter is found sitting for her portrait to Mr. Chatterbox, the fashionable face-painter of the day.

The humour of the picture is intended to expose the egotistical vanity of the lady, and to exhibit that successful practice of artifice in the painter, by which the public became a dupe to an impostor,—by which artifice and fraud debauched the principles of judgment, and corrupted the taste of the age. The action of Foote was principally of a satirical nature, seasoned with somewhat of the usual malice of his character. Mr. Smurk, however, in the composition now before us, has no view to satire and ridicule, any further than as they apply to general follies, and to the exposure of character, not so much but taken, without invidious preference or distinction, from the general mass.

The composition consists of three figures forming one group, the principal character of which is the lady sitting for her portrait.—This figure is conceived and treated with the most exquisite powers of humour,—her round, puffy form, her unwieldy figure, trucked out in all the tasteless ornaments of an absurd conceit, her vulgar vanity, her magisterial air, her gross affectation, and, above all, her unconquerable termagancy, are rendered with the most appropriate, chastened, and delicate

humour.—There is nothing forced, or affected in the manner. It is as one might have expected to represent a lady in the extravagance of affectation and vanity.

When we consider, however, that her husband, her parents, and all that are dear to her, are sitting at her elbow—with her favourite dog under her arm, as represented with a power of humour, equally original and refined.—Her dress is equally appropriate; and the character of avowed wealth, and manners, struggling for the patronage of Foote, are powerfully impressed on the figure, of both husband and wife.

The success of the artist, however, has been in nothing else so complete, than in the representation of Mr. Chatterbox. The refinement, and gloss of his appearance, the skininess and slight of his gross simulation, the pretended smile of hypocrisy, the complimentary vanity, the presumption and professional conceit of his talents, are all finely traced out in the delineation of this figure.

The furniture of the waiting room is not neglected; it is crowded with that sort of tawdry, and affected reliques of art, which were the stock-in-trade of this accomplished gentleman.—Indeed we may venture to declare that this composition is unrivalled for that turn of delicate humour, which may be said to constitute the Comedy of the Art.

# LIFE OF GUIDO RENI.

THIS illustrious artist was born at Bologna, in 1575. His father was a musician, and intended to bring up his son to the same profession, but the latter conceiving a strong attachment to painting, he was placed, at an early age, under the tuition of Denis Calvart, a Bolognese painter of great reputation. In his twentieth year he left Calvart, and became a pupil of the Carracci. They soon discovered in him a lofty and ambitious spirit, combined with such superior talents, that it was not long before he excited the jealousy of those great masters. He carefully studied their style, but imitated that of Ludovico, in preference to that of Annibale or Agostino, because the compositions of the former displayed more grandeur and grace than those of the others. He was likewise struck with the surprising effects of the paintings of Caravaggio, and for some time adopted that manner; but the style on which he at length fixed originated in a reflection of Annibale Carracci on the last-mentioned artist. He observed that a contrary method might perhaps more than counterbalance its effects, by substituting for the cold and deadness of flesh, an open, ample flow, by expending delicacy to his softness, and giving to the security of his line, and delicacy to the vigour of his models. These words, which sunk deep in the mind of a man more than his master expected, soon prompted him to try the same. Severity became insupportable; he sought it in design, in touch, and in colour, and finally fixed on a manner peculiar to him only, which was easy, graceful, pure, and elegant, which secured to him the applause of the whole world, and the admiration of posterity, so that he is ranked among the first-rate painters of any age or country since the revival of the art.

All the excellencies of painting seem united in this superior genius; for whether we consider the grand style of his composition, the delicacy of his ideas, the disposition of his objects in general, or the beautiful turn of his female forms, his colouring, or the graceful outlines of the heads, all are admirable and fill the mind with a kind of ecstasy. All subjects indeed were not equally adapted to the genius of Guido, and Mr Fuseli observes that his attitudes seldom elevate themselves to the pure expression and graceful simplicity of the face: the grace of Guido is the grace of theatres. The mode, not the motive, determines the action. His Magdalens weep to be seen; his

Hero throws herself upon the body of Leander, Herodias holds the head of her victim, and his Lancers stab themselves with the stunted arms and postures of Turkish heroes. It would, however, be manifest to allow that there are many exceptions to this censure in the works of Guido. His Helen departing with Paris, is a performance of which alone would atone for every blemish. In her divine face the sublime purity of Minerva is mingled with the charms of Venus; the war, the mother, indeed, the way to the lover, but diffuse a soft melancholy which tempers her severity with dignity. This expression is supported by the careless and unconcealed elegance of her attitude, while that of Paris, stately, courteous, insipid, gives her more the air of an ambassador attending her by proxy, than of a lover carrying her off for himself. His male forms more generally are little more than transcripts of such models as are to be found in a rural climate, sometimes characterized by juvenile grace and vigorous manhood, but seldom elevated to ideal beauty. The tender, the pathetic, the devout, in which he could manifest the sweetness and the delicacy of his thoughts, were the qualities in which he particularly excelled; these distinguished him from every other painter, and almost gave him a pre-eminence.

In expressing the different parts of the body, he had a remarkable peculiarity; for he usually designed the eyes of his figures large, the mouth small, the torso rather coolly composed, and without any great variety, though that was not occasioned by any want of skill, but out of choice, and to avoid imitation. The heads of his figures are accounted not inferior to those of Raphael, either for correctness of design, or an engaging propriety of expression; and De Piles very justly observes, that the merit of Guido consisted in that moving and persuasive beauty, which did not so much proceed from a regularity of features as from a lovely air which he gave to the mouth, with a peculiar modesty, which he had the art to place in the eye.

The draperies of Guido are always disposed with large folds, in the grand style, and contrived with singular judgment to fill up the void spaces, free from stiffness or affectation, noble and elegant. Though he did not understand the principles of the *chiaro-scuro*, yet he sometimes practised it through a felicity of genius. His pencil was light, and his touch

free, but very delicate, and although he took great pains to labour his pictures highly, yet, it is said, he generally gave some free and bold strokes to his work, in order to conceal the toil and time he had bestowed upon it. His colouring is often astonishingly clean and pure; but sometimes also, his pictures, and more especially those of his latter time, have a greyish cast, which can be traced to a livid colour, and his shadows partake of the green. But his works have ever been a secret admirer through and through, and this day continue to increase in value and esteem.

Many of his later performances are not to be placed in competition with those which he painted before he was fully filled to distressing circumstances, in consequence of an inveterate love of gaming. Though he seems to have been helped upon him by several drunken boys, and richly rewarded in a trifling recompense, his extraordinary talents, yet, necessity sometimes compelled him to work for an immediate reward, which he attained in the following manner:—in a more slight and negligent manner, without any attention to his honour or his fame.

In the church of St. Philip Neri, at Fano, there is a most admirable picture by Guido, representing Christ delivering the keys to St. Peter. The head of our Saviour is exceedingly fine,

that of St. John admirable, and the other apostles are in a grand style, full of elegance, with a strong expression, and it is well preserved. In the archiepiscopal gallery at Milan is a St. John, wonderfully tender in the colouring, and the graces diffused through the design excites the admiration of every beholder. At Bologna, in the Palazzo Farnese, is a most beautiful picture of the Virgin, the infant Jesus, and St. John, in which the heads are exquisitely graceful, and the draperies in a grand style. But in the Palazzo Zampieri is preserved one of the most capital paintings of Guido, the subject is the penitence of St. Peter, after denying Christ, with one of the apostles apparently comforting him. The figures are as large as life, and the whole is of astonishing beauty, the painter having shewn in that single performance, the art of painting carried to its highest perfection. The heads are nobly designed, the colouring clear, and the expressions invariably just and natural. There is also in the collection of the Earl of Moira, a fine head by Guido, representing Christ crowned with thorns. It has a graceful and affecting expression, and in an amiable style exhibits all the dignity and resignation of the sufferer.

Guido died in the year 1642, at the age of sixty-eight.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

### SUPPLEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY;

#### OR, RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

[Continued from Page 19.]

#### AVALANCHES.

IN the year 1777, a short journey was taken by some English gentlemen from Geneva to the Glaciers in Savoy, and in the account of it, afterwards published by Mr. Weber, one of the company, he says—"the rain that fell at night, occasioned a great thundering noise, by the melting and falling down of the snow from the mountains.

"Avalanches, or vast lumps of snow, are frequently carried off and violently boiled from crag to crag by adverse currents of air in those elevated regions. The snow thus detached, is then hurried down by its own gravity, and

in rolling gathers and increases to such a size, that, in its descent, it has been known to choke up all the passes, often filling whole valleys, and burying the unfortunate passengers under its accumulated mass.

"In the winter of 1767-70, there happened a very frightful fall of snow; when this mass, or immense lavange fell down the mountain, the effect of the pressed air was so terrible that it opened itself a passage through a wood of Beech and fir trees, which covered this declivity, and left not one tree standing in its way. It stopped the course of a little river that runs in the valley of Chamouni, near the foot of

Mont Blanc, overthrew on the other side a great number of trees and demolished many stronger barns than those which remained covered and crushed to pieces by this fall."

"These accidents are sometimes occasioned by the more flying of birds, or the running of chamois.

"During our stay among these glaciers, we were continually stunned with the falls of fragments of ice and snow severed from the adjacent mountains, with a crack resembling a clap of thunder.

#### ELEPHANTS.

In an account of a journey lately performed by three English gentlemen, from Islamabad to Barahcoon, they mention their mode of travelling as follows:—

We proceeded as far as Jallabad in our palanquins, but we here found the creeks so full of water, it being then the rainy season, we were obliged to relinquish that manner of conveyance, and applied to the natives to procure some elephants for us, which in about an hour they brought. Their keeper presented us with some plantains, and informed us that by giving them to the elephants we proposed to ride on, it would secure their friendship during our journey, and make them very careful of us in passing through the woods. We followed their advice and offered the fruits, which were very gratefully accepted by these animals, and they gave us a grand salute, with their trunks bent backwards on the top of their heads, and immediately after laid down, holding one of their legs up in the manner of a step, that we might with greater facility mount on their backs. After riding about eight miles, the elephants, who were to be

were surrounded by swarms of flies and other insect, which began to be very troublesome, which the elephants no sooner observed than each of them with their trunk broke a branch of a tree, and continually kept fanning us with it, so that the flies could no longer annoy us. We were at first afraid that the elephants would shake us from their backs but we soon lost our apprehensions, for they used the greatest precautions not to hurt us, and gently shook the branches over our heads, to keep the flies off, and when they had by thus fanned us, worn the leaves of the branch, they immediately broke a fresh one. We proceeded about four miles farther in the wood, and had not the elephants shown the utmost attention to our situation we must have been bruised and torn by the boughs of the different trees, among which we rode.

Among the elephants which were sent to Madras with troops in the year 1791, under the command of the late Colonel Pears, there was one whose keeper had been at times neglectful of, and had frequently pilfered the drams which were intended for the elephant during his march. Upon every such occasion the elephant discovered evident signs of anger and resentment, as if he was neither insensible of the negligence, nor ignorant of the malpractices of his keeper, but as the noble animal only continued to threaten, the man became wholly unmindful of him and disregarded his threats. One morning the cattle were ordered to be mustered for review, and when the colonel's adjutant officer, in going along the line, passed in front of the elephant, the animal roared out as if he wished to attract his attention, but when the eye of the Colonel was directed to him, he immediately laid hold of his keeper with his proboscis, put him under his feet, and instantly crushed him to death, then fell on his knees and saluted the Colonel, as if to beg his pardon. The singularity of this act induced Colonel Pears to make an immediate inquiry respecting it, when he was informed that the elephant had been forced, contrary to his natural disposition, to inflict this punishment on his keeper, for the incorrigible neglect he had been guilty of, and the frauds he had so long practised on his daily allowance.

#### BULLOCKS.

In the Kingdom of Thibet; (the northern boundary to the Mogul empire,) there is a species of ox, or bullock, different from those of any other country. It is of a larger size than our breed, has short horns, and no neck, and is white, of a silvery appearance, but its chief singularity is its tail, which spreads out, broad and long, with flowing hairs like those of the tail of a beautiful mare, but much finer, even far more glossy. Two animals of this breed were sent to Mr Hastings, in 1776, but they died before they reached Calcutta. These tails sell very high, and are used, mounted on silver handles, as brushes to chase away the mosquitos, and no man of consequence, in India, Persia, and other kingdoms of the East ever goes out, or sits in town at home, without two or three of these, or brushes, attending him, with such instruments in their hands.

We have just received a letter from Stafford, which mentions that when the foster-parents

of the young cuckoo find themselves unable to supply the voracious appetite of their nursing, they procure the assistance of their neighbours of the same kind. It has been seen that one of these birds has been occasionally fed by above twenty titlarks. A pair of wagtails that had a young cuckoo, were observed for five days, and it was seen that only one pair were employed during the greatest part of the day; but early in the morning, and in the evening, from forty to fifty wagtails were counted, all employed in bringing food; no doubt all these birds had families of their own to provide for, yet charitably spared something every day for a distressed neighbour.

## THE HUSBAND AND HIS TWO WIVES

When a holy zeal to drive the infidels from Palestine, had seized all Europe, and the pious knights, bearing the badge of the cross, repaired in crowds to the east, Gleichen, a German Count also left his native land, and with his friends and countrymen went to Asia. Without describing his great and heroic achievements, suffice it to say, that the bravest knights of Christendom admired his prowess; but it pleased heaven to try the hero's faith. Count Gleichen was made prisoner by the Infidels, and became the slave to a Muhammedan of distinction, who entrusted his gardens to Gleichen's care.

The unfortunate Count was now employed in watering violets and blue-bells, lilacs and roses. The hero long endured the horrors of captivity; but all his sighs and vows would have been ineffectual, if a fair Saracen, his master's lovely daughter, had not begun to regard him with looks of the tenderest affection. Often, concealed beneath the veil of night, did she listen to his melancholy songs—often did she see him weep whilst praying, and her beauteous eyes were likewise suffused in tears. Modesty, the peculiar virtue of a youthful female heart, long prevented her from declaring her passion, or from intimating in any manner to the slave, how deeply she sympathized in his sorrows. At length the spark kindled into a flame, shame was silenced, and love could no longer be concealed in her heart, but poured in fiery torrents from her mouth into the soul of the astonished Count. Her angelic innocence, her blooming beauty, and the idea, that by her means he might perhaps be able to obtain his liberty—did this make such a powerful impression on his mind, that he forgot his wife. He swore eternal love to the beauteous Saracen, on condition that she

would agree to leave her father and native land and fly with him to Europe. Ah! she had already forgotten her father and her country. The Count was her all. She hastened away, brought a key, opened a private door leading to the fields, and fled with her beloved. The silence of night, which covered them with her sable mantle, favoured their flight. They arrived safely in the country of the Count. His vassals joyfully greeted their lord and father, whom they had given up for lost, and with looks of curiosity beheld his companion, whose face was concealed beneath a veil. On their arrival at the castle the Countess rushed into his embrace. "My dear wife," said he, "for the pleasure of seeing me again, you have to thank her" pointing to his deliverer; "she has, for my sake, left her father and her native land." The Count covered his streaming eyes with his hands. The beautiful Saracen dropped her veil; and, throwing herself at the feet of the Countess, exclaimed "I am thy vassal!" "Thou art my sister," replied the Countess, raising and embracing her. "My husband shall be thine also; we will share his heart." The Count, astonished at the magnanimity of his wife, pressed her to his heart; all three were united in one embrace, and they vowed to love each other till death. Heaven blessed this threefold union, and the Pope himself confirmed it. The Count's habitation was the abode of peace and happiness, and he, with his two faithful wives, were after their death laid in one grave in the church of the Benedictine convent at Erfurt. It is covered with a large stone, on which the chisel of sensibility has represented them. Their tomb is still shewn by the monks, to the inquisitive traveller.



## THE LADIES' TOILETTE OR, ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 135]

## CHAP. XVI.

*Of the softening off the beauty of the skin by the choice of Colours.*

WE have seen in the preceding Chapters, what care it is necessary to bestow on the skin in order to embellish it, or to preserve its beauty; but it is not sufficient for the skin to be actually beautiful, it must likewise appear so: due ought to heighten its lustre, or to disguise its want of that quality, when rather to be hid. This object is attained by the selection of colours employed in dress. These colours, when ill assorted, may totally eclipse the charms of the most beautiful complexion; when used with taste they may, on the contrary, enhance the attractions of a very inferior complexion. It is thus that a skilful painter softens his figures by the colour of the grounds of his pictures; and if the choice of colours for these grounds is considered as a circumstance of the highest importance in painting, it may likewise be affirmed that the selection of colours for dress is largely essential for the exhibition of beauty in its full lustre. Couperin, a French painter and poet, has justly observed,

*Les couleurs de douces sympathies  
Qu'un art divin doctement assorties,  
Savent charmer les yeux d'autant d'accords  
Touchans.*

*Que l'oreille ravie en offrait les beaux  
Charmes.*

It is then from the adaptation of colours that this enchanting harmony and perfect concordance which charms the eye, ought to be derived.

If a colour appear beautiful in itself, that is not a sufficient reason why it should be made use of in dress, or adopted by all women. Any colour whatever may be adapted to certain persons, and be injurious to the beauty of many others. It is therefore necessary to chuse not the colour adopted by a tyrannical custom, but that which best suits the complexion, and agrees best with the other articles of dress with which it is intended to be worn.

It can scarcely be conceived how much the colour of a robe, or of a shawl, may heighten or destroy the beauty of a complexion, and how much the sex in general neglect so important a circumstance. Is white in fashion?

all deers in white; is it black? they all exchange their white for that colour. Are yellow ribbons in vogue? all the women will wear them, and that without consulting either their own colour or complexion; it matters not to them, whether they appear brown or pale, black or sunburnt, plain or handsome, or whether they have an engaging or repulsive countenance. Every consideration must yield to the fashion of the day; the great point is to be in the fashion; and to this tyrant of taste all advantages are sacrificed, women no longer consult their figure but the whim of the moment.

It is, nevertheless, true, that nothing contributes in a more particular manner to heighten the beauty of the skin than the choice of colours. Thus, to confine myself to general examples, females of fair complexion ought to wear the purest white; they should wear light and brilliant colours, such as rose, azure, light-yellow, &c. These colours heighten the lustre of their complexion, which, if accompanied with darker colours would frequently have the appearance of plaster, without life and without expression. On the contrary, women of a dark complexion who dress in the above-mentioned colours, as we too frequently see them do, cause their skin to appear black, dull, and tanned; they ought therefore to avoid wearing linen or laces of too brilliant a white: they ought to avoid white robes, rose-coloured or light-blue ribbons, which form too disagreeable a contrast with their carnation; and if females of this description chance to be near a fair woman, they will scarcely be able to endure a neighbourhood so unpleasant. Let such persons, on the contrary, dress in colours which are best suited to them; of these I shall mention, in particular, green, violet, puce, blue, purple, &c. Let such women, I say, dress in colours which are so perfectly adapted to them, and then that darkness, which was only the effect of too harsh a contrast, will suddenly disappear, as if by enchantment: their complexion will become lively, animated, and will exhibit such charms as shall dispute, and even bear away the palm from the fairest of the fair. In

a word, the fair cannot be too careful to correct by light colours the paleness of their complexions, and dark women, by stronger colours, the somewhat yellow tint of their carnation.

Women of every complexion ought to pay attention to the use of colours. Azure is best suited to a pale tint, and the tender colour of the queen of flowers, perfectly harmonized with the roses of the face; but if the cheeks display rather too lively a carnation, then, sprightly shepherdess, chuse the beautiful livery of nature, and by this happy combination we shall be reminded of the charming Adonis,\* whose elegant foliage is crowned with glowing vermillion.

Women should not only adopt such colours as are suited to their complexion, but they ought likewise to take care that the different colours which they admit in the various parts of their dress, agree perfectly together. It is in this that we distinguish women of taste; but how many are there that appear to pay no attention to this essential point! I meet every day, for instance, women who have a rose-coloured hat and a crimson shawl. Nothing is more harsh than the contrast of two colours of the same kind. If to these be added, as I have sometimes observed, a light-blue robe, the caricature is complete. It would be too long to enter into a detail of the colours which perfectly agree; for this it would be necessary to discuss the nature of colours, their harmony, their oppositions, &c. which would be too serious for a work like the present.

I must not omit a very important observation respecting the change of colours by the light. A female may be dressed with exquisite taste, and appear charming in the day time; but, at night, the effect is totally different, and this enchanting dress is quite eclipsed at the theatre or at the ball. Another is charming at night; her taste is extolled. Delighted with the praises, she resolves to shew herself abroad, and her toilette is detestable. To what is this owing?—To the choice, or the assortment of colours.

Thus crimson is extremely handsome at night, when it may be substituted for rose-colour which loses its charms by candle-light; but this crimson seen by day, spoils the most beautiful complexion; no colour whatever strips it so completely of all its attractions. Pale-yellow, on the contrary, is often very handsome by day, and is perfectly suited to persons who have a fine carnation; but, at night, it

appears dirty, and tarnishes the lustre of the complexion to which it is designed to add brilliancy. I could adduce many other examples, but it would be difficult to specify all the particular cases; for all these effects depend on different circumstances, as we have already seen; for instance, on the complexion of women, on the greater or less vivacity of their carnation, on their stature, on the other colours employed in their dress, &c. I say, on the other colours employed in their dress, and insist on this remark; for any particular colour, which alone, or assorted with other suitable colours, would appear pleasing, is sometimes rendered ridiculous, unbecoming, or ungraceful by the contrast with others. Thus sometimes a female who yesterday appeared charming with a hat in an elegant taste, discovers to-day that she is no longer the same, though she has not changed her head-dress. The metamorphosis astonishes her; she finds fault alternately with her hat and her figure. But, my dear madam, neither your hat nor your figure is at all to blame, they have not undergone the least change. But why did I look so well yesterday?—Yesterday, madam, the colour of your dress perfectly agreed with that of your hat; to-day a new dress forms a contrast so harsh as to produce, if I may so express myself, an optical dissonance, as disagreeable to the eye as a false chord in music is to the ear. Put on the dress you yesterday wore, and cease to blame your hat or your charms, neither of which can be in fault.

It is this perfect adaptation of all the parts of dress, this harmonious choice of well assorted colours, that are the peculiar characteristics of women of refined taste; habituated to dress with propriety, they necessarily possess that delicacy of feeling and exquisite sense, which admits nothing discordant.

But as I have treated of colours, why should I not say something concerning flowers, which exhibit them in the most brilliant variety. Are not flowers the most natural ornament of beauty? Is it not nature herself that still farther embellishes with her gifts the most perfect of her works? Does not she who decorates herself with flowers, find abundant ornaments without having recourse to art? Such were the lovely ornaments of the nymphs celebrated in the Greek mythology. The gentle and modest shepherdess, to use the words of Boileau,

“ Aux plus beaux jours de fête

“ De superbes rubis ne charge point sa tête

*Adonis* or of the *ranunculus* genus.

“ Et sans mêler à l’or l’éclat des diamans,  
 “ Cueille en un champ voisin ses plus beaux  
 ornemens.”

Amiable females, despise not the simple flowers of the field! The proud and opulent woman sometimes rejects with disdain these lovely children of nature; but notwithstanding the contempt of vulgar minds, nature has reserved for the flowers of the fields two charming thrones, the soft turf, and the bosom of the simple shepherdess.

Flowers recal so many pleasing ideas that a handsome woman adds to the illusion which surrounds her, when she admits to her toilette these charming children of spring.

I must not forget to notice in this place a singular whim of fashion. Some time since flowers were banished from dress; women despised the humble dark-blue violet, the sweet pansy so frequently emblematical, and the golden jonquil whose perfume so powerfully affects the senses; they disdained the lily of the valley, and the elegant jessamine, both of which agree so well with the delicate glow of the cheeks, and the scented narcissus whose curved stem seems still to represent the youth enamoured of himself, contemplating his image in the crystal of some limpid stream;

they slighted the tufted anemone, the brilliant ranunculus, the auricula, whose velvet leaves glisten with silver dust, the variegated carnation, the aster, nay, even the rose itself, the image of beauty. But what more charming objects had succeeded the flowers, which, when combined with the dress of the fair, excite such delicious ideas?—Shall I answer this question?—Grass, dog’s grass, barley, wheat, &c. Happily the fashion was not of long duration, and the women returned to flowers, which they ought never to have quitted.

This reminds me of a circumstance of which I was an eye witness, together with many others, and which if it should occur a few times will perhaps prevent the re-adoption of that fashion. I one day met in the street a woman very elegantly dressed; she was passing close to a coach which had stopped at the door of a shop, when one of the horses turned open mouthed towards the lady, as if he was going to devour her. I hastened to her assistance, but when I came up to her my astonishment ceased. Her hat was adorned with a tuft of oats so accurately imitated that the famished animal had probably taken the well stored head-dress of the lady for a moving manger.

[To be Continued.]

## THE MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

[Continued from Page 118.]

“ SUCH a sleepless night as followed that evening, I had never before passed. Ah! my dear friend, nothing renders us so susceptible of an inextinguishable passion as a tumult of sensations, among which we are at a loss to draw the line between love and hatred. In this case, in proportion as hatred subsides love gains strength. But had I any reason for hating the stranger? How could I be offended with a person with whom I was unacquainted? Something, indeed, I had learned concerning him; and if what my brother had told me was not merely an unmanually joke, the man, whom I had in my heart acknowledged that I could love, was not worthy of the slightest emotion of such a sentiment. When I reflected that this account might perhaps be true, I could not suppress feelings of indignation and even of aversion. If, thought I, pursuing these reflections, I have rightly understood my brother, this man is come to solicit my hand; and how can he know its value? As

to my fortune, he may have been informed by my brother of the amount of that. His losses at the gaming table are perhaps to be paid by his future wife. These conjectures, by which I felt myself deeply humbled, made a profound impression on my mind; I was ashamed of myself. With this sensation I fell asleep, but not till day-light. On awaking, some hours afterwards, I was perfectly ready to receive the stranger at breakfast, to which he was invited.

“ My cheerfulness during the repast was such that it could not pass unnoticed. The stranger was already there before I entered the room. I slightly saluted him, joked with the rest, and behaved as if he had not been present. I was however desirous of knowing what impression this change made upon him. That I might have something to say to him, I asked if he was fond of music? This question roused my brother, who replied, that he played on the harp—better than I. We were

immediately called upon to try a sonata together; my guardian supported the proposal, and my hesitation was ascribed to false modesty. Thus was I seated at the harpsichord, arm to arm with the man whom I was persuading myself to hate, and was obliged to perform a part in the same piece with him. From playing we went to singing; we executed an Italian duet in such a style that my guardian, who was better acquainted with music than with the human heart, greeted us with a hearty bravo.

"The stranger staid long, and talked much. More than once I scrutinized him for the purpose of discovering whether there was any truth in what my brother had told me concerning him, and his looks, his words, and whole behaviour gave the die to his report. In the animation with which he spoke he appeared to me still more handsome than the preceding day. When he left us for a few hours to take a ride with my brother, I regretted that my ignorance of the art of riding prevented me from being of the party.

"But I should never have done were I to pursue all the threads of the history of my attachment to this singular man. You may perhaps conceive how much he daily turned upon my affections, and what I felt when I thought I had discovered that I was an object of his continual attention. It was more than probable that he had not come without some reason; and if he were to solicit my hand, what was I to do? He was a Protestant, but of an ancient family, and very rich. My guardian and my brother seemed desirous of forming an alliance with his house. He was not more than twenty-four years old. The extraordinary endowments of his mind could not

but have been the effect of coincidence in sentiments and opinions than between him and me. But, thought I, what does all this signify if his manners are such as my brother describes? My scruples returned; I resolved not to love him till I was sure that he was a better man than my brother reported.

"What resolutions we form when we do not know our own minds! The stranger, who intended to remain with us only three or four days, had already prolonged his stay to eight. More than one *vis-à-vis* had improved our acquaintance; but neither myself, nor any of my friends, was precisely informed of his intentions. What at first excited my curiosity was no longer a secret, but I wanted to know still more. A painter on his travels had seen my portrait at the house of my deceased friend, Francesca, who related to him so much

concerning the original, that he could not rest till he formed an acquaintance with me. With the impression produced by this acquaintance, with the account given him by my friend and my portrait, he prosecuted his travels. From him the stranger had learned what he knew concerning me before he met with my brother, and this it was that inspired him with the idea of accompanying the latter to our house. This solution of the enigma was suddenly flattering to my vanity, but my heart continued unsatisfied.

"The week which we had persuaded our guest to stay with us, instead of the shorter time which he had at first proposed, had now become a fortnight. He went in and out as though he had been one of the family, but instead of debasing himself he grew more gloomy and reserved. At length, as I was one day walking with him, I asked what was the matter. He pressed my hand, and looked at me with eyes suffused in tears. I brushed neither of us spoke, and we continued our walk. The way led to our garden. We went to a good pace, and the rest of the company followed at a considerable distance. We entered the saloon in which he found us on the evening of his arrival. He bowed my arm, walked to and fro, and did I say addressed me in these words:—"At that window you were standing the first time I looked at you to discover whether I might love you." Unable to reply, I stood like a statue. He advanced close to me, and looking me full in the face, grasped both my hands, and said with deep emotion:—"Could you consent to be my friend? I am so already," replied I, without knowing what idea I attached to the expression. He threw his arms about me; I felt the fire on his cheeks.

"I had never known you," he turned from me, and looked with his face towards the window. I was going to leave the saloon; but hearing the noise of the door, he hastened towards me and earnestly intreated me to stay.

"I looked at him with astonishment. In a tone perhaps somewhat sarcastic, I said—"If you wish you had never known me, why are you so anxious for my company?" He looked first at the ground and then at me, at the same time grasping any right hand. He was evidently seeking an answer, but could find none. I endeavoured to disengage my hand, and thus proceeded:—"You are an incomprehensible man; if you have any thing more to say, make haste, and come along with me. It will be more becoming if the company finds us in the garden.

"By this time he seemed to have recovered

himself. Stooping cordially to me, he said in a low voice:—"I see you to-day perhaps for the last time. I must therefore confess that I love you already more than I ought, and that I feel that my attachment would be unbounded, if I were more intimately acquainted with your merits. I was unhappy when I came; I am much more so now that I am going. You cannot understand me, but if you could, I should at least have your pity." When do you go? asked I, as though he had been about to leave me immediately. He was about to reply, when we heard the company coming. I collected myself as well as I could, but the agitation of all my senses was extreme.

When my friend, for by that name, I shall now call him, conducted me home, I walked by his side as silent as though it had been a funeral procession. It was not till I knew we were about to part that I felt the full force of my attachment for him.

"He supped with us, and staid till late. All my thoughts were absorbed by him, and I could observe that all his attention was occupied by me. With a warmth which he had never shown in company, he kissed my hand at parting. Next morning a note was brought from him, informing us that a letter which he had found on his return to his lodgings, had obliged him to set out immediately to meet a friend, but that he hoped to see us again soon."

In seventeen I took good care to let them all my friend returned. Upon my return now we seated us silently and confidently, and were communicated to me like the animating influence of Spring. He mentioned the name of the place where he had been, but concealed that of his pretended friend. After we had wished him joy on his arrival, he told us that he had relinquished his intention of going to Vienna; and that his father had immediately given him permission to spend the winter with us. A whole winter! thought I, exclaiming. If, as Rousseau thinks, it is possible to live a thousand years in a quarter of an hour, what an eternity will this winter be!

"Every thing in and about me was altered now that my friend appeared so. A great change had taken place in him, that I was thoroughly convinced of; what kind of what was I hoped to learn in our next *tête-à-tête*. The first look with which he again saluted convinced that I was no loser by it.

"We soon had an opportunity of being alone together. He came to speak to my brother, who had gone out, and found me in his room, where I sometimes used to draw, because it was lighter there than in any other

part of the house. I was going to rise, but he begged me to sit still, took a chair, seated himself beside me, made some observations on my drawing, and then hastened to the main subject. He told me that no friend had sent for him when he left us so suddenly, but he only wanted to be alone, that he might come to some fixed determination. All that he was at liberty to communicate to me respecting this determination was, that, at all events, whether fortune proved favourable to him or not, he would disclose to me the secret of his unhappy situation before he would venture either to offer me his hand, or to part from me for ever. It was not yet time for this: but before long perhaps circumstances might be changed. He conjured me, till the period should arrive when he could speak more plainly, to rely upon his sincerity and affection. He expressed himself with such frankness and animation, and in so decided a tone, that I was persuaded the motives on which he acted could not but be of an honourable kind. From that hour I conceived for him a regard which daily increased, so that the anxiety of my love was absorbed in the confidence of friendship.

"The correspondence of our sentiments, of our tastes and distastes, was astonishing. His attention to procure me every little pleasure that he could, made him my constant companion. Not a trait in his conduct confirmed my brother's report of an avary and licentiousness. He complied with every thing that circumstances required; he took part in our balls and concerts; sometimes to more money at play than he ought to have risked, but he was not passionately attached to any amusement of this kind. His greatest pleasure, as he himself said, was to be in my company, to converse, to read, or to play on the harpsichord with me. In company we appeared inseparable: where one was there the other was sure to be found; and as our love was ennobled into friendship, so our friendship spoke exactly the language of love."

"In the midst of these pleasures, however, there were moments in which I had a presentiment of what awaited me. Often, when he had just protested that he scarcely desired to be more happy, he would suddenly turn from me and conceal his face. If I asked him what he did, he would give me vague answers, and always referred me to that period when he should be at liberty to reveal his secret. He was still more frequently out of humour, absent, and insusceptible of pleasure. I observed that his humour was governed by the post days, and that he was never so dull as when he had received letters.

"The happy winter was past; and with the commencement of spring my friend received from his father an injunction to return home. 'We must part,' said he to me, 'for three months; this is the latest term of my expectations. The die is cast, and I will now examine how it lies. In three months I will return, as sure as I love you.'

I know not whether it was these words themselves, or the tone in which they were uttered, that shocked me like a prediction of misfortune. I was alarmed to find myself so near the goal which I durst not look at. Confounded as I was, I received his protestation, and asked pointedly, as if I knew more than I ought,—As sure as you love me alone! My friend turned pale, and was overwhelmed with silent embarrassment. A tear started into his eye; he seriously kissed my hand, and said in a tone that rent my heart — I thank you for asking."

"What would I have given to have been able to recal my question! I had myself run upon the dagger which he had so carefully turned away from me. I had cheated myself in a moment of the three months which he intended to give me. Vacation with my unreasonable curiosity overpowered even the sense of my loss; and as we are always disposed to do injustice to others when we are desirous of effecting a reconciliation with ourselves, I drew my hand from him, and coldly said,—Then you have changed me for another."

"His feelings were deeply hurt, yet without least acrimony he replied — I love another before I knew you. Had she all at once become indifferent to me, still I should have been ashamed to sacrifice her to one more worthy, for she is an excellent girl, and is attached to me."

"Thus was the proud fabric reared by my fancy levelled with the ground. I felt not how dear I was to him, but only that another participated in those affections which I wished exclusively to engross. Had he hated me I should, at that moment, have been better pleased. And yet how easy it was for him to justify himself when he resumed, and pronounced his own condemnation. He testified that since he had become acquainted with me, he could not possibly be happy with his former friend, whom he still loved and esteemed, but whom he hoped to forget in my arms."

"Odious hope! exclaimed I; and doubly odious were I to contribute towards its accomplishment. Why did you not part from me, why did you not leave me before? 'Whither should I go?' said he affectionately,

"Whither? rejoined I; can there be a question about that.—Back to her to whom you have been inconstant. He shook his head. 'Shall I tell her of my inconstancy?'

"What reply I made I cannot repeat. Disputations of this kind always lead to the same point from which we set out, and our understanding is but too well disposed to think an injustice pardonable which is committed out of love to us by a man to whom we are attached. In order to silence me entirely, my friend added, that by a connection with my rival he should incur the displeasure of his father, and that he now entertained well-founded hopes of seeing her united to another. He well knew the weight which this last piece of information would have with me, and how much it would contribute to restore my tranquillity. I cannot deny that this intelligence respecting the lost mistress of my friend had sunk her considerably in my opinion; but he, on the contrary, had raised himself in my esteem, by speaking of her with such respect. He seemed rather to waver between love and conscience than between love and love; his irresolution did him honor. I had no occasion to entertain any apprehension of a rival. With such like reasoning I lulled my sick heart to sleep, and knew not that I was playing with the mere phantoms of my imagination."

"My friend departed; and, with a fortitude that appeared strange even to myself, I looked after the carriage that removed him from me. Hope had dazzled my eyes and intoxicated my heart; he was now the subject of much conversation between me, my guardian, and my brother; and I learned, not without horror, that they both looked upon me as fully engaged to my friend, and already began to consider of the terms of the marriage-contract. I thought I had a right to enquire the reasons of such an over hasty procedure. They laughed at me, I grew extremely grave, and assured them that I was every thing but engaged. And now conceive what I must have felt when I was informed that my friend had, the day after the unexpected explanation between us, formally demanded my hand of my guardian and my brother, and had obtained their consent."

"I was overwhelmed with astonishment and vexation. Undecided in what manner to obtain satisfaction, I waited till I should receive the first letter from my friend. It soon arrived, but inclosed in a letter to my guardian, and written in such a manner that he or any body else might have read it. I answered it in the same style, and received a similar reply, to which I returned no answer."

"Thus was I bereft of the pleasure I had expected from a correspondence fraught with truth and affection. My friend was too inexpressible for me to think of him any longer with complacency; and if I did not think of him the less on that account, still my attachment afforded me no satisfaction. I felt an imperious impulse to do something to shew that I was not made to perform merely a passive part in such matters as ours. To this honour I was perhaps indebted for the power to act on his return in such a manner as at least every woman would not have done in my situation.

"Before the expiration of two months I saw him again. He surprised us in the country, where we had been for some weeks. My guardian received him with transport, as though it had been the signal for the preparations for the wedding. I saluted him with politeness; my reserve did not appear to disconcert him. He looked at me several times, as if he had something to tell me. These looks I did not return; but I could not forbear observing him with such attention as if I had never seen him before. He no longer seemed to be the same person; his countenance displayed a certain wiliness when, absorbed in thought, he looked on either side. In his gait there was an impetuosity, in his motions an irregularity, in his expressions a vehemence which I had never yet remarked. He laughed and joked with glee; and when his *bon-mots* and reflections had delighted the company, he would sink down and turn pale like one exhausted. He would then look at me with eyes replete with fervent melancholy, as if to implore me to be reconciled to him; after this he would follow me to speak to me alone, while for four days I contrived that he should not find an opportunity.

"We are soon tired of a part which the heart does not act along with us. I was at length unable to withstand the desire of know-

ing whether my friend still remained my friend, and therefore gave him an opportunity for a *tele-a-tete*.

"My guardian's country-house was situated near the Danube. The terraces of a garden which, on one side was laid out in the English taste, commanded a prospect of the glistening stream; there I seated myself after a walk with my friend, while my brother thought fit to leave together, to amuse himself with the game-keeper.

"*'Thank God,'* said my friend, *'that I have once more an opportunity of speaking to you. I have a great deal to tell you, and, in the first place, to beg your pardon.'*

"*'Pardon?'* I replied; *I knew not that you had done any thing which required pardon.*

"He looked at me: *'I have not wilfully offended you,'* said he; *'I have done what was my duty; and in this acting, have done violence to myself, and all—so sure as I am not dead—because I loved you.*

*Not till I have acknowledged all my errors, not till you approve of the manner in which I intend to atone for them, will I seriously ask you whether you can resolve to be my wife.'*

"*Oh!* said I, with respect to that question you obtained an answer two months ago from my guardian.

"*'There's a,'* he replied, *'you wish to punish me: and that because I did, from irresistible love to you, what I otherwise could not have done. But you ought not to judge me from fragments of my conduct. Hearken to my whole story, and then decide where I shall find rest, in your arms or in the grave.'*

"After this introduction, I was obliged to promise my friend my whole attention, and would have given it without any such promise. I cannot repeat his narrative in his own words: I will relate the most material particulars as though I had been an eye witness of what I know from him."

*[To be continued.]*

## THE DUEL.

FAVELLE, an amiable young man, went from Montauban to Paris, to apply himself to the study of the physical sciences, especially anatomy, to which he was extremely partial. In that city he lived a regular life, was very assiduous, and gained the esteem of the most celebrated naturalists. A letter of recommendation procured him access to the family of Madame de Vincuil. The kindness with which

that lady received him, and his love of society, caused him to cultivate very diligently the intercourse with that respectable family.

Madame de Vincuil was a widow of forty-eight. She had two daughters, one of whom was twenty, and the other eight years of age. Their fortune was considerable, and all the mother's hopes of provision for her daughters centered in an only son who had been placed

in a commercial house at Nantes, and had expectations of being soon admitted to a partnership in it. The young man's flattering prospects, which his good conduct, industry, and talents amply merited, tended to remove in a great measure the anxiety of the mother. Her way of life was simple and tranquil. The young Favelle became the bosom friend of this good family; he received a general invitation to their table, and frequently walked out with the two sisters in the Tuilleries; the mother considered him as her son who supplied the place of her absent child.

Favelle had, contrary to custom, been several days without visiting Madame de Vincul, and went one morning with some young men of his acquaintance to the theatre, to see a new play. The public was divided in opinion on the subject; some thought the piece an execrable production, while others were as loud in its praise. Here they hissed, and there they clapped applause. The hisses cried that the clappers were paid; and the latter complained that a cabal was formed against the author. Favelle was against the play. A young man called out to him,—"Silence, silence! I beg you would be quiet." The noise grew louder; high words passed on either side, and the actors were almost compelled to drop the curtain.

When the play was over, the contending parties renewed the dispute in the lobby. Favelle's companions instigated him to resent the supposed affront, while others were using the same persuasions with his opponent. At last, after a long altercation, the latter declared that he was ready to fight. Favelle, the most moderate. With more temper than a hundred others would have shewn in his place, he turned to his antagonist and said to him:—"If we fight it will be of no advantage to any body. You assert that I have insulted you; it is possible that an unguarded word may have escaped me; but we were both in a passion, and both at least equally in fault."—"Ha! he retracts his words, he preaches, he is afraid,"—resounded from all sides. "No, gentlemen," said Favelle, "I am not afraid; and as little as I deem it a disgrace to be fond of life, so little do I tremble at the thought of death. Now, gentlemen, we must fight."—"Bravo!" cried the by-standers. "To-morrow then, at eight o'clock."

The seconds agreed that the two combatants should meet at a coffee-house in the *Champs Elysées*, and that they should fight with pistols. Favelle arrived first at the appointed place, firmly resolved not to fight. "Shall I," thought he, "for a mere trifle, in order to

escape the ridicule of a few coxcombs, run the risk of being killed myself, or of murdering one who appears to be a well-bred man." This resolution was visible in his countenance, when the seconds (not two, as had been agreed upon, but ten) arrived. He attempted to speak; they whispered each other, and even said loud enough to be heard.—"He will not fight." This roused his resentment. He seized the pistol; the ground was measured, and they fled. Favelle remained unhurt, but his antagonist reeled aside, and fell dead, without uttering a word, in the ditch of one of the alleys; the ball had pierced his heart.

With a loud shriek Favelle threw away his pistol, and, notwithstanding the gentleness of his disposition, he bestowed the most vehement execrations on all the by-standers. The latter had some difficulty to prevail upon him to depart, promising not to leave his antagonist, but to try every possible means for his recovery. At length he quitted the fatal spot, and proceeded to the *Bois de Boulogne*; guilt and murder seemed to be stamped upon his features.

Here he met his landlord, M. Durand. The honest man had heard of the intended meeting. "God be thanked that I have met you," said he, "I may perhaps prevent an accident."—"Who speaks to me?"—"Your friend, who wishes to advise you for your good. Young man, listen to reason; would you fight for such a trifle; can a person of such a gentle, generous disposition as you, be guilty of such a folly. Perhaps I may prevent a great misfortune."—"Do you think you can?"—"Perhaps; be not carried away by a false point of honour, and risk not your life so wantonly."—"My life? by no means."—"Well, supposing you be more dexterous and more fortunate than your antagonist, supposing he falls; would you, who deem it a happiness to save the life of a man, would you wish to kill him? would not your soul be for ever burdened with the guilt of murder?"—"O God!" yes."—"Well then, do not fight. Rather say to your opponent,—I acknowledge that I was in the wrong."—"It is too late."—"Not yet; your antagonist—". "I have killed him." With these words the young man sunk senseless to the ground.

With difficulty Durand brought him again himself; and after he had at length administered some consolation, he gave him to understand that it was necessary to employ precaution to avoid the consequences of this rencounter. It was agreed that Durand should go back alone; and that when it began to be dark, the young man should repair to Paris,



to the house of Madame de Vincuil, and keep himself concealed till his landlord should send word that he might return without danger to his own lodgings.

Accordingly he wandered till late in the evening in the most unfrequented part of the Bois de Boulogne, but solitude afforded no alleviation of his sorrows. Ten times was he tempted to throw himself into the Seine; and when at night, with faltering step, he proceeded towards the city, how he dreaded the observation of every person he passed! He shuddered at every watch-house, and was fearful of discovering in every man he met, one of the officious friends who had taken so much pains to slay his murderer. At length he reached the habitation of Madame de Vincuil, uncertain what to say to her, and whether he ought to relate to her his melancholy adventure or not.

He was admitted. The eldest sister, in tears, came to meet him, exclaiming—"O! M. Favelle; my brother, my unfortunate brother is killed!"

The reader may conceive the painful sentiments which borrowed the soul of the unhappy youth. A cold perspiration bedewed his brow; he started back, and would have quitted the house; but instead of that, unconscious of what he did, he went into the next room. As the door opened, he beheld the corpse of his opponent extended on a sofa. The weeping mother embraced the knees of her murdered child; the younger sister in speechless sorrow contemplated in silence the pallid face of her beloved brother.

Favelle, as if thunderstruck, attempted to retire, but was detained by the mother and

daughter. "Alas! my brother resounded in his ears. "Killed too for a mere trifle, for a word! He did not wish to fight; he wanted to make up the quarrel. He was urged on, ridiculed, and pains were taken to inflame his resentment."—"He was your friend, though he did not know you," added the sister. "How he rejoiced at the thought of seeing you!"

His senses almost forsook the unhappy murderer. His features, distorted by anguish and despair, evinced the agony which tortured his soul. The fearful confession trembled upon his lips; but when he opened them for utterance, it was transformed into an inarticulate cry of horror. At this sight, gloomy suspicions seized the mother and the sister. With a voice which did not seem like that of a human being, he at length exclaimed:—"I, I am his murderer." He departed, and the weeping females again sunk down upon the corpse of the beloved youth.

He had arrived at Paris the evening before to surprise his family with the joyful intelligence, that the house, whose concerns he had hitherto conducted, had given him a share in the business, and that he was now in a condition to provide for his sisters. The joy of the whole family was so great, that they longed to see Favelle, to communicate to him this welcome information. The young Vincuil testified an extraordinary desire to become acquainted with the friend of his house, and had sought him in vain on the very morning of the unfortunate duel. Had he met with him, it is easy to conceive that the issue of this affair would have been extremely different.

## A VIEW OF MODERN PARIS,

WITH A GLANCE AT THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY AND OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS IN THAT CAPITAL, IN A LETTER FROM AN ANGLO-AMERICAN RESIDENT THERE.

MR. EDITOR,

You have earnestly requested me to give you some general ideas upon the present state of society in Paris, and I shall proceed to gratify you as well as my limited ability and restricted observation will allow.

In reply to your question upon the present state of the national character of the people, I will observe, that they are not, generally speaking, so urbane and alluring in their manners, as they were twenty-two years since, when you

and I first visited that metropolis. From a gay, frivolous, and foppish community, they are metamorphosed into a serious, plain dressing people, whose manners are, comparatively, repulsive, and sometimes verging upon brutality. Those dreadful excesses which were perpetrated during the stormy periods of their revolution, have roughened their deportment, and stifled the gentler qualities of their hearts: in their endeavours to imitate John Bull, they have assumed his bluntness, with

out the accordant sincerity of his nature — Every thing here is externally *Anglicised*: the dress of the men and women is altogether in the English mode; you must recollect that I am speaking of the capital, and not of the provinces, where the habits of the people are nearly the same as heretofore. Such an animal as a *petit-maitre* is very rarely to be seen, yet the principle of a coxcomb is not wholly extinguished, as it is frequently visible in young men, who use spectacles and optical glasses in public, without any imperfection in the visual organs. In the breed and management of their horses they are much improved, and great encouragement is given by the French government to this material point of social improvement. All persons of either sex, who have any pretensions to fashion, ride in the English manner; the ladies on side-saddles, and the gentlemen in close boots; the enormous jack-boot, which we formerly thought so ridiculous, is now abolished, or confined to the postillions of the heavy diligences, or the couriers of the government.

In the ceremonies and pleasures of the table, the French are not much changed, except that they admit more natural, or unsophisticated, dishes at dinner than formerly, and dine at a later hour in the day. They have their pottage, bouilli, roast meats, ragouts, entremets, cakes, fruit, coffee, and liqueurs; taking each about four or five glasses of wine before the introduction of the coffee; and when they have drunk the liqueur, the whole party separates, to prepare for the further duties or amusements of the evening. It is not the custom of France, as it is in England, for the ladies to withdraw into a saloon, while the gentlemen enjoy (as they phrase it) the bottle; for your Gallic neighbours very properly believe, in this instance at least, that no enjoyment can be heightened by the absence of beauty, and that the delicate authority of female influence keeps the ruder passions in subordination.

In answer to your question about the present state of female morals in this capital, I am compelled to observe that they are in a state of great relaxation, not only here, but almost in every part of France that I have visited; and, indeed, the ceremony of marriage had become of little weight, from the ease and irresponsibility with which its holy ordinances were eluded or subverted by either of the contracting parties. Divorces were obtained upon the most trivial pretexts, but the government have instituted an examination into the abuses of the sacred obligations of wedlock; and it is probable that divorces will not be ob-

tained in future but upon a basis of serious necessity. Before any person can marry now in France, their names are exhibited by the magistrate in a conspicuous part of the town-hall, or hotel de ville, of the place where they reside, in order that all persons interested may have an opportunity to forbid the union, upon proper and well-founded representations: after that ordeal, they are formally contracted and registered by the magistrate, and then publicly married by their respective priests, in the cathedral, church, or chapel, to which they may belong.

The police of Paris is, I believe, the most comprehensive establishment of that nature that was ever formed in any nation. I cannot give you a detailed, but I will give you a brief idea of its power, privileges, and effect.

The office of the general police is upon the Quai Voltaire, where four counsellors of state work every day with the minister of the police, and are charged with the necessary correspondence of the office. The prefecture of the police is situated in the court of the palace of justice, where the prefect gives public audience every Monday at noon, to receive the lesser order of complaints. The general police of Paris maintains a vigilant correspondence with all the departments of the French empire, and its orders are enforced with a promptitude that is astonishing. When an alien arrives at a port, or frontier town in France, he delivers his passport to the secretary of the mayor, who retains it; and after demanding his occupation, and the name of the place to which he is travelling, he gives the stranger another passport, in which his age and person are accurately described. Upon this official warrant he travels, in a direct line, to the destined place, where he presents himself to the police, and finds his original passport deposited: here he receives a formal permission from the government to reside for a specified period; and, at his departure, he receives his original passport, which enables him to leave the French empire without molestation. All persons who reside in Paris, or any other city in France, are not permitted to change their hotel, or lodgings, without informing the police of their removal, and receiving a new warrant; nor can any *maitre d'hôtel* admit you as a lodger in his house, without informing the police also; as, in case of non-performance, he would be liable to very serious pains and penalties. I think I see your generous nature revolt at such instances of despotism, which are so opposite to the benign spirit of the British constitution, and as unnecessary

as disgusting to the loyal disposition of a British subject.

Paris is surrounded by *barrieres*, or gates, which are connected with each other by high walls or strong fences; and it is impossible to pass through these, at any time, without being liable to a strict personal examination, so that no criminal can escape but with great difficulty; and in some solitary instances, where they have contrived to elude the vigilance of the metropolitan police, they have been eventually arrested at the frontier towns, by means of the telegraphic dispatches.

It is also at these gates where they collect the tax called *l'octroi*, which is a species of excise.

All the coachmen, watermen, drivers of chaises, porters, &c. of Paris, receive a number from the police, which they conspicuously wear; and by this measure they are continually liable to punishment for any species of abuse or extortion which they may practise on a native or stranger, in their several vocations; but this species of necessary regulation is confined to the capital, as, in the departments, a foreign traveller experiences as much extortion and indecency of language, as in any other community on earth.

There is also a military police, which has its office on the Quai Voltaire, subordinate to the disposition of the minister.

It is asserted, that such a system of *espionage* is kept up in Paris, and all the great towns, that the leading points of conversation in coffee-houses, taverns, theatres, &c. are known to the government; and, when necessary, the declaimers also: but I never saw a direct proof of this assertion, nor indeed any check upon conversation, but what discretion might suggest in any country.

As to the *Musée Napoleon*; or, Napoleon Museum, it is impossible to convey to you any idea that would be adequate to the impression which this precious collection of all that is great, rare, and fine in art, so forcibly makes upon any observer who has been refined by education. The *chef-d'œuvres* of painting and sculpture, all that remains in preservation of the works of the inimitable Greek sculptors; those breathing marbles which embellished the temples of Athens and Rome, and before which the ancient world bowed, in a spirit of piety as to the images of their gods, and in a spirit of enthusiasm as to the semblances of their heroes, are collected and placed in the saloons of the Louvre; those pictures which ornamented the Vatican of Rome, and the gallery of the house of Medici, with those exquisite altar-pieces which the divine Raffaello ex-

ecuted: the St Jerome, by Guido; the illustrations of the Christian faith, by Titian, Rubens, Dominichino, Morillo, Leonardo da Vinci, N. Ponsin, Le Brun, the Caracci, &c. are here associated in one vast display of all perhaps that is attainable by human genius. The eyes of the curious are at first pleasingly fatigued with this sudden burst of imitative radiance. The objects of fascination are too numerous for any to be enjoyed rationally, until the perturbation of astonishment has ceased, and the senses begin their appeal to the judgment, upon the respective excellence of each production of the pencil of art.

The *Musée des Monuments Français*, or collection of French monuments, is in the Rue Petits Augustins, and deposited in the house of that religious order. These venerable remains were chiefly brought from the royal abbey of St. Denis, which was pillaged during the revolution. They are now arranged in order, and form a representation of the state of sculpture in France, during the several ages in which these sepulchres were made.

It is impossible to survey these frail memorials of human grandeur, without feeling sensations of a very melancholy tendency; here some royal dust of the house of the Capets reposes in a state of sequestration from its relative atoms, and removed from that spot where it was originally deposited and hallowed under the blessing of the church. The monarch, the statesman, the warrior, and the poet, are commingled in a sort of unison with time, but not with each other. Here the meditative wanderer sighs amidst mutilated busts, dishonoured statues, and columns of alabaster, jasper, and porphyry; with correspondent vases, in which, perhaps, the hearts of innocence and beauty were inclosed. On the tomb of the first Francis, you trace the features of that generous Prince, whose example polished society, and whose liberality softened learning, wisdom, and genius. You see the splendid tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, who appears to domineer even in his dust—of the houses of Valois, Montmorenci, and Rochefoucault, *cum multis aliis*, who appear to remind us of what they have been, and as so many silent monitors to vanity—Turenne, Descartes, Colbert, Montansier, Voltaire, Helvetius, and Mirabeau, with Piron, the Aristophanes of France, whose satirical spirit exists in his epitaph:—

*Cy git Piron, qui fut rien,  
Pas même Académicien!*

Here lies Piron, who was nothing,  
Not even an Academician!

This depository is open to the public every Thursday and Sunday.

The finest garden of Athens was called Keramikos, or the Tilgry, taking its name from a tile manufactory which occupied the place on which they had formed it; and they have named the magnificent palace of the Thuilleries at Paris from a similar situation.

On the assumption of authority by Napoleon, he made the Thuilleries the seat of government, and by his orders it has since been considerably improved: the interior is sumptuously decorated: he has re-established the chapel, and a theatre is now erecting within its walls. The new works and arrangements are distinguished by taste and magnificence: the hall of audience for the ambassadors, of the privy council, &c. are decorated with appropriate embellishments. During the visit which Pius the seventh made to Paris, to consecrate Napoleon, his holiness inhibited that part of the palace which is called the Pavilion of Flora. It may not be unworthy of remark, that Bonaparte did not suffer the Pope to crown him at this ceremony; although such an action would have been deemed the very summit of honour by all precedent Catholic sovereigns; when the Pope had given his benediction to the imperial diadem, and approached with it, in solemn dignity, up the steps of the temporary throne in the cathedral of Notre Dame, this extraordinary character rose, and, taking the crown fliskly from the holy father, placed it confidently on his own head.

The gardens of the Thuilleries were planned by the celebrated Lenotre, and evidently partake of the false taste of the age in which he lived; but they are progressively improving every month under the auspices of the present court. In the front of the palace they are raising a triumphal arch to commemorate the victories of the Emperor; on the top of which his statue is to be placed in a car, drawn by the four celebrated bronze horses which heretofore decorated St Mark's, at Venice. The parade which runs between this martial monument and the palace, is enclosed with iron rails, and without is the Place Carrousel.

It is ordered by Napoleon that all the intermediate streets between the Carrousel and the Louvre shall be demolished, and that another gallery, corresponding with the gallery of the Louvre, which extends from the palace of the Thuilleries to the palace of the Louvre, shall be built, with an open arcade. The ultimate intention of this order, is to form a vast parade, on which the Emperor may be enabled to pass in review a body of troops to the

amount of one hundred thousand men, comprehending cavalry and infantry!

The palace of the Louvre is, beyond contradiction, the most elegantly constructed building in Paris.

It is now undergoing a thorough repair, after being suffered to decay in neglect for a century and a half. When wholly repaired, it will be consecrated to the arts and sciences. The misceon of pictures will continue to occupy the great gallery; that of statues will be much enlarged. The imperial library will be removed from the Rue Richelieu to this place. The cabinets of medals, antiques, and prints, will fill the upper apartments; and the rest of this superb palace will be dedicated to the reception of any curious specimens of art and taste which may appertain to the nation.

In the interior of the Hotel des Invalides, are seen the sword of the great Frederick of Prussia, with the busts of Condé, Turenne, Saxe, Dessau, Kleber, Purgonmier, &c.

It is from the front court of the Invalides, that they occasionally make the discharge of artillery which signify the successes of the French armies to the people of Paris.

The bridges of Paris are numerous; I shall only mention those which have been lately built.

*Le Pont des Arts*, or the Bridge of Arts, was thrown over the Seine in 1804: the foundations are of stone, and the superstructure of cast-iron; it is the first bridge of this kind which has been made in France. It is situated between the centre of the palace of the Louvre, and the college of the Four Nations, on the opposite bank of the Schie. Each foot-passenger (as no carriage can pass) pays one *sol*; it is ornamented on each side with orange trees, citrons, Flies, roses, &c. which perfume the air while you walk or sit, as there are chairs provided for those who choose to enjoy the summer breezes in this enchanting situation.

*Le Pont d'Austerlitz*, or the Bridge of Austerlitz (thus named in commemoration of the battle which was fought between the Emperors of Russia, Austria, and France, near that town), is likewise made of cast-iron. It connects the Boulevards of Bourbon, with the Boulevards of the Garden of Plants, and by this means forms a circular road around Paris.

They are now building another bridge of stone, which leads from the middle of the Champ de Mars, to the great road between Paris, St. Cloud, and Versailles.

They have nearly seventy fountains at Paris, some of which are supplied from the waters of

the Seine, and the others from the water of Arcueil.

The present government of Paris is augmenting the number of fountains in every direction, which is an improvement of the highest importance, as it promotes the cleanliness of the city, and the health of its inhabitants. As the Parisians have not the same advantages resulting from water-works as the Londoners enjoy, they are compelled to resort to the supply of public fountains, which is the best substitute their situation will afford.

*Le Jardin des Plantes*, or botanical garden of plants, is an assemblage of all the plants, exotic and indigenous, which it has been in the power of the professors to collect. This establishment was begun under Louis XIII. by Guy de la Brosse, his physician, who received every possible encouragement from the ministers Mazarine and Colbert. In 1640, he gave the first public lecture on botany, and after this garden assumed the title of

*Hortus Regius*, or royal garden. In 1739, the king named Leclerc de Buffon president; and it was under the superintendence of this great and learned man, that the garden of plants became the richest collection of minerals and vegetables in Europe. M. Buffon neglected nothing in his attempts to methodize this important study, for which he has been called the French Pliny. Pliny had made a comparative scale between men and beasts; in which the advantages remained with the latter: but Buffon raised man to his proper glorious eminence, in a work which will cement his name.

In the amphitheatric of this charming and interesting place, lectures on botany, chemistry, anatomy, and surgery, are delivered by professors, on terms at once liberal and encouraging to the students of all nations.

In the upper part of the garden there is a superb collection of subjects of natural history, which is opened for the inspection of the Parisians, every Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday, in the evenings; but this collection is not equal to what the Leverian Museum was in London, before the negligence of the nation suffered it to be dispersed and destroyed.

In the higher part of the garden, which consists of forty acres, they have an aviary for birds of every species, and near it a menagerie for foreign beasts of the same kind. At the lower end of the garden there is a collection of ferocious animals, which are likewise exhibited to the public, on the same days, proper persons being appointed by the government to explain the objects and preserve decorum.

The *Palais de Tribunal* was formerly celebrated under the name of the *Palais Royal*.

The palace was built by Cardinal Richelieu, in 1633, and was then called *Le Palais Richelieu*; but falling into the possession of the crown by the will of the cardinal, Anne of Austria came to inhabit it with Louis the XIV. from which event it received the name *Palais Royal*, or the royal palace. At the death of Louis XIV. it passed into the family of Orleans, who occupied it until 1794. The late duke caused the formation of those superb arcades, galleries, and gardens, which are the admiration of all the world. In 1802, they fitted up here the hall for the sittings of the Tribunal, from which it derives its present designation.

This seducing place is to Paris what Paris is to the Continent, the centre and focus of luxurious accommodation. Here the arts are multiplied in endless succession; the painter, the engraver, the modeller, the watchmaker, the enameller, the millner, the perfumer, the chemist, the optician, the feather-maker, &c. exert every nerve, and exhaust every artifice to attract the gazing passenger; and make even the miser undraw his purse-strings in trembling ecstasy, to purchase some brilliant bauble, which his understanding might scorn, when reflecting on the real wants of man.

From the going down of the sun till midnight, this place seems like the high fair of vanity; our ears are saluted with music of every kind, the coffee-houses are filled with noisy politicians, who affect to predict and regulate the destiny of kingdoms, whilst they are unassured of a dinner on the ensuing day. The *beau monde* parade in garish ostentation, solicitous merely to be seen, and not to see. The variegated lamps, in fanciful confusion, dazzle the senses; while the painted daughters of Venus encircle you with smiles and meretricious argument to lead you to their bowers, where pleasure beckons at the gate, and repentance terminates the scene.

In the cellars, or subterraneous saloons, you are entertained with conjurers exhibiting their deceptive arts, negroes beating the tambourin, dancing girls, tumbling boys, ventriloquists, and dramatic exhibitions, not of the first class, it may be supposed; but they previously claim our indulgence, by the following apt motto — *Jugez nous par notre zèle, et non par le talent* — “Judge us by our zeal, and not by our ability;” which is a modest intimation, that might suit other theatres as well as the minor spectacles in this place.

In the galleries of this palace, we find people busied at billiards, cards, and every game of skill and hazard, by which the wily adventurer who is unincumbered with a patrimony,

can raise a fund; but it is generally at the expence of young gentlemen, who think that candour consists in expression, and honour in appearances; and who discover eventually there are but two parties who play, viz. those who *will* win, and those who *must* lose!

The libraries of Paris, are well furnished. The principal is the Imperial library in Rue Richelieu, which is open to the public every Tuesday and Friday, and to men of letters every day. King John collected the first elements of this library. Charles V. methodised and added to it, but it became considerable under the great Colbert, who caused this building to be raised, for the purpose of augmenting it, and giving it an air of national dignity. They have preserved here the original letters of Henry IV. to La belle d'Estrées, and some MSS. of Louis XIV.

Besides this there are the libraries at the College Mazarine, the library of the Institute, and the library of the Arsenal, all of which are open to the public.

I forgot to notice that the Imperial library has been much enlarged by the present Emperor, who has enriched it with a great number of valuable MSS. and books brought from conquered nations.

There are twenty-four theatres at Paris, and they are all crowded on holidays, and particularly on Sundays. As it is indispensable to give the Parisians much novelty, these theatres are supplied by a legion of authors, amounting (in 1804) to two thousand one hundred and forty-two; comprehending tragic and comic poets, melodramatists, monodramatists, vaudevillists, parodists and pantomimists. Some of their pieces are so successful as to draw full houses for one hundred and fifty nights, in a season, although the vast majority soon sink into oblivion. The pieces are approved, or rejected, by a literary committee of three censors, appointed by the government, who are unconnected with the parties: nor is it in the power of a manager to cashier a performer of merit, without an appeal to these commissioners. When an actor or actress of celebrity becomes superannuated, they are pensioned by the government, who properly think, that those who have contributed to the public pleasures, should be sustained, in the decay of nature, by public gratitude.

*Théâtre Français*, or French theatre, is now in the rue Richelieu, or, according to the republican nomenclature, *Rue de la Loi*. This dramatic establishment, which is the most classical of its kind in France, began at the *Hotel Bourgogne*, rue Mauconseil, in 1549. The

great Moliere belonged to it in 1650. They act here the most finished productions of the Gallic Muse, which are not, at this period, in a state of enviable perfection. I saw here several new historical dramas, fraught with such anachronisms as a school-boy might correct. The performers, in general, possess merit; but we look in vain, among their dramatic authors, for any equal to the distinguished writer and orator, who is one of the chief ornaments of the British senate.

*Académie Imperiale de Musique*, or imperial musical academy, is in the middle of the same street. This magnificent establishment is somewhat similar to your Opera-house, with this essential difference, that the operas of Paris are given in the vernacular tongue, whilst those of London are in Italian: so that the former are understood by all the auditors, and the latter by not more than one in a hundred. They have the good sense to prefer the Italian and German music to the French, which is commonly contemptible, with the exception of the productions of Gretry, and a few other composers. But the opera of Paris, like that with you, is only a secondary object with the public, as it is the excellence of the ballets, or dances, which attract their notice; and, as the superiority of the French, in dancing, remains uncontested, I shall merely observe, that Vestris, whom we remember to have been recognized as "the God of Dance," is now shorn of his beams, by another capering deity yeilded Duport.

The first appearance of Signora Catalani in Paris, was at this theatre; and on the night appropriated for her benefit, all the tickets for the boxes were sold at the enormous price of six *louis d'ors* each. The imperial family was present, and the house was very full.

*Opera Comique National*, is in the Passage Feydeau. It is on this theatre where they exclusively act such national operas as are correspondent with your "Love in a Village," "Inkle and Yarico," &c.

*Théâtre Louvois*, or *Théâtre de l'Imperatrice*, is in rue de Louvois. The remnant of the Italian comedians are allowed to perform at this place, twice in each week.

*Théâtre Vanderville*, rue de Chartres.

*Théâtre Montansier*, is situated under the galleries of the Palais du Tribunal, and was formerly called *le Théâtre de Beaujolais*, in compliment to the Orleans family. Here they perform operas, and minor comedies.

*Théâtre Olympique*, rue de la Victoire.

*Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin*, is on the Boulevard St. Martin. The grand opera of Paris was formerly performed at this theatre,

where I saw the splendid *Tarare* of Beaumarchais, acted before the royal family of Louis the Sixteenth, about twenty-two years ago.

*Théâtre de la Gaîté*, is on the Boulevard du Temple; this is the most ancient and most perfect of the theatres, where they perform sentimental pieces.

*Théâtre de L'Antiqu Comique*, is on the Boulevard du Temple.

*Théâtre de la Cité*.—This is a new theatre, built during the revolution, on the spot where once stood the church of St. Bartholomew; which was demolished by the Parisians, for the abhorrence which they bore to the name of that saint, under whose auspices the cruel murders of Coligny and the other Protestants began. It is situated immediately opposite to the Palace of Justice.

*Théâtre des Danseurs Voltigeurs*, is on the Boulevard du Temple. Here they tumble, and dance on the slack and tight rope.

*Théâtre des Jeunes Comédiens*, is in the Jardin des Capucines, or Garden of the Capuchin Convent.

*Théâtre des Ombres Chinoises*, is in the Palais du Tribunal.

*Théâtre Mécanique*, is in the rue Neuve-de-la-Fontaine. This is an exhibition somewhat similar to the *Eidophusicon*, which was given in London about fourteen years ago. They represent the rising and setting of the sun, the effects of a storm by sea and land, &c.

The prices of admission are, in general, one-third less than in London.

[To be continued.]

## A DIPLOMATIC ACCOUNT OF PETER THE GREAT AND HIS COURT.\*

I HASTEN to obey the express orders of your highness, by giving you some account of the way in which the Czar governs his empire, his manner of living, his tastes and habits. I shall speak of him with truth and impartiality, and above all things adhere to what I have myself witnessed.

Your highness is not a stranger to the state of Russia, previous to the reign of Peter; you are acquainted with the violent measures which his predecessors had adopted to maintain it in that state, and the rigorous punishments which were inflicted on those subjects who dared to travel beyond its frontiers. Peter, who thought differently, took exactly the opposite path. He permitted the Russians to visit foreign countries, and gave them himself the example. During his travels, he associated with statesmen, warriors, artists, and in short, learned men of every description; from

this he gathered much knowledge, which, aided by the counsels of Lefort and Patkul, fitted him to give Russia a new form of government. The measures he enforced will make him ever be considered as an accomplished sovereign, a skilful general, and a faithful, generous, and benevolent friend. After having perused my account, your highness will decide whether the Czar be not deserving of all these titles.

Peter is tall, and of a well proportioned figure; his complexion is very animated, his eyes announce genius, and a determined character; his teeth are white and regular, and his hair, curled by the hand of nature, is of a chestnut brown. His countenance is agreeable, and bears testimony to the candour and goodness of his heart. He speaks kindly to every one, and the smile ever ready to play upon his lips wins universal admiration. On his return from Holland, he commonly spoke the language of that country; but since he has improved himself in the German by his frequent conversations with the officers of that nation, he seems to prefer their language to all others. The Russian is almost totally banished from his court; it is very seldom that the Czar expresses himself in it; and his example being a kind of law for his subjects, the German language has for some time made a very great progress in Russia.

\* This piece is extracted from a German periodical work, entitled *Constantinople and St Petersburg*, the editors of which give it as having really been written by a German minister on a diplomatic mission to the Czar's court. They pledge themselves for its authenticity, and declare that they have only modernised the language. We are aware that some of the anecdotes which it contains, are already known; but their being united in so small a compass, and their authenticity have rendered them in our opinion worthy of being communicated to our readers.

The Czar is of an uniformly robust constitution; he has always sought to strengthen it by fearing neither cold nor heat, wind nor rain, snow nor ice. Nature seems to have

formed him to resist the greatest fatigue, and he sleeps more comfortably in his tent than in his palace at Moscow. From this proceeds the equanimity of his temper, and that gaiety which rarely forsakes him, and which gains him so many friends. When he gives audience to a numerous assembly, he is not for an instant inattentive. He does not take offence at being addressed with a certain degree of boldness, nor at being asked questions, even when they interrupt a conversation. He cannot exist without society; thus his court follows him almost every where. I had been told in Germany, that he disliked to be surrounded with strangers, but I have found this to be precisely the reverse.

Magnanimity is the most prominent feature of his character; he regards passion as a weakness, and struggles to stifle it whenever he feels himself assailed by it. I one day heard him say, "It is true, I very sensibly feel an injury, but I never meditate revenge."—"My enemies," added he also, "wish to make me be thought a barbarian, but let us have patience, and I will justify myself in the eyes of the whole universe."

Nothing can better prove the generosity of his mind than the manner in which he treated his prisoners of war after the battle of Pultawa. He restored to the generals and officers not only their swords, but their accoutrements and their servants, and on receiving their parole, allowed them to return home. He caused the soldiers to be commodiously lodged in towns, where they were taken the greatest care of. He granted his esteem, and even his friendship to many of these prisoners, and amongst the rest, to Marshall Rhumschild, whose sword he boasts of wearing.

The Prince of Wirtemberg having been wounded and taken prisoner in this battle, the Czar caused as much attention to be paid him as to himself. He was in a fair way of recovering, when being very desirous of taking the air, he quitted his chamber too soon, experienced a relapse, and died. The Czar, who was well acquainted with his valour, and had been desirous of winning him over to his service, was affected to tears on learning his death. After this same battle, in which all the Swedish army were forced to capitulate, Peter heard that Charles the Twelfth had resolved to save himself by swimming across the Dnieper; and immediately sent an express to dissuade him from this perilous undertaking. The following is the substance of the message, as the person charged with it related it to me:—Peter earnestly intreats the King not to expose his sacred person to so imminent a

danger. He pledges his honour that he will give him the best reception in his power, and have him escorted in safety to any part of his state. He advises him above all things not to throw himself into the hands of the Tartars, from whom he has every thing to fear." But, when the courier arrived at the borders of the Dnieper, the Swedish monarch had already passed the river.

One day the Czar was shewn a picture, which represented a lion trampling on the Russian eagle. It was supposed that he would become furious at the sight of this allegory; but, on the contrary, he calmly looked at it, and inquired the name of the artist. On learning it, he replied, "let it be returned to him, that he may alter it after the battle of Pultawa." Another time a medal was given to him, on which was the head of the King of Sweden on the one side, and on the other two columns in ruins, with these words, *Concessit utrumque*, alluding to himself and the King of Poland. The Czar, in my presence, passed it round to several of his courtiers, and contented himself with remarking, that the King of Sweden had reckoned without his host. I have never heard him speak unfavourably either of this prince or his troops; but on the contrary, he bestowed on them the greatest praises. "The Swedes," said he, "are a brave people; but they had too much pride, and God has thought proper to punish them."

The Czar has been accused of tyranny: it is true, that he treated a great part of the Russian nobility, some years since, with an inflexible rigour. But, notwithstanding this measure, I still maintain that his character is far from cruel. Peter did nothing but what every sovereign would have done in his place. Must he, who holds the sword of vengeance, grant life to those subjects who have conspired against him?

The Czar sets no value on luxury or refinement in the comforts of life; on the contrary, the plainest food pleases him best; and he is right, for the perfidious art of cookery, carried to a high pitch, cannot fail of destroying the most robust constitutions. Large entertainments are insupportable to him. He has left to the Prince Menzikoff the office of entertaining foreigners, for which he makes him a very considerable allowance. Sometimes the Czar will make one in these parties, which are of the most sumptuous and costly nature. It is reported in Germany, that Peter is fond of liquor, and that he is often seen inebriated. I cannot deny but that he sometimes drinks a great deal; but I never saw him intoxicated, although I have narrowly watched him at



more than one entertainment. On the contrary, I must say, that however he may be able to support much wine, he has a great dislike to those who pride themselves on being able to do the same. It is between meals that he drinks the most, because he speaks so much during the day, that he stands in need of some refreshment. His sideboard is always covered with refreshments of every kind, for his visitors, whenever they choose to ask for any thing.

The Czar observes the greatest simplicity in his dress. Neither gold nor silver are seen to ornament it; but the utmost cleanliness always distinguishes him. His coats are cut according to the German fashion, with Swedish cuffs, and round his waist he wears a belt, embroidered in gold. He has given the preference to the hat instead of the bonnet. He dislikes magnificence on his own person, but he likes to see it on his ministers and generals.

Gambling has no attraction for him, and he has never seen him hold a card. Chess is the only game he ever plays, perhaps on account of its offering to his mind an image of war; yet it is but seldom that he allows himself this amusement, and only when he has no business to transact then he will play with his jesters, who are very numerous at his court.

There are three whose history is worth relating. The two first are brothers, and of an ancient family, adorned with the title of Prince. They entered into a conspiracy against the Czar, which was concerted during his stay in Holland. When the plot was discovered, they imagined that by feigning madness they might avoid punishment. But the Czar's understanding soon penetrated through this scheme, and he punished them in a different manner. He condemned them to remain fools for the remainder of their days, and to act their parts as such at his court. One of them gets drunk every morning to banish from his mind the remembrance of his degrading situation. The third is a Russian nobleman, whom Peter had sent to Smolensko with dispatches of the utmost importance for the governor. Having arrived late at night before the walls of the city, the governor entreated him to wait until the doors were opened the next morning. And what think you the impatient nobleman resolved to do? He returned to the room whence he came with his dispatches — Peter caused him to be informed that his conduct proved his folly, and that he should rank among his fools for the remainder of his life. These unfortunate beings are, however, treated with great kindness and attention. I have

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already observed, that the Czar plays at chess with them; he also occasionally dines with them. They accompany him in all his journeys, and he procures them every comfort.

The Czar is as little governed by the passion of love as that of gambling; and notwithstanding that, for several years, he has declined sharing the bed of his wife, he has not been known to have a mistress. Your highness must not, however, conclude from this, that he is an enemy to the female sex; for, on the contrary, he prefers their society to any other, and even will sometimes take the diversion of dancing; but in general it is but in great moderation. The government of his state, politics, and war, are his predominant passions. To these he gives his whole attention, with an incredible application and perseverance. He rises at an early hour, and repairs to Count Golofkin, high chancellor and first minister of state, with whom he deliberates on the government of his extensive empire. The other counsellors of state afterwards assemble at this minister's, and then the Czar communicates to them his projects, for he scarcely ever takes an important resolution before having weighed with them the different motives which have determined him. The ministers, on their side, make him acquainted with all the letters they receive concerning state affairs. Thus the Czar takes cognizance of every thing, and views with his own eyes the smallest motion of this colossal machine. The conference I have just described employs nearly the whole of the morning, the remainder is dedicated to expedite dispatches to foreign courts, and giving audience to ambassadors. In these audiences the Czar displays great caution; for although the ambassadors are permitted to address him in German, and he is fully competent to answer them instantly in the same language, yet, to avoid all misunderstanding, he causes their words to be translated to him by an interpreter, and afterwards gives his answer in Russian through the same medium. On these occasions he has also his counsellors of state by his side, to be able to ask their advice should any affair of importance occur.

He is in general very much prepossessed against lawyers, doubtless on account of his having discovered many of them lengthening suits by the means of chicanery, overthrowing truth by subtilty, and making fraud triumphant. As soon as a man is acknowledged innocent or guilty, he causes him to be immediately discharged, or immediately punished.

This letter is dated August 25, 1711.

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Every Russian, whatever may be his condition, is freely allowed to address to him his requests or his complaints. I have myself seen him listen, for half an hour, to two poor Polish peasants who presented themselves before him in the street, as he was departing from the state council. He promised them that they should be speedily righted, and ordered his pages to give them money to support them in the meantime. By thus allowing every one free access to his person, he is well acquainted with all his officers; and his memory is so excellent, that it retains the most trifling circumstance.

The Czar's wisdom is also manifested in the impenetrable secrecy which he preserves with respect to his projects. Livonia is an example of this. There is no doubt that he was long since of the same opinion as his allies, regarding the fate of this province; yet he has not allowed one word to transpire. A foreign minister having asked him some explanation on that head, he replied, "When the fox shall be caught, it will be time to dispose of his skin."

In the choice of his ministers he has displayed that he possesses a perfect knowledge of men. Those who at present immediately surround him, are very clever, and of the most unshaken fidelity. Count Goloffkin, by his great talents, is well fitted for the high dignity he holds; and his noble and affable manners cannot fail to please all ranks of people. The second minister, Prince Dolgoroucki, possesses much skill and knowledge, not only in diplomatic affairs, but in war and government. He speaks Italian like a native—Baron Schahroff, vice-chancellor and third minister, is the most accustomed to affairs of state. He is perfectly acquainted with the Latin and German languages, and he is charged with all the transactions with Germany. The Baron de Loewenwold, fourth minister, has progressively attained the highest summit of perfection. He speaks fluently all the languages of the various European courts.

The Czar joins, to all these exalted qualities, a sincere and unfeigned piety. In every action he has the Almighty in view, and acknowledges him to be the author of all the advantages he has gained.

The Polish ambassador, in one of his audiences with Peter, was praising his military talents, and particularly the prudence and intrepidity he had displayed at the battle of Pultava. "My soldiers," replied the Czar, "are like all other soldiers, and can do no more; but the hand of God decided the doubt-

ful fate of the battle. For myself, I incessantly bore in mind the words of the Holy Scripture—*Work and pray*. I have, to the best of my endeavour, fulfilled the last injunction; and my soldiers, with the assistance of God, have accomplished the rest. You have only to advise the King, your master, to do the same, and he will meet with the like success."

Let not this induce your highness to believe that the Czar is prone to fanaticism; the whole tenor of his conduct shows how far he is the contrary. It is well known, that intolerance and hypocrisy are inseparable companions. Peter, who cannot bear the idea of the Catholics treating all other Christians as heretics, has permitted the Lutherans to have in Moscow churches for public worship, and even laid himself the first stone of the last that was erected, and will sometimes hear divine service in them. The Calvinists have also at Moscow two churches; but the Catholics do not enjoy the same privileges. Their worship is only public in one church, the service of which is performed by capuchins—With respect to the Jesuits, the Czar will not allow them to remain in any part of his empire. "Priests," he says, "have no business to mix with the affairs of the world; it is contrary to the words of the scripture, which our Saviour said to his Apostles."

The Czar never swears, and never allows himself to joke on any subject that might be injurious to any one; he is fond of pardoning the little faults of those who surround him, and even capital offences, provided they be not sufficiently serious to awaken his anger.

Prior to his reign, public liberality was totally unknown in Russia. Peter greatly relieved the poor by founding hospitals, and establishing at Moscow a public pharmacy, which alone cost him above twelve thousand pounds. All those who are employed in it, as well as the medical men of the town, are supported at the expence of the state.

With respect to military talents, the Czar may be put in competition with the first characters of this century. His foresight, his presence of mind, and his dauntless courage, are well deserving of admiration. He exposed his person so much at Pultawa, that his hat was pierced by several bullets, and he had a horse killed under him. He ranged his troops in so excellent an order for battle, that the King of Sweden said to his generals, I could never have believed that the Moscovites could have placed themselves so advantageously, though the Prince who commands them, has owned that he owes to his enemies the

obligation of having taught him the art of war.

The Czar's land forces are very considerable; they are rated at three hundred thousand men, including the garrisons. In time of peace his army consists of a hundred and fifty thousand regular troops. The very advantageous pay which he gives them has procured him numbers of German and French officers, so that at present there are no longer any posts remaining for those who now present themselves. The major part of the officers of his army are Germans; the Russians however have now acquired so much military knowledge that they would fight very well without the assistance of foreigners.

The Czar's navy is very considerable; and the neighbouring princes look with very jealous eyes on his numerous excellent sea-ports, well furnished with every thing necessary for the equipment of a fleet; such are Petersburg, Archangel, Astrachan, Azoff, and Veronizza. Peter is well skilled in the art of navigation; and in Holland he learned the manner of building ships. He is so extremely fond of aquatic excursions that he never travels by land when he can avoid it; he is also an able engineer, and applies himself with enthusiasm to the art of fortification. When he has no important affairs to transact he amuses himself with drawing plans; he intends making comments on the works of Varban and other masters.

Any one who has found the means of pleasing him, and makes a proper acknowledgment for his favourable sentiments, is certain of finding in him a sincere and faithful friend. The best example that can be given of this is the cordiality with which he received the King of Poland, when he came to take possession of the throne which the Czar had restored to him. On this occasion Peter, who abhors the infidelity of subjects towards their sovereign, made the bitterest reproaches to the magnates of Poland for not having better stood out in defence of their king. With what eagerness, with what pleasure did he renew his alliance with Prussia and Denmark! What affectionate regard he testified towards his Danish majesty, in the person of the Prince of Courland, to whom he has resolved to return his estates, because he was the friend of his father! In short, to possess the Czar's friendship may be considered an inestimable blessing. His invariable maxim is, that the promise of a sovereign must be held sacred, even should the loss of his states follow its fulfilment; for, adds this magnanimous prince,—“It is better to lose a crown than

forfeit one's honour.”—Peter watches carefully lest any thing might tarnish his glory. It is well known how high Prince Menzikoff ranks in his favour on account of the services which he has received from him, and the affection which this prince has always shewn him from his infancy; he has overwhelmed him with honours and riches, has given him the province of Ingria for him and his heirs for ever; and, moreover, has made him generalissimo, with the power of transacting all military affairs without consulting any one, to make whatever promotions and changes he pleases among the officers and generals. The Czar, however, does not regard with anger those who murmur at being obliged to submit to the generalissimo's authority, particularly when distinguished officers are in the case. By these means he often has it in his power to retain in his service many military men, who having some cause for discontent, solicit their discharge. Far from reproaching them with their want of subordination, or making any complaints even when he has some reason for it, he only tells them how much he shall regret their loss, gives them their discharge without any hesitation, and by this generous conduct attaches them for ever to his interest. Numerous examples of this nature might be related, especially towards foreigners; but generally the Czar's kindness, and the admiration which his exalted qualities inspire, make them forget their friends and their own country.

He does not display less skill in drawing towards him foreign officers whose merits are known, particularly when he has some intimation of their being prepossessed in his favour; and when his point is gained he never fails to recompence them according to their services. A foreign general sent him some new models in plaster, and described some other military inventions of great importance; his sovereign however heard this, and ordered him to be arrested, and sentenced him, unheard, to be confined two years in prison.

As soon as he was liberated the Czar called him to his court, appointed him to the rank of major-general, with a revenue of three thousand crowns a month, and six thousand more for the expences of his establishment. Your highness will not have forgotten that a prince of Darmstadt, who served in the Czar's army, was wounded in the battle fought with General Loewenhaupt, and died in consequence; the gratitude of his young sovereign granted an annuity of sixteen thousand crowns for life to his heir.

It would be wrong to conclude from these  
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instances of liberality that economy is not one of Peter's virtues, or that he lavishes his favours indiscriminately. He does not spend a single ducat without knowing to what purpose it is applied; and every reward he bestows has been merited either by military exploits, wisdom in council, or some other national benefit. This prince is well acquainted with the value of money, and is the more sparing of his treasures as he is unwilling to burthen his subjects with taxes. Not long ago some foreign powers invited him to lend them considerable sums, and pointed out the means of levying them immediately on his people, but he answered them:—"My subjects are my children; money is the soul of war, its source must never be exhausted. I must spare my people and my treasures if I wish that my empire should flourish, and the great work which I have undertaken should terminate successfully." The increase of trade which he strongly encourages in his dominions, has already augmented the opulence of the state and the wealth of individuals. The revenue of that with Persia and China is, according to the latest calculations, two millions and a half of crowns higher than before his reign.

Iron, so abundant in the Russian mines, but till now looked upon as unfit to be worked, is since the arrival of the skilful workmen whom the Czar has brought with him from foreign lands, rendered as useful as that of any other country; with it all kinds of weapons, instruments, and tools are now made, the polish of which equals that of steel.

I have learned from the best authority, that the Czar, as soon as peace will allow him, intends to attempt to civilize the whole extent of his wide dominions; this elegant design, the execution of which seems impossible, will not prove so for his genius. His first intention, however, is to encrease the population of his kingdom, several parts of which are mere deserts. On this account he endeavours to gain the affection and gratitude of his Swedish prisoners; many of whom he would wish to become manufacturers, whilst the rest should clear and cultivate the earth.

It is useless to say that Peter's great qualities, and constant labours for the honour and happiness of Russia, have acquired him the unanimous love and esteem of his subjects.

At the slightest intimation all are in readiness,

and hasten to obey him as children would a beloved parent. This was particularly exemplified when, against all the ancient customs, he proclaimed an edict which commanded all the Russians, not exempting the clergy, on the same day to have their long beards cut off, and to change their Russian costume for that of the French or Germans. This edict was obeyed with a punctuality which greatly surpassed his expectations. Scarcely had the day appointed for this elegant revolution dawned, when a general metamorphosis took place in Russia, the advantages of which experience soon taught the nation.

Before I finish this relation, your highness will allow me to add a few words respecting the heir apparent to the crown, to whom I have frequently had the honour of paying my court. The Czarevitch is tall and well made; his eyes beam with fire and expression when he speaks; he greatly resembles his father; his disposition seems cold, and in general he says little, but never delays his answer. Those who have studied him more attentively praise the dignity of his soul and religious inclinations, and relate that he has already perused the holy scriptures five times over. He is also passionately fond of the Greek historians; his wit is keen, and his judgment sound; he is almost a perfect master of mathematics, the military art and naval tactics. The French language is familiar to him, and he is well acquainted with the German. He is not yet very dexterous in bodily exercises, for the Czar thought it was more useful to teach him the arduous science of government. A foreign minister once told him it was a pity that such an illustrious prince should be a stranger to those arts in which distinguished noblemen excel from their youth, and which display the strength, agility, and grace of the body. "I do not see how it is a pity," answered Peter, "let him first procure what is necessary, superfluities will come after." But I ought to confine myself to what is essential, in order not to exhaust your highness's patience. In my next dispatch I shall have the honour of communicating to you some anecdotes of the most distinguished persons of the Czar's court, and that of Prince Menzikoff.

I am, &c.

St. Petersburg, August 25, 1711

REVIEW AND ANALYSIS  
OF  
*MARMION; A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.*

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

"*TITIS* is the production of the celebrated author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; a poem which has been deservedly popular, and raised its author to the highest point of poetical reputation in the present day.

The character of Mr. Scott's writing is a faithful portrait of feudal times, a poetical picture of the costume of Gothic character, as well that which belongs to nature as that which is peculiar to life. He passes with a bold retrospective genius into those times of turbulence and arms, in which are found those materials of the picturesque and savage sublime, which have so often astonished and charmed us in extraordinary ballads and old romances. These peculiarities of life and customs, which Mr. Scott has studied with the labour and exactness of an antiquarian, he has already woven into a poem in the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," and has repeated with equal success in "*Marmion*."

The same simplicity, the same unabated strength which kept him aloof from the modern fopperies of poetry in his former work, will be found in "*Marmion*." The whole story is admirably told; it never lags, it never fatigues; curiosity is kept up by the regular stratagems of his art, but is practised upon by no nerverthe artifice and trick. The attention is irresistibly detained to the last verse; and when the sympathy excited by the story abates, the charms of the poetry afford a fresh feast of delight. Without bestowing any notice on the introductory piece prefixed to each Canto, we shall proceed to submit to the reader a brief analysis of the plan of this performance, which the author denominates a romantic tale, and which he professes to be an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times upon a broader scale, and in a more interesting story, than he has already done in the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*."

The first Canto, entitled the Castle, opens with the arrival of Lord Marmion the (description of whom is given in the poetical extracts in the last Number of our Magazine) at Norham Castle, in Northumberland, the seat of Sir Hugh Heron. The ceremonies attending the reception of the noble stranger are enumerated, after which the author passes to the entertainment given him by the owner of

the castle. The feast, accompanied by the harp and the voice of the performer, being finished, Sir Hugh calls for the wined bowl, which he replenishes with wine, and then presses his guest:—

"Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion."

But first I pray thee fair,  
Where hast thou left that page of thine,  
That used to serve that cap of white,  
Whose beauty was so rare?

When last in Raby towers we met  
The boy I closely eyed,  
And often mused his cheeks were wet  
With tears he fain would hide:  
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,  
To bunnish shield or sharpen brand  
Or saddle battle steed

But meeter seemed for lady fair,  
To fan her cheek or cool her hair,  
Or through embroidery rich and rare  
The slender silk to lead:

Hisslam was his, his name  
His bosom, when he sigh'd  
The ruyet doublet's rugged fold  
Could scarce repel its pride!"

Marmion replies that he has left his page sick at Lindisfarne; he enquires, in his turn, the cause of the absence of Lady Heron; and being informed that she is at the court of the Scottish Queen, he informs her in his turn that he is going by his sovereign's command to that court to enquire the reason of the extraordinary levies of troops in Scotland. He

trusts his host to supply him with a guide to conduct him to the Scottish court; and accordingly a Palmer is found who undertakes to serve him in that capacity. The following morning Lord Marmion quits the castle; and thus concludes the first Canto. The next introduction of the Palmer is so eminently beautiful and descriptive, that we cannot omit it in this Canto:—

"From Salem first, and last from Nazareth,  
One that has kissed the blessed Saviour's feet,  
And visted each holy shrine,  
In Araby and Palestine—  
On hills of Armenia has been,  
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen;  
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,  
Which parted at the Prophet's rod;

In Sinai's wilderness he saw  
The mount where Israel heard the law ;  
Mid thunder dint, and flashing levin  
And shadows, mist, and darkness given.—  
He shews Saint James's cockle shell,  
Of fair Montserrat too, can tell ;  
And of that grof where olives nod,  
Where, darling of each heart and eye,  
From all the youth of Sicily ;  
Saint Rosalie retired to God."

The second Canto, bearing the inscription of the Convent, represents the voyage of the Abbess of St. Hilda, with five of her nuns, from Whitby to Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, whither she is summoned to meet the Abbot of St. Cuthbert and the Prioress of Tyne-mouth, for the purpose of passing sentence on two offenders of the monastic order. The description of the Abbess of St. Hilda in this Canto, is in the most masterly style of the author :—

"The Abbess was of noble blood,  
But early took the veil and hood,  
Ere upon life she cast a look,  
Or knew the world that she forsook.  
Fair, too, she was, and kind had been,  
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen  
For her a timid lover sigh,  
Or knew the influence of her eye.  
Love to her ear was but a name  
Combined with vanity and shame ;  
Her hopes, her fears, her joys were all  
Bounded within the cloister wall ;  
The deadliest sigh her mind could reach,  
Was of monastic vows the breach ;  
And her ambition's highest aim,  
To emulate St. Hilda's fame.  
For this she gave her ample dower,  
To elevate the eastern tower ;  
For this, with carving rare and quaint,  
She decked the chapel of the Saint ;  
And gave the relique shrine of cost,  
With ivory and gems imbost ;  
The poor her convent's bounty blest,  
The pilgrim in its hall found rest.  
Black was her garb, her rigid rule,  
Reformed on Benedictine school ;  
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare,  
Vigils and penitence austere  
Had early quenched the light of youth,  
But gentle was the dame in sooth ;  
Though vain of her religious sway,  
She loved to see her maids obey ;  
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,  
And the nuns loved their Abbess well."

The Vault of Penitence, the horrid scene of this meeting, is described, and the culprits are then introduced :—

"Before them stood a guilty pair ;  
But though an equal fate they share,  
Yet one alone deserves our care.  
Her sex a page's dress belied ;  
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,  
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.  
Her cap down o'er her face she drew ;  
And on her doublet breast  
She tried to hide the badge of blue,  
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.  
But at the Prioress' command,  
A monk undid the silken band,  
That tied her tresses fair,  
And raised the bonnet from her head  
And down her slender form they spread  
In ringlets rich and rare.  
Constance de Bevepley they know,  
Sister-professed of Fontevraud."

The calmness and fortitude of the beautiful Constance before the tremendous tribunal, are well contrasted with the pusillanimity of her base minded companion. The Abbot is about to pronounce their awful doom, when Constance, having twice in vain essayed to speak, thus addresses the assembly :—

"I speak not to implore your grace ;  
We'll know I for one minute's space  
Successful might I sue :  
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain ;  
For if a death of lingering pain,  
To cleanse my sins be penance vain,  
Vain are your masses too.  
I listened to a traitor's tale  
I left the convent and the veil,  
For three long years I bowed my pride,  
A horse-boy, in his trap to ride ;  
And well my folly's meed he gave  
Who forfeited to be his slave,  
All here and all beyond the grave.  
He saw young Clara's face more fair,  
He knew her of broad lands the heir,  
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,  
And Constance was beloved no more."

The King approved his favourite's aim,  
In vain a rival bared his claim,

Whose faith with Clara's was plight ;  
For he attains that rival's fame  
With treason's charge—and on they came  
In mortal lists to fight.

Their oaths are said,  
Their prayers are prayed,  
Their lances in the rest are laid,  
They meet in mortal shock ;  
And hark the throng, with thundering cry,  
Shout Marmion, Marmion to the sky !

See Winton to the block !  
Say ye, who preach heaven shall decide,  
When in the lists two champions ride,

Say, was heaven's justice here?  
When loyal in his love and faith,  
Wilton found overthrow or death  
Beneath a traitor's spear.  
How false the charge, how true he fell,  
This guilty packet best can tell—  
Then drew a packet from her breast.  
Paused, gathered voice, then spoile the rest.

Still was false Marmion's bridal staid,  
To Whithby's convent fled the maid,  
The hated match to shun.  
"Ho! shifts she thus?" King Henry cried;  
Sir Marmion she shall be thy bride,  
If she were sworn a nun."

One way remained, the King's command  
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:  
I lingered here and rescue plann'd  
For Clara and for me.

This crafty monk for gold did swear,  
He would to Whithby's shrine repair,  
And by his drugs my rival fair  
A saint in heaven should be.  
But all the dastard kept his oath,  
Whose cowardice hath undone us both.

And now my tongue the secret tells,  
Not that remorse my bosom swells,  
But to assure my soul that none  
Shall ever wed with Marmion.  
Had fortune my last hope betrayed,  
This packet, to the King conveyed,  
Had given him to the headman's stroke  
Although my heart that instant broke.  
Now men of death work forth your will,  
For I can suffer and be still;  
And come he slow, or come he fast,  
It is but death who comes at last.

Yet dread me from my living tomb,  
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome;  
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,  
Full soon such vengeance will he take,  
That ye shall wish the fiery Dane  
Had rather been your guest again.  
Behind, a darker hour ascends,  
The altars quake, the crossier bends,  
The ire of a despotic king  
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;  
Then shall these vaults so strong and deep,  
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;  
Some traveller then shall find my bones,  
Whitening amid disjorted stones;  
And ignorant of priests' cruelty,  
Marvel such relics here should be.

Fixed was her look, and stern her air;  
Back from her shoulders streamed her hair;  
The locks that wou'd her brow to shade,  
Stared up erectly from her head;  
Her figure seemed to rise more high;

Her voice, despair's wild energy,  
Had given a tone of prophecy.  
Appalled the astonished conclave sate;  
With stupid eyes the men of fate  
Gazed on the light inspired form,  
And listened for the avenging storm;  
The judges felt the victim's dread,  
No hand was moved, no word was said,  
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,  
Raising his sightless balls to heaven!—  
"Sister! let thy sorrows cease;  
Sinful brother part in peace!"

To some of our readers it may not perhaps be known, that the religious who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same punishment as the Roman Vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive walls of the convent; a slender pittance of bread and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, *Vade in pacem*, Go in peace—were the signal for immuring the criminal!

The hotel, or inn, where Marmion and his train reposed the night after his departure from Norham Castle, form the subject of the third Canto. Here to beguile the time, Fitz-Eustace, one of his Squires, sings a song concerning the fate of the constant and the faithless lover; which fills Marmion's breast with the keenest remorse for his conduct to Constance, whom he had surrendered to the church, in order to rid himself of her threats, importunities, and upbraidings, and also because, frantic with despair, she had planned the destruction of her rival. He was for some time overpowered by the passions conflicting in his breast, but soon again

"Lord Marmion raised his head,  
And smiling to Fitz-Eustace said:  
'Is it not strange that as ye song  
Seemed in mine ear a death-pest rang,  
Such as in nunneries they toll  
For some departing sister's soul?  
Say, what may this portend?'  
Then first the Palmer silence broke,  
'(The live-long day he had not spoke)  
'The death of a dear friend."

These words, together with the tone in which they were uttered, and something in the look of the Palmer, completely unmanned Marmion, whose bosom was filled with repentance and reviving love, till the host begins a tale concerning the combat of Alexander III. of Scotland with a goblin-knight, at the ancient Pictish camp, a short distance from the village where they then were. This being finished, Marmion withdraws with his Squires for

the night. Instead, however, of retiring to rest, he calls up Fitz-Eustace, directing him to saddle his horse. He takes the road towards the Pictish camp, from which he returns with extraordinary speed, both rider and horse exhibiting the appearance of having fallen; but the account of his adventures during the excursion is reserved for another place. Thus ends the third Canto.

The fourth, entitled the Camp, commences with the departure of Marmion and his return from the arm. They have not proceeded far before they are met by Sir David Landesay, James King at arms, with a train of heralds and pursuivants, sent by the Scottish monarch to provide a fit lodging for Marmion till the King should find time for an interview. He accordingly conducts the English ambassador to Craichtown Castle, whose owner, Earl Adam Hepburn, had marched that morning, with all his followers, to join the army which James was assembling on the Borough-moor! At Craichtown Marmion stops two days; and on the second night Sir David Landesay relates to him the story of an apparition which appeared to the Scottish King, to warn him against a war with England; which, together with Marmion's narrative of his nocturnal encounter at the Pictish camp, the reader will find among the extracts given in our last Number. The Canto concludes with a description of the Scottish camp near L. d. d. d. d. to which the herald conducted the ambassador and his train.

A picture of the arms and accoutrements distinguishing the various clans that composed the Scottish army, opens the fifth Canto, entitled the Court. Marmion having traversed the camp, is led by his conductor to the city, and thence to the palace of Holyrood, where James was that night giving an entertainment to his nobles, previous to his departure for the expedition against England, which he had fixed for the next day. Marmion is introduced to the monarch, whose character, copied correctly from historical records, the author has happily sketched in the following lines.

"The monarch's form was middle size;  
For feat of strength or exercise,  
Shaped to proportion fair;  
And his eyes were blue as the sky,  
And auburn of the darkest dye  
His short curled beard and hair  
Light was his footstep in the dance,  
And firm his standing in the lists;  
And bold he had that merry grace,  
That seldom a lady's heart resists.  
Lightly from far to far he flew,  
And love to plead, lament and sue!—

Suit lightly won, a short-lived pain!  
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

I said he joyed in banquet-bower;  
But mid his mirth 'twas often strange  
How suddenly his cheer would change,  
His look o'ercast and lower,  
If, in a sudden turn, he felt  
The pressure of his iron belt,  
That bound his breast in penance-pain;  
In memory of his father slain.

Even so 'twas strange how ere more,  
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,  
Forward he rushed with double glee  
Into the stream of revelry:  
Thus, dim-seen object of afflict  
Stands the courser in his flight,  
And half he halts, half springs aside,  
But feels the quickening spur applied,  
And straining on the tightened rein  
Scorns doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,  
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife had sway;

To Scotland's court she came,  
To be a hostage for her lord,  
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gone,  
And with the King to make accord,  
Had sent his lovely dame,  
Nor to that lady free alone  
Did the gay King allegiance owe;  
For the fair Queen of France  
Sent him a turquois ring and glove,  
And charged him as her knight and love  
For her to break a lance;  
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,  
And march three miles on English land,  
And bid the banners of his hand  
In English breezes dance.

And thus for France's Queen he drest  
His manly limbs in mailed vest;  
And thus admitted English fair,  
His inmost counsels still to share;  
And thus for both he madly planned  
The ruin of himself and land!

And yet the sooth to tell,  
Nor England's fair nor France's Queen,  
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,  
From Margaret's eyes that fell,—  
His own Queen Margaret, who in Lillgow's  
bower  
All lonely sat and wept the weary hour."

Such was the cause for which James, disregarding the counsels of prudent advisers, and even warnings which were thought to be supernatural, rashly determined on war, and thereby to the commission of Marmion, hurried on to the monarch by whom he was slain. An interesting scene takes place between the King, the Earl of Angus, and the English



ambassador; the former remains steady to his purpose; but as Marmion was directed to remain as long as the slightest hopes of peace were left, James assigns him Tantallon, the castle of the above-mentioned Earl for his residence during his stay in Scotland; and likewise places under the protection of the ambassador the five nuns of Whithy and their Abbess who had been taken by one of his galleys. The Abbess, who had been one of those that sat in judgment on Constance and Clara, for whose sake the latter had been betrayed by Marmion, justly dreaded the man who was appointed by the Scottish monarch to escort them back to their convent. The Palmer still in Marmion's train; with him the Abbess contrived a secret interview; and having related the history of De Wilton and Clara, she delivered to him the packet she had received from Constance, containing proofs of Marmion's treachery towards his opponent, charging him to convey them with all possible speed to the king. The extraordinary vision which terminates the meeting of the Palmer and the Abbess is founded on a circumstance related by Pictou, and which, like the apparition at Linlithgow, was probably a device to deter the king from the war. The parting of the Abbess and Clara, and the journey of Marmion and his retinue with the latter to Tantallon, occupy the remainder of the fifth Canto.

The sixth, entitled the Battle, begins with the unexpected meeting of Clara and her lover, De Wilton, in Tantallon Castle. After the first effusions of mutual surprise, he relates his adventures since their rencontre with Marmion. He informs her, that being conveyed from the list, where he was left for dead, by his headsmen, Austin, he was attended by the old men, who found means to bring him to himself, till a complete recovery was effected; when he accompanied him to foreign lands in the disguise of a Palmer. Austin fell sick, and before he expired, he charged De Wilton with this dying injunction, to spare, for his sake, the life of Marmion, should fortune ever place it in his power. De Wilton then repented to Scotland where chance directed that he should be the guide of his most inveterate enemy. He

the supposed spectre whom Marmion encountered on Gilford Moor, and it was he to whom the Abbess delivered the packet which was to prove his innocence. Douglas, to whom his family had formerly been known, had promised to provide him with armour, and agreed to dub him a knight, after which he purposed to repair to the camp of the Earl of Surrey, the commander of the English forces dispatched against the King of Scotland. Whither he goes

Marmion intended to conduct Clara. Such is the substance of De Wilton's history, the knowledge of which is represented as having produced a distant coldness the Earl of Angus to his guest, and at their parting a quarrel, which is given with considerable spirit.

"The train from out the castle drew,  
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu;

"Though something I might plain," he said  
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
Sent hither by your King's behest

While in Tantallon's towers I staid,  
Part we in friendship from your hand,  
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—

"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still  
Be open, at my sovereign's will,  
To each one whom he lists, how'er

Unnext to be the owner's peer.

My castles are my king's alone  
From turret to foundation-stone—

The hand of Douglas is his own,  
And never shall in friendly grasp  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,

And shook his very frame for ire,

And—"Thus to me?" he said,—

An' twere not for thy hoary beard,  
Such hate as Marmion's had not spared  
To carve the Douglas' head!"

And first I tell thee haughty peer,  
Who does England's message here,

Although the meanest in her state

May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:

And, Douglas, more I tell thee here  
Even in thy pitche of pride,

Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,

(Nay, never look upon your lord,

And lay your hands upon your sword

I tell thee thou'rt deth'd!

And if thou said'st I am not peer

To any lord in Scotland here,

Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus thou hast li'd!"

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage

O'ercame the ashen hue of age:

Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then

To beard the Lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?"

And hop'st thou then unscathed to go?

No, by Saint Burke of Bothwell, no!

Upride, grooves—what, warden, ho!

Let the potent his fall!"

Lord Marmion turned—well was his need!

And dashed the rowls in his steed,

Lake arrow through the arch-way sprung,

The ponderous grate behind him rung;

To pass there was such scanty room,  
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

After this narrow escape Marmion rejoins his troop, and missing the Palmer, makes enquiry for him. He is informed that at day-break he had left the castle, mounted on the Earl's favourite steed, and cased in armour, in which he bore a great resemblance to the knight whom Marmion had vanquished at Cotswood. Marmion's eyes are now opened, he recognizes in the Palmer his old enemy De Wilton, and knows that he must have been the antagonist whom he encountered on Gifford wold—a discovery which excites in his guilty bosom no very agreeable sensations.

Proceeding onwards to the Tweed, the hostile armies are discovered opposite to each other. Marmion hastens to join that of the English, in the rear of which he places Clare, with a chosen guard. He repairs to the Earl of Surrey, who assigns him a post in the van. The battle commences, the fortune of the day seems to waver in the part where Marmion fights, and two squires whom he had left with Clare, fly to his aid. They soon return to the spot bearing along their wounded lord

• "His hand still stained the broken brand;  
His arms were smeared with blood and sand,  
Dragged from among the horses' feet  
With dented shield and helmet beat,  
The falcon crest and plumage gone,  
Can that be haughty Marmion?  
Young Blount his armour did unlace  
And gazing on his ghastly face,

Said—'By Saint George he's gone!  
That spear wound has our master sped;  
And see the deep cut on his head!

Good night to Marmion!  
'Unmanned Blount! they brawling cease;  
He opens his eye,' said Eustace; 'peace'

When doffed his casque, he felt free air  
Around 'gan Marmion wildly start—  
'Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Costare where?  
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!  
Redeem my pennon, charge again!  
Cry—Marmion to the rescue!—Vain!  
Last of my race on battle-plain,  
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!  
Must I bid twice? hence, varlets! fly!  
Leave Marmion here alone—to die!—  
They parted and alone he lay,  
Clare drew her from the sight away;  
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan  
And half he murmured,—'Is there none

Of all thy halls have nursed,  
Page, squire or groom, one cup to bring  
Of blessed water from the spring  
To slake my dying thirst!

Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
When with the baron's casque the maid

To the high streamlet ran—  
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears,  
The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
Sees but the dying man.  
She filled the helm and back she bled,  
And with surprise and joy espied  
A monk supporting Marmion's head,  
A pious man whom duty brought  
To dubious verge of battle fought  
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead  
Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
And as she stooped his brow to lave,  
'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,  
'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?'

Then, as remembrance rose—  
'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!  
I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words are mine to spare;  
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!  
'Alas!' she said, 'the while—  
O think of your immortal weal!  
In vain for Constance is your zeal;  
She died at Holy Isle.'

Lord Marmion started from the ground,  
As light as if he felt no wound;  
Though in the action burst the tide,  
In torrents from his wounded side.  
'Then it was truth!' he said—'I knew  
That the dark presage must be true,  
I would the fiend to whom belongs  
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day!  
For wasting fire, and dying groan,  
And priests' clamour on the altar stone,  
Might but be hum for delay.

It may not be!—this dizzy trance—  
Curse on you base marauder's lance,  
And doubly cursed my failing brand!  
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'

Then fainting down on earth he sunk  
Supported by the trembling monk.  
With fruitless labour, Clara bound  
And strove to staunch the gushing wound;  
The monk, with unavailing cares,  
Exhausted all the church's prayers;  
Ever he said that, close and near,  
A lady's voice was in his ear,  
And that the priest he could not hear,

For that she ever sung,  
*In the last battle, borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle, with groans of the dying,*  
So the notes rung;

'Avoid thee fiend! with cruel hand,  
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—  
O look, my son, upon you sign  
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;  
O think on faith and bliss!

By many a death-bed I have been,  
 And many a sinner's parting seen  
 But never aught like this —  
 The war that for a space did fail,  
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,  
 And Stanley! was the cry;—  
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
 And fired his glazing eye:  
 With dying hand above his head  
 He shook the fragment of his blade  
 And shouted—'Victory!  
 Charge, Chester, charge!—On, Stanley, on!  
 Were the last words of Marmion.'

The battle of Flodden Field, could not, it is well known, be made to terminate otherwise than in favour of the English, and, as the reader may easily guess, the piece concludes with the union of De Wilton and Clare.

This poem will be readily conceived to have faults, some of which candour obliges us to point out.

Mr. Scott seems to think that, for the sake of a rhyme, a poet may take any liberties he pleases with the participles of verbs. This inference we are at least justified in drawing from such instances as the following:—Hast wove—were tore—had broke—hath swore—were chose—and many others of the like kind.

Bad rhymes are of still more frequent recurrence. Thus we find:—Broad and showed—thunder-bolt and halt—one and man—mourn and return—dumb and tomb—lost and most—gone and stone—pierce and rehearse—tone and on—shown and won—messenger and bra—clad and red—Edelbed and pray'd—execu—tion, and there—land and bread—once and glance—scorned and returned, &c. &c.

Scotticisms occasionally occur, such as:—

"When the old man  
 Said we *would* make a matchless pair."

Violations of grammar are not uncommon from any person who has had the education of a gentleman, we should scarcely have expected such gross faults as these:

"By four deep gaps *are* entrance given."

Scarcely by the pale moon-light *was* seen  
 The foldings of his mantle green.

Even such weak minister as *me*  
 May the oppressor bruise."

The accents in some of the following lines are peculiarly disagreeable:—

"O woman in our hours of ease  
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;  
 And variable as the shade  
 By the light quivering aspen made;

When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
 A ministering angel thou!—

Hast thou no elegiac verse?"

The proportion of doggerel in this volume is by no means inconsiderable. We shall quote a few instances:—

"As when the champion of the lake  
 Enters Morgana's fated hold,  
 Or in the chapel perilous,  
 Despising spells and demon's force,  
 Holds converse with the unburied corse;  
 Or when Dame Gauore's grace to move,  
 (Alas! that lawless was their love)  
 He sought proud Tarquin in his den  
 And freed full sixty knights; or when  
 A sinful man and unconfessed  
 He took the Sangreal's holy quest,—&c.

And ne'er held marble in its trust,  
 Of two such wonderous men the dust

With musquet, pike, and morion  
 To welcome noble Marmion.—

And there she stood so calm and pale  
 That, but her breathing did not fail,  
 And motion slight of eye and head,  
 And of her bosom, warranted  
 That neither sense nor pulse she lacks;  
 You might have thought a form of wax,  
 Wrought to the very life was there."

"Steele weeds" cannot be a proper expression, neither does that in the following lines appear to us more appropriate.

"The cannon from the ramparts *glanced*.

Or slow like *noon-tide* ghost would glide"

Throughout the whole work the author appears extremely partial to alliteration. Of this the annexed verse affords a ridiculous example:

"May *bid* your heads and patten *prayer*."

One might be tempted to suppose that Mr. Scott was composing a parody on *Sally in our Alley*, in the following lines:—

"Of all the palaces so fair,  
 Built for the royal dwelling,  
 In Scotland far beyond compare  
 Linlithgow is excelling."

But with all the deductions which just criticism is compelled to make, we can securely recommend "Marmion" as a delicious treat to the reader.

# POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

## THE BIRTH OF THE SEVERN, THE WYE, AND THE RHYDDOL.

A NERFID once from Neptune ran,  
A mountain giant was her man:  
They ask'd no banns, they fear'd no shame,  
Plinlimmon was the giant's name,  
His bed a mountain's desert cave,  
Three pledges of their union gave;  
Their sex was her's that was the mother,  
As if 'twas jealous of the other  
No sooner born but full of play,  
The little Truants ran away

The first, caressing public sight,  
Made wealth and cities her delight:  
Was proud of her maternal birth,  
For Ocean's tribute claim'd the earth,  
With many a dealer snug in trade,  
Had love and passions ready made;  
Itinerant from shore to shore,  
Prolific inductions bore,  
And yet a character preserv'd,  
By the decorum she observ'd;  
But opulence the ruling aim,  
And Screen was the lady's name.

The second, fond of rural scene,  
With graceful air, like beauty's queen,  
Coquetting, but with morals chaste,  
And sentimentally embrac'd,  
From coarse and glaring crowds remov'd,  
By gentle spirits cheer'd and lov'd,  
Was ne'er obnoxious but retir'd,  
And sweetly coy, was more desir'd!  
Her playful dress, with careless grace,  
And shifted charm improv'd her face;  
Her flowing hair the Muses crown'd,  
Her step was consecrated ground;  
By Genius lov'd, carass'd by Fame,  
And Wye the matchless wonder's name.  
A termagant the Rhyddol next,  
With manners bold, and choice perplex'd,  
Pacific intercourse disdain'd,  
In fury shone, in terrors reign'd;  
Wild as a colt, or pamper'd horse,  
And bounding with a tiger's force,  
In rocks and caves that shunn'd the light  
Or tumbling from the mountain's height;  
She leapt, she flew, as quick as thought,  
And still pursu'd, was never caught;

Refus'd the lover's gentle sway,  
And swept with scorn her thund'ring way;  
Unless, to wanton mischief prone,  
She made some heedless nymph her own,  
And wore the counterfeited smile,  
An artless virgin to beguile.  
'Twas thus two Naiads were deceiv'd,  
With open arms her gifts receiv'd,  
But soon were in a torrent lost,  
On stormy Neptune's bosom toss'd!  
And borne upon a car half dead,  
The helpless victims of his bed.

With tempting charms the Istwith pleas'd,  
Betray'd, and by the Rhyddol seiz'd,  
With shouts of joy was borne away,  
The Rhyddol's boast, the Ocean's prey;  
And sportive Mynagh shar'd her fate,  
Caught by the same alluring bait.

Ill-fated Istwith! dear to love;  
In Hafod's grove or pathless grove;  
By Hafod's Druid Priest† admir'd;  
By Hafod's Muse herself inspir'd;  
In many a cave by him pursu'd,  
With taste entranc'd, with love renew'd,  
The Rhyddol binds thee with her chain,  
And mountain shrieks are heard in vain.

Yet such is beauty's varied power,  
That not alone Armida's bower,  
But Rhyddol's features, wild and rude,  
With love's attractions are endued;—  
We look at charms, to errors blind,  
Adore the form and veil the mind.

## THE MAID OF ERIN.

My thoughts delight to wander  
Upon a distant shore;  
Where lovely, fair, and tender,  
Is she whom I adore:  
May Heav'n, its blessings sparing  
On her bestow them free,  
The lovely Maid of Erin!  
Who sweetly sang to me.

† The Rhyddol meeting with Istwith and the Mynagh, takes them with her to the sea.

† Mr. Jhnnes, the owner of the celebrated Hafod, and whose taste in the display of its beauties is universally admired.

Had Fortune fix'd my station,  
In some propitious hour,  
The monarch of a nation,  
Endow'd with wealth and power;  
That wealth and power sharing,  
My peerless queen should be,  
The lovely Maid of Erin!  
Who sweetly sang to me.

Altho' the restless ocean  
May long between us roar,  
Yet while my heart has motion,  
She'll lodge within its core;  
For restless and endearing,  
And mild and young is she,  
The lovely Maid of Erin!  
Who sweetly sang to me.

When Fate gives indignation,  
That my last hour is nigh,  
With placid resignation  
I'll lay me down and die;  
Fond hope my bosom cheering,  
That I in heav'n shall see,  
The lovely Maid of Erin!  
Who sweetly sang to me.

#### THE MAID OF LOCH NELL.\*

The wailing winds should round the towers o'  
Ben-Benfrewing,  
The tempest-wing'd spirit shriek'd wildly  
on high,  
The thunderbolts plough'd up the heathy  
mountain's high ridge,  
As the blue fork'd lightning illumined the  
sky,

The storm-laden black clouds were heavily  
lowm'd,

The sea billows heav'd up w' mountain-like  
swell,

The cold ruin'd blast swept the brow o' Ben-  
frewing,

An' kiss'd the white breast o' the Maid of  
Loch Nell.

She sprang in the Curragh to meet her Mac-  
donnell,

While her soul-breathing love-sighs were  
mingled w' fear,

For the tempest-beat billows rav'd wildly in  
Connell,

An' the fiery-warm lightning hiss'd awfully

\* Loch Nell, the seat of General Campbell, is a beautiful romantic spot in the west Highlands—Dunstaffnage, the ancient residence of the Kings of Scotland, is a little below Loch Nell, and the rapid river Connell runs between them. Benfrewing is a very high hill N. E. of Loch Nell.

Her long flowing hair to the rude blast was  
wavin',  
As the lab'ring Curragh wave-toss'd rose  
and fell.

The spray wift the wings o' the storm-lovin'  
raven,

An' chill'd the sweet form o' the Maid o'  
Loch Nell.

• Ah! ne'er more, sweet maid, wilt thou meet  
thy Macdonnell,

• Nae gear in the strath will ye arm-in-arm  
rove;

For the angel of death's on the dark waves o'  
Connell,

• An' waits for the mandate preparing above.  
• Three times a loud voice was heard sabbin' an'

wavin',

Aboon roan'd Connell w' sad mournful  
swell;

• An' three times a voice was heard plaintively  
sailin',

• W' sighs round the mansion o' lofty Loch  
Nell.

Ne'er again, lovely maid, wilt thou stray thro'  
the wild wood;

Ne'er again wilt thou rove thro' the sweets  
o' the glen,

Ne'er again wilt thou tread in the haunts of  
thy childhood,

Or rouse the dun deer frae its rock cover'd  
pen

Sad, sad, will thy loss be, ill-fated Macdonnell,  
Nae mair on thy love's ruby lips wilt thou  
dwell;

For low in the oozy-green caverns o' Connell  
Lies the pride o' thy heart—the sweet Maid  
o' Loch Nell.

#### ENO; THE INDIAN WARRIOR.

'Tis done, the blow's given, reveng'd is my  
love,

Yes, yes, and to-morrow I die;

To-morrow my soul wings its journey above,  
To Oora, to Oora, I fly!

• Ye tribes, Oh, my brothers! you knew she had  
charms!

You knew, too, I made her my wife;

Yet the fell villain came, tore the maid from  
my arms;

But he fell!—Yes, he fell by my knife.

• Yet why did my hatchet so soon find his heart?  
Or scalp'd was the white man by me?

Why, why, Oh! I'll tell it, with rapture im-  
part,

That Eno might come, love, to thee!

Yes, yes, and to-morrow I go to my bride,  
 'Tis fix'd, 'tis the Christian's decree!  
 The faggots will blaze, but the joy I'll deride,  
 For Orra, I come, love, to thee!

"Farewell! and for ever! tormentors, I'll cry,  
 "My sinners to ashes may burn;

"Yes, yes, but a groan, not a groan nor a sigh,  
 "Your flames shall exact in return.

"Farewell! and for ever! I go to my bride!  
 "Your tortures are pleasures to me."

My arm fell'd the tyrant, he struggled and died!

But Orra—I come, love, to thee.

### THE SLIGHTED SHEPHERD.

ASIDE yon' gently sloping hill,  
 A cottage overlooks the dale,  
 Where smoothly steals a pushing rill,  
 Along the daisy spangled vale.

Enticing spot! sweet magic scene!  
 The hill and dale, the mead and grove.

A simple, yet a rich demesne,  
 The pure abode of virtuous love.

Eight Summer's clad in warm array,  
 Cool groves invite to calm repose.

But ah! what melting love sick lay,  
 Does yon' tall pine tree's bark disclose?

"Ye villagers of humble sphere,  
 "Who oft frequent this silent grove;

"Ye who the lonely shade revere,  
 "The sweet receptacle for love.

"Behold yon' little mountain cot,  
 "With myrtle girt, and woodbine sweet;

"From noise and bustle far remote,  
 "Except the harmless lambkin's bleat.

"Within resides a matchless maid,  
 "The fairest of the village train;

"In soft resistless charms array'd,  
 "The fond attraction of the plain.

"Cease contemplation—cease to bear  
 "To memory's reflective view,

"My hopeless passion for a fair;  
 "Nor disappointment's pangs renew.

"Yet shall my friendly muse disclose  
 "The dictates of a wounded heart;

"The object of my lost repose,  
 "Ah! let these humble lines impart.

Then be my hapless tale confess'd;  
 "Let all the village know my lot:

"A passion kindled in my breast,  
 "For Flora of the mountain cot.

"Oft as the maiden blush of morn'  
 "Crept slowly up the smoking hills:

"When sparkling dew-drops tip'd the thorn,  
 "And sol illum'd the tepid rills.

"Oft as the Sun's enlivening ray  
 "Awak'd the busy chipping crew,

"I quit the village blithe and gay,  
 "And to the mountain cottage flew.

"On me affection seem'd to smile,  
 "As Flora's hand I gently press'd;

"A fond return I thought awhile,  
 "Had render'd faithful Robin blest.

"The matchless maid I truly love;  
 "But she prove cruel, cold, unkind:

"With Robin she'll no longer rove,  
 "Fair Flora's of uncertain mind.

"Dissembled love is like the vane,  
 "That alters with each restless breeze;

"It holds a short delusive reign,  
 "And sinks beneath its base decrees.

"The pastimes of my native vale,  
 "Have long since ceas'd to yield delight.

"I now alone my fate bewail,  
 "As wand'ring thro' the gloomy night.

Adieu my dear paternal vale,  
 "Farewell enticing shaded grove;

"Do thou record the simple tale,  
 "A constant Shepherd's slighted love."

*Full Place.*

GOBBIO

### SONG.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN

ALL ye, who torn from Love,  
 At distance roam forlorn;  
 All ye who vanquish'd prove  
 Some cruel fair one's scorn;—  
 Your sorrows, tho' severe,  
 Compar'd with mine are small,  
 For you have Hope to cheer,  
 And I have lost my all.

I lov'd a beauteous fair,  
 And was belov'd again—  
 But in this world of care,  
 No joy can long remain;  
 'Tis like the tender rose,  
 Expending to the skies,  
 At dawn of morn it blows,  
 At eve it droops and dies.

Vain were her youth and charms:  
 The lovely maid is gone:  
 Death snatch'd her from my arms,  
 And I am left alone!—  
 The griefs which now o'erwhelm,  
 Will finish soon my woe,—  
 That stroke which fells the elm,  
 Destroys the ivy too.

*Tork Barracks.*

E. C.

## THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE!

THE sun was departed, the mild zephyr blowing,

Buried over the plain the perfume of the flowers;

In soft undulations the streamlet was flowing,

And calm meditation led forward the hours:

I struck the full chord, and the ready tear started,

I sung of an exile, forlorn, broken hearted,

Like him, from my bosom all joy is departed,

And sorrow has stol'n from the lyre all its powers.

I paus'd on the strain, when fond men's tenacious,

Presented the form I must ever esteem:

Retrad scenes of pleasure, alas! how fallacious!

Evanescent all, all, as the shades of a dream  
Yet still, as they rush'd thro' oppress'd recollection,

The silent tear fell, and the pensive reflection  
Immured my sad bosom in deeper dejection,

On which cheering Hope scarcely glances a beam.

In vain into beauty all nature is springing,

In vain smiling Spring does the blossoms unfold;

In vain round my cot the wing'd choristers singing,

Whence soft affection is dormant and cold.

Even sad as the merchant bereav'd of his treasure,

So slow beats my heart, and so languid its measure,

So dreary, so lonely, a stranger to pleasure,

Around it affliction her mantle hath roll'd.

But meek resignation supporting the spirit,

Unveils a bright scene to the uplifted eye;

A scene, which the patient and pure shall inherit,

Where hearts bleed no more, and the tear shall be dry.

There souls, which on earth in each other delighted,

By friendship, by honour, by virtue united,

Shall meet, and their pleasures no more shall be brighted,

But perfect and pure as their love be their joy.

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR APRIL.

## BRURY-LANE

On Thursday, March 31, was presented at Brury-lane Theatre, a New Play, entitled "*The World*," from the pen of Mr. Kenney; an author well known, and deservedly praised, for "*Raising the Wind*."

## CHARACTERS.

Cheriot	.....	Mr. EMMETON,
Echo	.....	Mr. BANNISTER,
Withers	.....	Mr. WROUGHTON,
Index	.....	Mr. MATTHEWS,
Subtle	.....	Mr. NEWITZER,
Social	.....	Mr. PURSER,
Loiter	.....	Mr. DE CAMP,
Damtleass	.....	Mr. PALMER,
Author	.....	Mr. RUSSELL,
Morgan	.....	Mr. MADDOCKS,
Lady Bloomfield	.....	Mrs. JORDAN,
Mrs Barclay	.....	Mrs. POWELL,
Eleanor Barclay	.....	Miss BOYCE.

TABLE.—Mr. Cheriot, an author of lofty spirit, and appropriate poverty, is in love with Lady Bloomfield, a fashionable widow, whom he has rescued from an insult at the Opera. His humility and his pride equally forbid him to express his admiration openly; and the widow is withheld from explicit encourage-

ment by the jealousy of Eleanor Barclay, a young lady, whom Cheriot, amid all his poverty, relieves with a sum of money that Lady Bloomfield herself had sent to him without a name. Echo, a good-natured honest fellow, who imitates the manners and tones of all his companions, has been attached to Eleanor, but is urged and pressed by his friends to woo Lady Bloomfield. Cheriot, in a spirited conference, urges him to perform his original promise. Love and honour resume their influence over his mind; he is united to Eleanor, and Cheriot receives the hand of Lady Bloomfield. The obscurity which, during the earlier part of the play is hung over the birth and connections of the young author, is removed by an interesting scene in the fifth Act, where Mrs. Barclay, the mother of Eleanor, discovers herself to be the mother of Cheriot also, by a gentleman named Dacemant, who, in early life, deserted her, and had married, and was a widower: while her son was maintained by this very Dacemant, who having long professed to be only the friend, at last avows himself the father of Cheriot, and makes amends to Mrs. Barclay by marriage. Little amusement is afforded by the incidental characters of Damtleass and Loiter, two idle coxcombs, and of Index, a

good-natured gentleman, who is instrumental in bringing the parties to a right understanding.

This Play is certainly creditable to its author; for though it discovers no originality of genius, no profound and accurate view of the mixed masquerade of human characters,—but little of the *vis comica*, and less of polished taste, and a refined and skilful portraiture of living manners,—notwithstanding these deductions, it deserves to stand high upon the basis of negative merit, and was well entitled to what it obtained,—security; though it can make no pretensions to what it certainly aspired to,—praise.

Its merit is a sort of bleating innocence; an unarrogating simplicity. Its highest praise is that it does not offend; and, in the present state of the stage, it must be confessed to be no indifferent and original credit, not to disgust.

This play, however, is certainly formed from the floating materials and widely-spreading elements of the novel press. It has been sucked up in the atmosphere of enculcating libraries; and has a most powerful impregnation of that diverse kind of extra-human incidents which break out from the Leadenhall shop in periodical abundance. We have children who know not their parents; and parents who do not know their children. We have life turned upside down in search of surprises. We have novelty in the garb of wonder; and but seldom in the attractive dress of reality or truth.

The character of *Chaciot* is unnatural in the extreme: there is nothing to be seen or imagined like him either in life or fancy.

*Echo*, *Indes*, and *Lotte* had little humour. They had neither the recommendation of life nor of manners: they were the mere ephemera of the stage: the "*Ch'd who many fathers share*." They belong to almost every author who has written for the playhouses in the last dozen years.

The dialogue and occasional sentiment of this piece were mostly entitled to praise: it was except the performers, who were more deserving either than author or play.

This piece made many lucky shots between wind and water, and came securely into port, under a plentiful discharge of clap-trap morality. It kept an even, quiet tenor, in a voyage in which little was ventured, and no thing was gained but safety.

#### COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Thursday March 31, was presented at this theatre a Melo-Drama, entitled, *Bontifacio and Bridgetta*; or, *The Knight of the Hermitage*; or, *The Windmill Turret*; or, *The Spectre of the North East Gallery*.

The idea of this Melo Drama is taken from the French of Mons. Marignyville, and a comic conversation, supposed to pass in the box-lobby between the author, box book-keeper, and one of the audience, is introduced by way of prelude, to inform the public what species of farce they are to expect—from this we easily anticipate a travesty after the manner of *Tom Thew* the Great, or *Chromophotanthologus*—The piece then commences with a beautiful view of a castle, forest, and hermitage, where *St Hildebrand*, in mock heroics, informs his confident, *Nicholas*, that a sorcerer has robbed him of his daughter, his nephew, and his castle—the recovery of these, and the subjugation of the tyrant *Wizard*, form the ground-work of the succeeding scenes, in which we are presented with every species of pagantry and splendour usually exhibited in pieces of a more serious nature; interspersed with robbers, entwined with caves and spectres, and finishing with a combat and conflagration.

This piece is a species of burlesque upon Melo-Dramas; preparatory to the exhibition of one. It is translated from the French, to whom we now go for our satire as well as our sentiment.

We have no room to analyze it:—it corresponds with its professions, and was well received by the town. It contains much good scenery, and will doubtless answer the ends of the Managers.



# AN ORIGINAL REEL AND WALTZ,

COMPOSED BY MR LANZA,

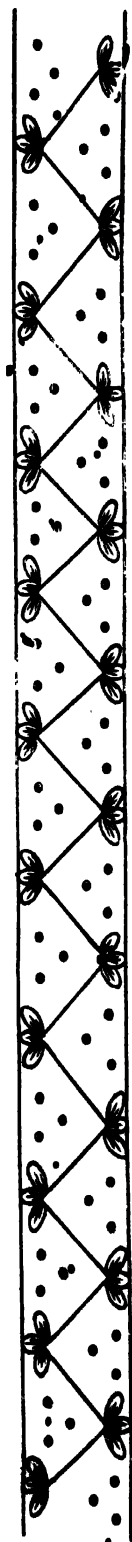
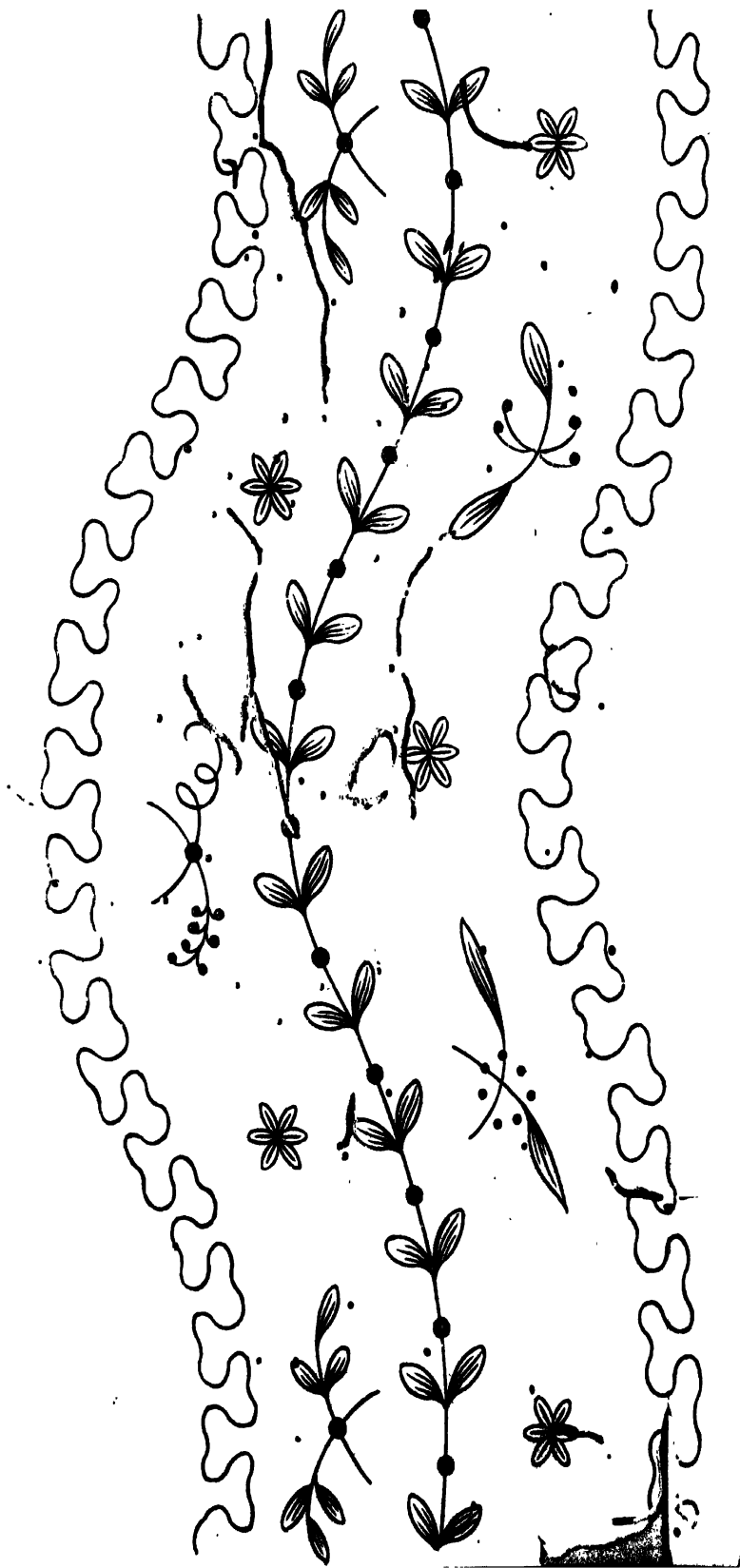
Expressly for the 30th Number of La Belle Assemblée and to be had only with that Work.

R, E E L :

The musical score is presented in three systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system is labeled 'R, E E L :'. The music is written in 2/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The second system continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The notation includes various musical symbols such as clefs, time signatures, and note values.

Handwritten musical score on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and slurs. The first system on the left includes a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation is dense and appears to be a complex piece of music, possibly a fugue or a multi-measure rest piece, given the frequent use of beams and slurs. The paper is aged and shows some staining and wear.

ALFZ

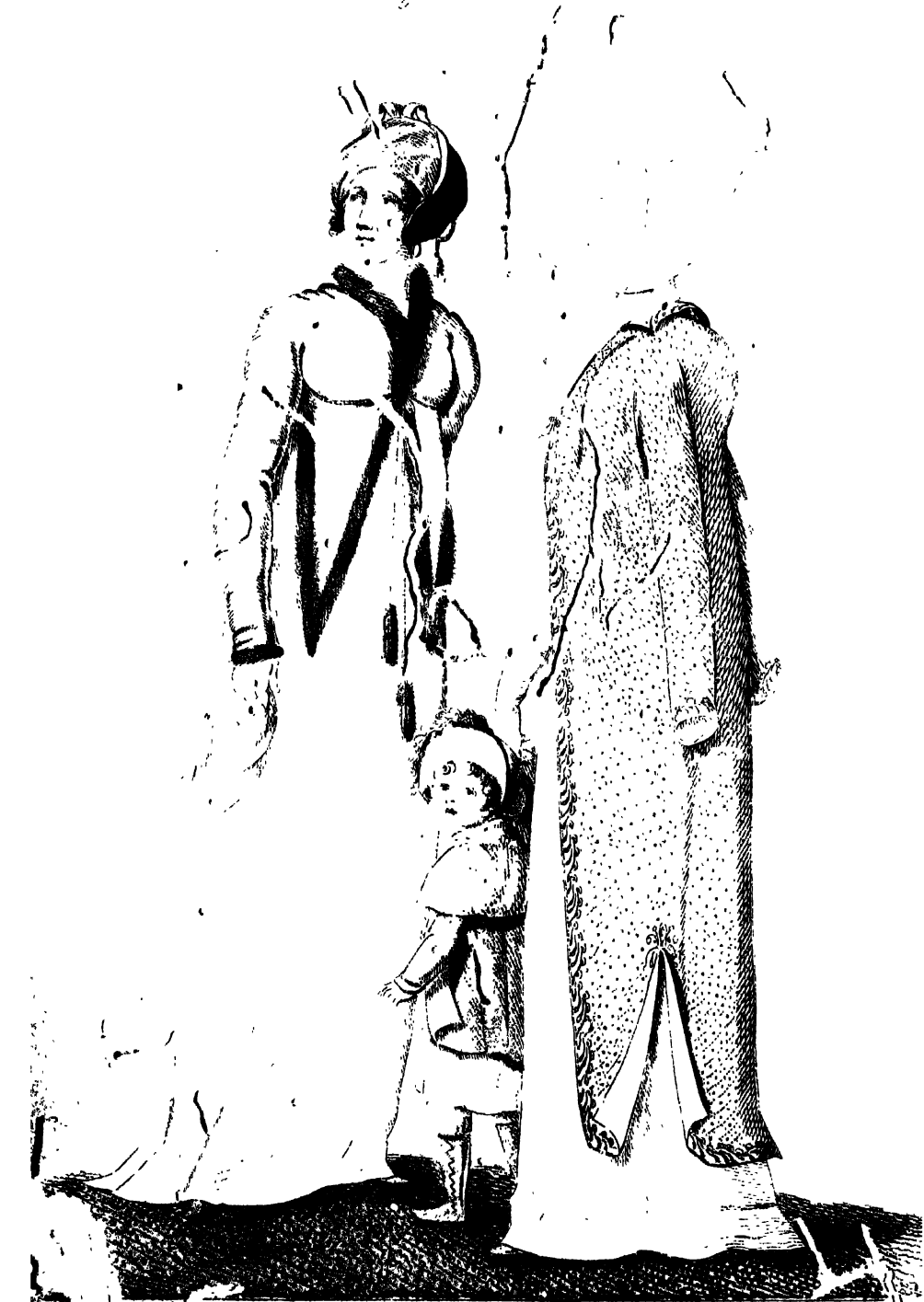


For Shirts, or trimmings of Dresses.  
 Engraved for La Belle Assemblée, Vol. 30. Published May 1st 1808.

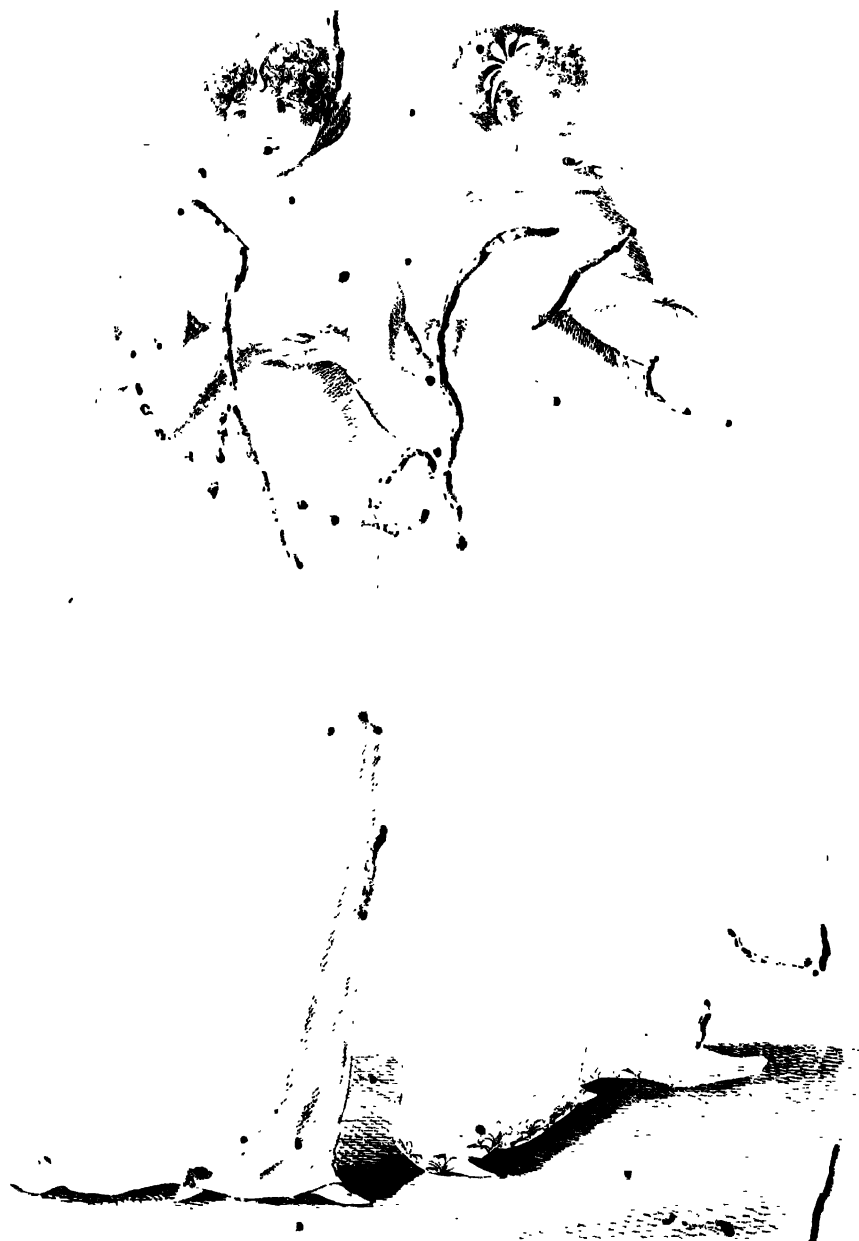




*Myde Park Milling-Dressed in 2, vol 1803.*



*morning - Dressed as women in April 1823*



*Engraving for the 32nd Number of La Belle Assemblée Published, May 1823*





# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

## F A S H I O N S

For MAY, 1808.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

#### ENGLISH COSTUME.

##### No. 1.—A WALKING DRESS.

A plain muslin walking dress, with Spanish Spencer of celestial blue, or shade lilac sarsnet, ornamented entirely round with the new Chinese trimming, and confined round the waist with a large cord, and tassels to correspond. A bonnet composed of the same materials as the Spencer, with *tiara* front, and Chinese trimming. Shoes of pale blue, or lilac, kid. Gloves of York tan.

##### No. 2.—A LADY AND CHILD.

A high gown of French cambric, with long sleeves, shirt front, and frill of scalloped lace. A French hanging sleeve; coat with slashed skirt, and Spanish lappells, formed of figured Imperial sarsnet or Chinese silk—its colour spring green, buff, or jonquille, ornamented with a floss silk trimming of agreeably contrasted shades. A Gipsy hat of straw, or figured Imperial chip, worn rather forward; a little French cap appearing beneath, and the hair formed in close curls, or a waved crop behind. The hat tied simply across the crown with a narrow white ribband. A nankeen slipper, or shoe of pale green kid. Gloves of pale Limerick.

**CHILD'S ATTIRE**—A frock, and short trowsers of cambric, with Turkish pomposas of jonquille kid. A wrapping coat with deep cape, formed of fine scarlet, or purple kerseymeré. A beaver hat and feather of pale brown, or dove colour.

##### No. 3.—EVENING COSTUMES.

A plain round robe of white gossamer satin, with a short train, round bosom, seamed

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back, and long sleeves. Crescent tucker of rich antique lace. A white satin *coiffe à la Mary Queen of Scots*, edged with silver worm trimming; ornamented on the top and at the point, in the centre of the forehead, with pearl drops. This unique head-dress is confined under the chin, where it is attached to a crimped rib, which is extended to each ear. The hair is ever worn with this head-dress in full dehevelled curls; and the most elegant and appropriate ornaments are diamonds and amethysts. Shoes of white satin, with silver trimming. White kid gloves; fan of carved amber; and short round Opera tippet of swansdown.

##### No. 4.—EVENING COSTUME.

A round robe of white or coloured Italian gauze, over a white sarsnet slip, ornamented round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves, with a fancy border of gold or silver, in tambour. The waist rather longer than usual, with round gored bosom, and rucked frock sleeve. A French cloak of figured or shaded sarsnet; the colour a silver grey, lilac, or peach-blossom, trimmed with a fine gossamer fur, or rich Chinese floss trimming. The hair drawn smooth from the front, and twisted in a knot on each side of the head, where it is confined with a comet pin; a full bunch of curls over the left eye, and a gold *bandeau*, or diadem, to correspond with the border of the robe. Pearl ear-rings of pearl, with necklace, brooch, and bracelets to suit. Shoes of white figured silk, with gold rosetts. Gloves of French kid, below the elbow.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS  
ON THE MOST ELEGANT AND SELECT  
FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

THE sweet season of Spring is rapidly advancing, and buds expanding into blossoms, put forth their varied hues and odoriferous beauty, while nature triumphs in the rich luxuriance of her train. The cheering rays of the Great Vivifier of our globe, awaken to new life the animal and vegetable kingdom. The dejected mind shakes off the lethargy of care, and feels its hopes revive; while the votaries of fashion, the frolic of spring, taste, and beauty, exulting in the splendour of their favoured isle, sport in the sunshine of rival grace and loveliness. So numerous and attractive are the combinations of attire offered in this gay season, that in order to give a delineation at once copious and select, we must forbear all digression, and pursue with our accustomed exactness and attention, the destined subject of remark. We commence therefore with the walking, or carriage costume.

We remark that pelisses and mantles of divers constructions, are here invariably adopted; these are chiefly formed of shaded double sarsnets, or Chinese silk, and we have seen some few of Italian crape, lined throughout with white satin, which have a light and chaste effect. The most novel construction for these articles of apparel are, the Cassock, or *dern* robe-pelisse; it is formed to sit close to the person, embracing about two-thirds of the figure in length. It is constructed without a cape, flows in loose robes on each side from the centre of the back, and is occasionally confined at the bosom with an onyx, or cameo brooch. The long pelisse most distinguishing, is that which wraps plain across the figure on one side, meeting a loose flowing robe on the other, while a strip, the size of the throat, finished with a rich corresponding tassel, acts as a substitute for a collar. The only elegant or appropriate trimmings for this species of habiliment, is the Indian floss, double Trafalgar, gathered borders of the same, or the large link trimming described in our last. Canonical scarfs and spencers, rich silk shawls, fancifully and variously disposed, some few of muslin lined with coloured sarsnet, and tied on the figure in style like the drapery of our Grecian statues, with a few Spanish spencers, are observable amidst the endless variety which is offered at the shrine of the fickle Goddess. With the above mentioned habits are worn, the small Gipsy hat of straw, or chip, with *demi* caps of the same,

or the small French hood of lace. Some tasteful females edge these attractive ornaments with a *petit* wreath of the white or yellow jessamine or any other delicate flower; they're usually tied across the crown with a ribband, or silk handkerchief, the colour of the coat or mantle. Straw and chip hats are also worn with the fancy turban, or *tara* front, and short white veils; but for a neat or graceful figure, we consider no article of this nature so marked and becoming as the Gipsy.

The Minerva bonnet, the same as the pelisse, the small French poke, the small Scotch bonnet, with puckered *tara* fronts—the two latter worn with short white veils, and silk cravats, with embroidered ends to correspond, adorn many of our females of acknowledged taste and celebrity. In full dress, the brilliant diversity, which our fashionables display was scarcely ever equalled. We shall particularly notice a few of the most striking habits, and give our general remarks where it is impossible to be minute.

We observe that, amidst the many coloured robes which adorn our females in public, the chaste and elegant garb, formed of white satin, is selected by many of our fair countrywomen, and shines in pure and native lustre. These dresses are variously constructed, but are generally worn untrimmed, with long sleeves and high ruffled shirts of gold or silver tissue—Sometimes these appear as a simple slip, and are worn with a lace veil, formed in a kind of short tunic. At others, a silver net drapery *à la Grecienne*, flows in the Grecian style round the figure, and is fastened on the left shoulder with a cameo brooch, or diamond buckle.—But the most unique and elegant habit we have witnessed this season, was a Rutland robe, formed entirely of Brussels lace, worn over a blossom satin under slip; the hair ornamented with a *tara* of the apple blossom, exquisitely formed to nature, and fastened behind with a Persian pin of diamonds.—Round robes of white leno, made short; a broad white satin ribband placed at the bottom, with waist and sleeves to correspond, and a small Spanish hat of white satin, edged with silver Trafalgar, and ornamented with a frosted willow feather, appeared on two females of rank and beauty at the splendid musical party lately given by the amiable and interesting Mrs K—. Roman tunicks clasped up the front, formed of coloured Italian gauze, with a white satin petticoat partially seen beneath, is an elegant and attractive garb. Borders of artificial flowers frequently ornament white drapery, and some few coloured borders in

needle-work, which produce an animated effect amidst the *coup-d'aile* of a drawing-room.

The high antique ruff is still, but partially adopted. Indeed it can never be worn to advantage but with a fine throat, and commanding figure. The general style for gowns differs little from our last account: the waist is much increased in length with our most fashionable females, but the multitude seem not inclined to depart from that mediocrity to which in this particular, they have long adhered. Morning dresses are invariably formed a walking length, high in the neck, with long sleeves, and frequently with narrow treble flounce. To some are attached the French jacket, to others the tunic robe, and embroidered shirt. Caps of diverse construction are worn with this style of costume; and also in half dress. The court hood, or puppet cap, with the Grecian mob, are the most conspicuous for novelty and elegance. In the evening, or full dress, we see a few Indian turbans, also some Spanish hats and feathers; but the hair in the Grecian and antique style, with diadems and coronets, or bandeaus, together with *tizias* of the frosted thistle, oak-leaf and fruit, roses in moss, and other fancy ornaments, is more generally adopted. With the cap *à la Mary Queen of Scots*—and also with the court lappet of fashionable attraction, the hair must be disposed in full dishevelled curls, bands and brands producing an unbecoming and graceless effect with the last-mentioned articles. The long sach of ribband, or sarsnet, with plain round dresses, tied immediately behind, or across the shoulder, *à la militaire*, has been lately revived; and on very young women, the latter style is a graceful turn to the figure.

Trinkets afford a brilliant display in private parties, and at the Opera. Next to the diamond, which can never be out of fashion, the amethyst, ruby, and emerald, rank highest. Pearl, with center ornaments of these jewels, must also defy the power of fashion and the effects of time, for neatness, grace, and purity, can never be out of date, where the taste is correct, and the judgment sound. The Persian and comet pin, the cameo, onyx, and mosaic brooch, the gold linked necklace, pearl ditto, in form of flowers and shells, take precedence of other minor ornaments. Gloves of French kid, a pale primrose, silver grey, and flesh colour, now take their place, with the York tan, and Limerick.—We have before remarked, that in full dress nothing is admitted but white kid. Shoes are most fashionable,

formed of double silk, to correspond with the pelisse, or otherwise, of pale blue, brown, or green kid. In the evening, white satin kid, or figured silk, with gold or silver rosetts, cannot be changed to advantage. The prevailing colours for the season are, shades of pale green, pale blue, lilac buff, and jonquille.

### THE DUKE OF KENT'S MANSION AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

THIS *chef d'œuvre* of architecture and furniture, which is now to be disposed of by private contract, is really the most superb residence we ever witnessed. It is the daily resort of the fashionable world, and amateurs of what is called *the class*, in household embellishment. This superb mansion, together with its plantations and succession houses, &c. have cost his Royal Highness no less a sum than eighty thousand pounds, independent of fourteen thousand pounds expended in the furniture and other decorations. The richness of the whole *tout ensemble*, and the accommodations which are multiplied *à l'infini* for domestic comfort as well as ornament, are without a parallel in this country. The state apartments consist of several suites, they are as follows:—Entering the hall, from the court-yard, the windows appear with additional splendour, from their being composed of stained glass. To the left of the grand geometrical staircase is a noble vestibule, which leads into the dining parlour; this apartment is of the grandest proportions, being above forty feet by twenty-five, the walls are elegantly finished *à fresco*. The curtains are of super-fine orange colour cloth, of an Ethiopian hue, pannelled out with very bold and broad margins of velvet; the draperies after the Etruscan style, are suspended over antique cornices. The whole of the windows are occasionally covered with painted transparencies on silk, producing the most beautiful effect imaginable. On this floor is the private library: the walls of which are covered entirely with azure blue silk, and decorated with fanciful draperies. The book cases are without docks; in their stead, from each shelf is suspended a novel and very tasteful roller of blue silk, decorated with *bullions*, in festoons and drops. The chairs in this room are of white and gold. The vestibule is *en suite* with the dining parlour. Ascending the grand staircase, you enter, on the first flight, another vestibule, which leads to the principal drawing-rooms.

The walls of these magnificent apartments are painted wholly in *bas relief*, and finished with gold mouldings in compartments. In this room are mirrors of vast magnitude and uncommon beauty; they occupy the spaces between the piers and over the chimney-pieces. Under each of the two principal piers is placed a table of the most exquisitely designed and executed *scagliola* marble, perhaps ever witnessed; it represents Etruscan vases and antiquities. These tablets are supported by superbly carved and gilt *chamras*. The chairs are of white and gold, covered with blue damask silk. The curtains are composed of white lutestrings, with continued draperies of azure blue satin; they are very tastefully arranged, and occupy the whole length of the rooms; the principal apartment is forty feet long. The carpets are of the cut-velvet manufacture, rich blue and crimson, contiguous to the latter is a superb *bed room*, or Turkish room, fitted up in strict costume. On the second story is the Duke's sitting room, which is chiefly remarkable for its commendable site, and the general simplicity of its outline. This room is fitted up with book cases, in white and gold; and Grecian couches. Adjoining to this is his Royal Highness's bed chamber, in which is placed an elegant French bed, tastefully framed with drapery of yellow cotton, and embroidered white muslin. On this floor is an antique bath, made after the French style,

the bath being concealed in a couch, and covered with cushions and draperies. This bath is supplied with hot or cold water, which is always kept in a state of temperament for instant use. The residue of this suite is occupied by dressing rooms and vestibules. Passing up the third flight of stairs, you enter a lady's sitting room, the walls of which are wholly hung with blue calico, formed into quilts, and surmounted by festoons, decorated with bullion fringe. The curtains of this room are of blue calico and white muslin; the furniture is simply elegant, and consists of Grecian couches, sofa, tables, and magnificent pier and chimney glasses. Parallel to this apartment is another, fitted up to correspond, but having the addition of a French bed.

On the ground floor, beneath the dining parlour, is an oval conservatory, now filled with rare exotics. A door of communication leads to the Duke's private study; the latter is not finished. The innumerable offices, attached and detached, renders this enviable residence truly valuable; affording every accommodation for a very numerous household. No expence has been spared in supplying the house with every other requisite of domestic utility. In short, we may venture to add, there is not a mansion in the vicinity of the metropolis of equal attraction, combining all the luxury of Rome, with the simplicity and elegance of ancient Greece.

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Engrav'd by and for JOHN PELL, Southampton street, Strand.

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# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE

OR,

Bell's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1808.

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An elegant **PORTRAIT** of the **RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD.**
2. **HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS**; by **SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.**
3. **FIVE WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES** in the **FASHIONS** of the **SEASON.**
4. **TWO NEW COUNTRY DANCES**, composed expressly and exclusively for this Work, by **MR. LANZA.**
5. An elegant new **PATTERN** for **NEEDLE-WORK.**

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A COMPLETE SUITE OF  
THE SERIES OF CELEBRATED PICTURES,  
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On the first of July, 1808 (together with the succeeding Number of this Magazine), will  
be published No. XXXIII. the customary Half-yearly

**SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER.**

Which will conclude the present (being the Fourth) Volume of this Work, with the  
decision of the year.

MR. BELL, having been honoured with permission to make **OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS**  
from MR. BARRY's celebrated suite of Pictures, entitled

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character, Four of them only will be given in the next **SUPPLEMENT**; the remaining  
Two will be included in the two succeeding Numbers of the Magazine.

The **SUPPLEMENT** will contain descriptions and criticisms of these Pictures; the  
life of Barry; and a variety of interesting and original matter upon every department  
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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

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Bell's  
**COURT AND FASHIONABLE  
MAGAZINE,**

*For MAY, 1808.*

**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES**

OF

**ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.**

**The Thirty-first Number.**

**THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD.**

THE founder of the honours of the noble house of Oxford, was the celebrated Harley, who, in the early part of the last century, during the reign of Queen Anne, was entrusted with the most important offices in the state.

The character of Harley will be long remembered in English politics; he was at the head of the famous Tory party in the latter years of the reign of Queen Anne, and was suspected of a design (to which indeed all the members of that celebrated body were exposed) of bringing in the Pretender.

He was attacked at the Council Board by the knife of an assassin, and received a most dangerous wound. This injury, and insult to a minister in his office, produced an act of parliament, making it felony to attempt the life of a Privy Councillor.

The death of Queen Anne broke down the whole system of Tory politics.—Harley was not only driven from his place, but committed to the Tower; until the malignity of his enemies abated, his life was in danger; but as time softened their as-

perity, & produced in like manner his release.

The founder of the Oxford family however will long be remembered for his patronage of literature, when the virtues and vices of his political conduct will be confined to equal oblivion. The patron and friend of Pope and Swift will be cherished in the remembrance of the wise, when the Lord Treasurer of Anne, and the opponent of Walpole, will be forgotten. To the present possessor of his honours, Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, and Baron Harley of Wigmore, the Countess, whose portrait embellishes this Number of our Magazine, was married on the 3d of March, 1794. She was a daughter of the late Rev. James Scott, A. M. vicar of Itchin, in Hampshire, and who, we believe, was tutor to his Lordship, while at the University. This union has produced three children,—a daughter born March 9, 1796; Lord Harley, the heir-apparent to the title, born January 20, 1800, and another daughter born December 12, 1801.

## FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

LUCRETIA GRENVILLE was betrothed to Francis Duke of Buckingham, at the time he fell in battle by the hand of Cromwell himself, and upon receiving intelligence of the melancholy event, she swore to revenge his death on the murderer. During the three succeeding years she exercised herself with pistols in firing at a portrait of Cromwell, which she had selected as a mark, that she might not be awed by the sight of the original; and, as soon as she found herself perfect, she sought an opportunity of gratifying her revenge. But Cromwell seldom appeared in public, and when he did, it was with such precaution, that few could approach his person.

An occasion at length occurred: the city of London resolved to give a magnificent banquet in honour of the Protector, who, either from vanity, or with a political view, determined to make his entrance into London in all the splendour of royalty. Upon this being made public, the curiosity of all ranks was excited; and Lucretia Grenville resolved not to neglect so favourable an opportunity. Fortune herself seemed to second her purpose; for it so happened, that the procession was appointed to proceed through the very street in which she resided, and a balcony before the first story of her house yielded her full scope for putting her long premeditated design into effect.

On the appointed day she seated herself, with several other female companions, in the balcony, having on this occasion, for the first time since her lover's death, cast off her mourning, and attired herself in the most sumptuous apparel. It was not with-

out the greatest exertions that she concealed the violent emotion under which she laboured; and when the increasing pressure of the crowd indicated the approach of Cromwell, it became so strong, that she nearly fainted, but, however, recovered just as the usurper arrived within a few paces of the balcony.

Hastily drawing the pistol from under her garment, she fearlessly took her aim, and fired; but a sudden start, which the lady who sat next to her made, on beholding the weapon, gave it a different direction from that which was intended, and the ball striking the horse rode by Henry the Protector's son, it was laid dead at his feet. The circumstance immediately arrested the progress of the cavalcade, and Cromwell, at the same time that he cast a fierce look at the balcony, beheld a singular spectacle. Above twenty females were on their knees, imploring his mercy, with uplifted hands, whilst *one* only stood undaunted in the midst of them, and looking down contemptuously on the usurper, exclaimed, "Tyrant, it was I who dealt the blow; nor should I rest satisfied with killing a horse instead of a tiger, were I not convinced that ere another twelvemonth has elapsed, Heaven will grant another that success which it has denied to me."

The multitude, actuated more by fear than love, were preparing to level the house to the ground, when Cromwell cried aloud, with the most artful *sangfroid*, "Deist, my friends! alas! poor woman, she knows not what she does," and pursued his course; but afterwards caused Lucretia to be arrested, and confined in a mad-house.

## THE ARTIST.

No. V.

*Including the Lives of living and deceased Painters, collected from authentic sources,—accompanied with OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Continued from Page 153.]

THE schools of art, in the Academy, were an object of attention with Mr. West. Men of eminence were appointed to preside in them, and every regulation was provided that could stimulate and forward the growth of genius. It is but justice to add, that the success of these endeavours was rendered complete in the rapid improvement of the young artists, and that a more promising body of juvenile painters was never formed and educated in any similar institution. Still, however, there were difficulties to contend against, which neither arose from the art or the artist, but which had a melancholy origin in the public itself. We scarcely need mention that this difficulty was the general and deplorable want of patronage, and the encouragement of opulent men.

Young men of the highest talents, and the utmost delicacy of mind, after having been formed in this Academy, were frequently obliged to seek subsistence in producing works, degrading to their talents and their profession, and thus to submit their minds to the most slavish and meanest branches of professional labour, by which the dignity of the art was impaired, and the national celebrity, as connected with it, sensibly tarnished.

Mr. West, thus beholding the higher department of the art upon the decay, and having had personal demonstration of the avidity with which it was about to be cherished in a neighbouring country, made known his anxiety, with respect to its declining state in this country, from want of patronage and national incitement, to many noblemen and gentlemen, as well as to the members of the Royal Academy,—who equally felt the necessity of taking some decisive steps to obviate the consequences which it threatened. This gave rise to several meetings of men of considerable

risk and fortune at the house of Mr. West, to take into consideration the mode of carrying into effect the desirable purpose of cherishing the higher department of art in this country. The particulars of these meetings, and the result of the general sentiments there expressed, Mr. West held it his duty to communicate to His Majesty, whose gracious attentions towards the prosperity of the arts had uniformly been made manifest upon every occasion.

Mr. West made a essential point, in these interviews, to plain to his Majesty, that a new Institution was necessary for the purpose of forwarding the growth of the arts, in taking up the ingenious artist where the Royal Academy left him, and after he had been educated in that school of perfection. Mr. West, likewise informed his Majesty, that in order to carry this Institution into effect, His Majesty would be waited upon by some of the noblemen and gentlemen who were then forming themselves into a committee for arranging the Institution, under his Majesty's patronage.

Thus concluded the second presidency of the Royal Academy under Mr. West; and we shall now pass to the third presidency, that of Mr. Wyatt.

As we formerly took a review of the state of portrait and historical painting, prior to the accession of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. West to those branches of the art, it will be necessary, as Mr. Wyatt is an architect by profession, to combine, with our previous researches, a review of the state of architecture in England before the appearance of that gentleman.

Inigo Jones is the first who claims our attention in the refinement of this branch of science. He flourished in the reign of Charles

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the First. As an example of the purity and grandeur of his taste, we have only to refer our readers to that perpetual monument of his fame, the front of Whitehall. In this noble work we behold the taste and science of Palladio, the pride of Italian architecture, founded upon those principles which marked the Greeks in the best era of their arts.

The next of our countrymen who distinguished himself in architecture was Sir Christopher Wren. His structure of St. Paul's, the interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, St. Bride's steeple, Bow, and other prominent works of architecture which adorn the city of London, are efficient testimonies of the grandeur and refinement of his taste, which, like that of his predecessor Inigo Jones, was founded upon the style of Greece and modern Italy. These buildings are not only the pride of Englishmen (particularly the dome of St. Paul's), for the transcending purity of their taste, and the majesty of their structure, but are the admiration of the refined and scientific in every part of the world.

Sir William Chambers, in his building of Somerset-Place, and Mr. Robert Adam, in his numerous private structures in different parts of England, laboured jointly to support the solid principles and refined taste of their predecessors, and to embellish their native countries with the best models of Italy and Greece; and at this period, the Pantheon, in Oxford-street, maintained the science and purity of the same taste.

Such was the progress of architectural science, and such the attempts which had been made by a succession of artists, to maintain its purity and refinement, and preserve all those qualities of the art which Greece had originated, and Italy restored, from the reign of Charles the First to the demise of Chambers and Adam, in the present reign. From that period, we are compelled to acknowledge the rapid degeneracy and depravation of all those principles of the art,—of its purity, its refinement, its majesty, and its principles of science. We are condemned to lament the subversion of true taste, more particularly in religious structures, and the prevalence of that architectural caprice, which, founded on a Gothic origin, and vitiating even this imperfect model, by a wild and injudicious application of it, has reduced the art so much in the scale of science, that we scarcely recognize the dignity of its first origin, in ecclesiastic edifices, or can be enabled to recal the perfection, the fast, and the majesty, of which it was once susceptible.

It is but just to say that the magnificent structure of the Abbey at Fonthill can have no share in this imputation. The gentleman to whom it belongs had too much taste and good sense to admit of any other style of architecture than that of the pure Gothic.

It is this style of building misapplied which is the object of our censure; it is this style which, carried into palaces, public buildings, dwelling-houses, has so much deteriorated the original purity of architecture, and subverted all the principles of the ancients. It is rendered yet more intolerable by that unskilful combination and jumble of the classic orders, which belonged solely to ancient temples and mausoleums,—by that affected mixture of the Greek and Egyptian ornaments appropriated to cenotaphs, and which, in modern taste, we now behold over senates and banqueting-houses; in a word, by that heterogeneous medley, which, in endeavouring to combine all, has left nothing distinct, or in possession of its native principles and proper purity, but with a truly savage contempt, has put aside every thing that science had established on the basis of nature and truth, to substitute a mere catching effect, a gaudy heap of ill-assorted wonders, which, when the novelty shall have ceased, will become the contempt of the meanest stone-mason and bricklayer. Truly do we lament, that the architect, to whom we are indebted for the inside of the Pantheon, (now consumed by fire) should have lent the authority of his name, and contributed so much to this absurd taste of architecture, and incongruous jumble of discordant principles of art.

We have now exhausted the history of the several presidencies, and all the materials of the life of Mr. West. His recall to the chair of the Royal Academy, after his resignation, is still fresh in the public remembrance. He still fills this eminent situation in the arts; and it is to be hoped he will continue to occupy this elevated seat as long as his health will permit him.

In our SUPPLEMENTAL Number, which will be published the first day of July, 1808, we shall give a correct catalogue of all the works of Mr. West, the various sizes of the pictures, the persons for whom they have been painted, and in whose possession they now are.

This catalogue, we are proud to say, has the most unquestionable authenticity; it will be continued up to the very last works of this master,—even to the day on which it is compiled.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

## HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS.

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THIS subject has a well-known origin in the Mythology of the Greeks, and is a representation of one of those fabled acts of infantine prowess which the poets have ascribed to Hercules.

Alcmena, the wife of Amphytrion, being seduced by Jupiter, who presented himself to her in the character of her husband, then absent at Thebes, conceives by the God, and gives birth on the same day to Hercules and Iphiclus—Amphytrion, instigated by the jealousy of Juno, who was mortified by the honour conferred upon Alcmena, and desirous likewise to know which of the twins was his own son, introduced into their cradle two serpents of unusual malignity and size.—Iphiclus trembled and fled; but Hercules testified his divine origin by the immediate act. He seized the snakes, grappled their throats, and strangled them in the moment. The son of Jupiter was immediately comforted, and Amphytrion stood too much in awe of the vengeance of the Gods, to venture the destruction of the infant hero.

The Poets have given another account of the origin of this miracle. It is unnecessary to relate it—Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the present composition, has taken the general features of his story from Mythology at large.

The present figure was the original study made by the artist for the large picture, painted by command of the late Empress of Russia.—Sir Joshua is conceived by many to have caught the original idea, and much of the style and manner of expression, from the same subject painted by Augustino Caracci, after a design of his brother Annibal's. There can indeed be little doubt but that we owe the present work to the original attempt of these celebrated masters. Nevertheless, we are

bound to insist, if not upon the invention, at least upon the superiority and more enlarged comprehension of the English painter. The Hercules of Augustino Caracci has the grandeur, and much of the style which is peculiar to this illustrious school; but it has not that combination of charms, that variety of expression, that peculiar sweetness and grace of infancy—nor does it represent that divine and calm intrepidity which we expect from the infant son of Jove. The Hercules of Augustino is a little man; he shrinks from the serpent, which is not sufficiently heroic, nor of a proper magnitude or malevolence for the sublimity of the scene; he seems doubtful of his own power to resist,—in word, there is nothing in his Hercules celestial, intrepid, or truly engaging.

But in the Hercules of Sir Joshua we contemplate every assemblage of qualities which art could introduce without impairing the dignity of the subject. The grace and sweetness of youth are united with the most powerful muscular strength; and notwithstanding the prodigious size and violent swell of the joints, there is no want of elegance or ease. He strangles the serpents in the same manner as an indignant boy would dash to the ground anything that teased him.—His grasp is easy, though it has the characteristic of immense force, and his effort has not the rudeness or distortion of an act of violence. The figure is astonishingly grand; the frown of the child, contending with the otherwise predominating sweetness of his countenance, has an indescribable effect. The serpents are conceived with great sublimity and magnificence of fancy; in a word, as a single figure, no effort of Sir Joshua's pencil has ever excelled it.

## THE LIFE OF DOMENICHIINO ZAMPIERI.

It the expression of the human passions be the principal object of painting, no man can be considered more eminent in his art than Domenico Zampieri, who directed the whole powers of his genius to this point. If it be true, likewise, that the persecutions of envy and mediocrity, which are ever armed against the talents that pain and eclipse them, do but in the end advance that merit which they endeavour to obstruct, what man ever had a greater claim to the benevolence and regret of his contemporaries than this illustrious artist?

Born in an obscure station, he was involved in continual struggles to surmount the obstacles of his condition; the bloom of life withered in obscurity; and the works which are now praised by the contending enthusiasm of nations were then either unknown or calumniated; but he bore all with patience and fortitude, and died the victim of envy, without enjoying the fruits of his labour, or even that celebrity of which men of genius are more reasonably desirous.

Domenico Zampieri, born at Bologna, October 21, 1581, was the son of a common shoemaker. His father, notwithstanding his early inclination to painting, refused to give him the same education as his eldest son, Gabriel, who was from the first devoted to that art, and placed with Dennis Calvart, a celebrated painter, who had been long settled at Bologna. Domenico was initiated into the study of letters; and the ambition of his parents was to see him one day, either at the bar or the church, in the exercise of a lucrative profession, which might enable him to soothe and support their decline of life.

Zampieri, however, was an indifferent judge of the talents of his children: Gabriel made no progress in drawing, and Domenico, though not backward in his studies, would yet frequently absent himself from school, either to sketch rude designs of figures, or enjoy the society of a neighbouring artist who perceived and fostered his genius.

His father, being told of this conduct, after reprimanding and punishing him, insisted that his master should chastise him with the utmost rigour whenever he was absent from his studies.

The precaution was useless: the genius of Domenico burst forth in spite of restraints; and Gabriel, having represented to his father

the greater advantages which were likely to ensue from encouraging this strong propensity in Domenico, than in devoting him to a study unpropitious to his genius, obtained leave of Zampieri to exchange conditions with his brother, who was from that time to occupy his place with Dennis Calvart, whilst he himself passed over to those studies which Domenico had rejected.

Dennis Calvart was not slow in perceiving the happy talents of his new pupil; he formed him on the same principles which Guido and Albano had received in his school before their removal to that of the Caracci.

But Domenico took less pleasure in copying the designs of his master than in imitating some prints of Augustino which he had procured.

His master surprised him one day employed in drawing from an engraving of this artist; and making a pretext of a quarrel on the day before, on account of the negligence of his pupil in letting fall a picture, which he had triflingly damaged, he beat him with shocking brutality, and sent him away with a bloody nose.

From fear of another chastisement he was afraid to appear before his father; he stole privately into the house, and concealed himself in a chamber, where he could overhear the conversation of his parents. There he passed the night; but the next day, to ease their inquietude at his absence, he appeared before them. His sorrowful countenance, his plaintive and simple tale, dissipated the anger they had conceived.

It was soon resolved that he should embrace the first opportunity of a recommendation to the Caracci. But Zampieri was too poor to afford the expence of educating his son under those masters.

Domenico offered, as a compensation, to undertake those offices in the school which belonged to the servants; for such was his love of the art, and so strong his desire of receiving instructions from those illustrious masters, that he was not ashamed of any servile condescensions, provided they were not dishonest.

Augustino, to whom he was first presented, introduced him to his cousin Louis, who received him with kindness bordering on affection as they had been both equally ill used by their first master.

Admitted in the school of the Caracci, Domenico laboured with unwearied assiduity. He applied himself not only to the mere copying of the drawings of Augustino, of which he strove to imitate the outlines with exactness, but his ambition was more nobly directed to catch the character and expression of the passions, and to investigate the causes which made them strike, as well as the exterior symbols of the art. His masters, while they praised his diligence, predicted his future eminence; but the scholars formed an opinion less advantageous of his genius. They were prejudiced by his timidity, bashfulness, and slowness in receiving his lessons; they were confirmed in their unfavourable opinion when they looked to the manner of his studying. He appeared to labour little, and affected nothing of that promptitude and tenacity which are often mistaken for marks of genius. They had themselves adopted this system of judgment from the example of Louis Caracci, who had obtained by long practice, that facility of pencil which is worthy but of little esteem unless united with the more essential qualities of the art. But Domenico did not suffer himself to be seduced by a superficial merit; indefatigable in his labours, and earnest in pursuit of perfection, he was never contented with himself: he was restless and thoughtful before he began a work, was constantly effacing, and commencing anew, and was deeply afflicted by every imaginary failure. Heated by the study of the poets and historians, his mind caught the spark of sympathy from them, and he attached himself to pathetic subjects.

In order to catch the true expressions of character and nature, he frequented the scenes of public concourse, observed the artless vivacity of the young, the tardiness and gravity of the aged, the soft emotions of women, and the greater dignity and energy of man in the vigour of life. Wrapped up in his cloak, he took slight crayon-sketches of their different attitudes, and returned home to finish them while the images were yet fresh in his mind.

The singularity of these studies, little known or followed by his companions, contributed to separate him from them, and confirmed the opinion they already entertained of his indolence, irresolution, and incapacity. But, even at this early age, he obtained a pre-eminence above his rivals too exalted for envy to dispute.

Louis Caracci had established in his school a kind of public exhibition, in which the composition of a drawing chosen from history or mythology was proposed to his scholars, and

whoever succeeded best was honoured with the title of *Prince of the Academy*.—Domenico contrived to introduce, privately, his own performance among those of his rivals, and his drawing was adjudged the superiority three times successively, without a detection being made of the prosperous candidate. Every one was surprised that the author of such successful works should refuse the honour of being known and admired for them; and after many fruitless inquiries among his pupils, Augustino addressed himself to Domenico. His silence and modesty betrayed him, and the contempt which had been hitherto entertained of his talents was converted into esteem and admiration. This triumph was the origin of his reputation; and on account of his extreme youth, and eagerness to assist his companions in their studies, he derived from them as the testimony of the friendship, the surname of "*The Domenichino*," an honour which he retained throughout his life.

It was then that he began to handle the pencil. His first drawings, though not executed with much facility, shewed a justness of expression, and a force of *chef*, which none of his school-fellows could attain, though they worked with more expedition, and, frequently, with more imagination. Louis Caracci proposed him as an example to his pupils; for such was the ambition of Domenichino that he aimed at every part of the art, and, constantly contemplating and minutely inspecting the works of his master, he applied himself not only to the composition and disposition of his drawings, but examined every thing in its detail and progress.

But if he appeared slow in his conceptions, and difficult in the choice of his ideas, this fastidiousness increased yet more when he came to express them on canvas. When he had drawn his outline and given the first strokes of his pencil, he remained fixed with such ardour to his labour, that he could scarcely detach himself from it, even for the common repose of nature.

When he was more advanced in age he formed a friendship for Albano, with whom he had passed many years. They studied together; and, aiming each at the same excellence, communicated their ideas, and assisted each other by mutual advice. This friendship continued long unpoisoned by jealousy.

They went together to Parma, Reggio, and Modena, where the inspection of the paintings of Correggio and Parmegiano instructed them how to unite the sublimities and the graces of the pencil.

Some time afterwards Albano went to Rome, to view the gallery which Annibal Caracci had painted at the palace Farnese; and he promised Domenichino, who was much hurt by their separation, to return and carry him to Rome with him, where he might expect a much better establishment than in his native country.

Six months passed after the departure of Albano, and Domenichino experienced no good effects from his promises. Impatient to join him, and inflamed by the sight of some drawings taken from the works of Annibal Caracci, in the gallery of the palace of Farnese, which Albano had sent to Louis, to place in his school, he departed suddenly for Rome, and refused his friend, who little expected him. Their intimacy was now unremitted; they lodged in the same house, and lived out of a common purse for two years.

At the recommendation of Albano, Domenichino was received in the school of Annibal, who was delighted at being able to attach pupil of such high hopes to himself, and formed a design of educating him as a rival to Guido, whose reputation he saw, with some jealousy, prevailing above that of his other pupils. While Louis, at Bologna, was opposing Guerchino to him, Annibal, employed in the same project, was training up Domenichino, whose superiority, in many respects, he perceived over Guido. He accelerated his progress by all means in his power, and was not slow in furnishing him with an opportunity of coming before the public with advantage.

Annibal, being obliged to employ Albano in the paintings of the chapel Errera, and, for this purpose, to detach him from his employment in the Farnese gallery, occupied Domenichino in this last work. He not only employed him to fill up his own sketches, but engaged him to execute a subject of his own invention in an apartment of the garden adjoining to the gallery. Domenichino represented Adonis killed by the wild boar.—The grief of Venus was so well expressed, and the various actions of the Loves attendant on her were so suitable to the object, that Annibal himself was even astonished at his skill. This was the first picture that he painted at Rome.

His knowledge of the art daily advanced, as well in designing, as in disposing his figures, and more particularly in expressing the passions. But the more Caracci was attached to him, the more exposed was he to the jealousy of the other painters. Mortified at the increase of his fame, they endeavoured to under-

mine it by the meanest artifices, and, unhappily, but too well succeeded.

Lanfranco, his contemporary at the school of the Caracci, began the attack, and disparaged, on all occasions, the performances of Domenichino. Antonio Caracci, the natural son of Augustino, had the weakness and malice to join with the calumniators of this great painter. They pretended that Domenichino wanted the spirit of invention, and that his works (to adopt a cant phrase) *passed under the yoke*. They called him in derision, the *Or*; and this gave occasion to a reply of Annibal's: 'If he be an *Or*,' said he, 'he is one who labours in a field which will fertilize and nourish painting to all ages.' These sentiments of Annibal did equal honour to his heart and judgment; for of all the painters then living, the only one who could give him umbrage, and dispute the first rank with him, was his pupil Domenichino.

Francesco Polo, master of the ceremonies to the Pope, to whom he had been recommended by Albano, on his arrival at Rome, obtained him the esteem and protection of M. I. B. Agucchi, of a distinguished family at Bologna, and capable of estimating the merits of a Domenichino. He perceived the injury which the fortune and fame of this young painter sustained from the detraction of his enemies, and resolved to rescue him from this unpleasant situation, and procure him some solid means of subsistence: he accordingly recommended him to the patronage of his brother, the cardinal Jerome Agucchi.

But the good intentions of the two brothers had nearly proved fruitless to Domenichino. His embarrassed deportment, his excessive timidity, and tardiness in developing his abilities, prejudiced the cardinal against him: who thought it impossible that a man of distinguished talents should want that species of confidence which mostly accompanies genius. But M. Agucchi did not easily give up the cause of Domenichino; and in order to erase all disadvantageous impressions, he caused him to paint privately, a picture in oil, representing Peter delivered from prison by the Angel; which when finished, he placed in the apartment of the cardinal. When his eminence beheld it, he was enraptured; he summoned the connoisseurs, who all declared it admirable: he then demanded the painter's name. His brother confessed the stratagem. The picture was placed in the church of St. Peter in Vinculi; and the cardinal, from that moment, decided in favour of Domenichino's pencil.

It may be remarked, in the life of this artist, that he no sooner began to triumph over the



cruelties of his fortune, than some unforeseen accident involved him in new difficulties, and blighted his hopes in their bud. The cardinal, whose favour he had so well earned, died a short time afterwards.

Domenichino was employed to ornament the tomb of his benefactor. He drew the design of the monument; below he painted, in an oval, the portrait of the cardinal, supported by two sphinxes. He was desirous likewise, from gratitude, to execute, with his own hand, in marble, some other ornaments, among which was one of the two heads of a ram, which is to be seen at the front of the tomb.

Convinced of the great talents of Domenichino, M. Agucchi received him into his house, and gave him a pension. Ease and tranquillity were to him stronger motives for giving himself up wholly to the study of his art. Very different have been their effects on other celebrated artists, whom independence has made indolent, and taken away from them the relish of industry, and the taste of their science.

He here painted many pictures in oil, of various sizes. It was at this period that he painted the greater proportion of his smaller works, which, having often changed their place, are now exhibited to all Europe. The principal ones are at Paris, and form a part of the Central Museum.

M. Agucchi was not backward in employing the talents of Domenichino. Having become major domo to cardinal Aldobrandini, nephew of Clement the Eighth, he proposed to the cardinal the decoration of his Villa at Belvedere, which was then building. Domenichino painted the different subjects from the history of Apollo.

Annibal Caracci, delighted with the vigorous and scientific manner of his pupil, employed himself in studying occasions to bring his talents into greater notice, and give them a more full and general scope: he engaged him to paint upon one of the gates of the gallery of Farnese, a girl with an unicorn, the device of the house of Farnese.

Domenichino was afterwards employed at the abbey of the *Grotta Ferrata*, ten miles from Rome, where he painted in the chapel, for the cardinal Odoard Farnese, many of the miraculous actions of St. Nil and St. Bartholomew, and other subjects of devotion. It was Annibal who obtained him this employment.

Among the pictures of this artist which enjoy the most distinguished reputation, there is one which we regard with a superior kind of attention, as it recalls an interesting event of his life: it is that in which St. Nil receives the visit of the emperor Otho the Third. The young man, in a rich habit, who appears leaping from a spirited horse, presents the portrait of a young girl of Frescati, with whom Domenichino was in love, and whom her parents had refused to betroth to him.

One day she came with her mother into the chapel where he was working; he seized the opportunity of taking her portrait, and placing it in his picture. The change of dress could not so far disguise her features, but that the parents perceived it. They resented it towards Domenichino, who, naturally timid, precipitately quitted the *Grotta Ferrata*, and returned to Rome.

If he found in Annibal Caracci a master who did justice to his merit, he possessed likewise in Albano a warm friend, who neglected no opportunity of serving him. The ardour with which he espoused the interest of Domenichino, without any mixture of envy at the works of so powerful a competitor for fame, reflects the highest credit on his memory.

The Marquis Justiniani employed Albano in his mansion at Bassano; and hearing from him scarcely any thing else but the praises of his friend, he confided to Domenichino the painting of one of the chambers.

He represented here many subjects from the history of Diana.

The manner in which he acquitted himself in this work added greatly to his reputation. Annibal, who was now labouring under the distemper which put a period to his life, obtained, by the credit of the cardinal Scipio Borghese, that Domenichino, whose skill in architecture he well knew, should be intrusted with the decoration of the interior of the chapel of St. Andrew, in the church of St. Gregory, on mount Calius. He procured for him afterwards one of the larger pictures, which is still to be seen in that chapel. Guido was appointed to paint the picture opposed to it.

[To be continued.]

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## A VIEW OF MODERN PARIS,

WITH A GLANCE AT THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY AND OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS IN THAT CAPITAL, IN A LETTER FROM AN ANGLO-AMERICAN RESIDENT THERE.

[Concluded from Page 171.]

THE most frequented of the public gardens is Tivoli, which is in the *Rue Saint Lazare*, and formerly belonged to Boutin the financier. This was the first garden which was opened to the public. Here they exhibit fireworks, and have an Orchestra well filled with instrumental performers. The price of entrance is three francs, or an English half-crown.

The garden of the *Capuchins* is on the *Boulevard Italien*. This is the favourite summer promenade of all the voluptuous idlers of Paris, of both sexes. But neither this place, nor Tivoli, is to be compared with your Vauxhall gardens; the delights of which are more in consonance with good sense than are to be found in any other public garden that I have seen in any part of the universe.

In the garden of the *Capuchins*, on the *Boulevard Italien*, are to be seen *Comediens des Marionettes* and *Fantocini*, or puppet-shews, in the French and Italian manner; an amphitheatre of *equitation*, or horse-riding; another for dancers; *Funambules*, or rope-dancers; *Les Escamoteurs*, or jugglers. Here you may behold *la Puce savante*, or the learned flea; the sacrifice of Jephtha; *L'âne savant*, or the erudite ass; the tiger of Bengal; *le concert hydraulique*, or water concert, &c. &c.

The public gardens, where all are privileged to enter without payment, on the observance of good manners, are the *Thulleries*, the *Champs Elysées*, or Elysian fields; the *Jardin Souise*; the *Jardin Paphos*; the garden of the *Luxembourg*; the botanic garden; the garden of the arsenal, &c.

At present there are twenty-two newspapers published in Paris, and each department has its proportionate number. The *Moniteur* of Paris is the paper in which are first published all the official notifications of the government. Each paper, and every species of book, or pamphlet, is subject to a censorial inspection previous to publication.

The Boulevards of Paris formed in the earlier ages the bulwarks of the city: they are now continued entirely round Paris, and make perhaps the most variegated and pleasant scene of perambulation in the world. It is scarcely

possible to convey an adequate description of this amusing scene, especially of that interesting part which lies between *Place Concorde* and the *Rue St. Antoine*.

*Place Concorde*, heretofore known by the name of *Place Louis quinze*, is the spot where the late king and queen were guillotined, and, eventually, a great number of those who had voted for the death of this benevolent sovereign. The same loathsome machine is now used for the common malefactors in the *Place de Grève*. The remains of Louis and Antoinette were thrown, with quick lime, into a rude grave made in the cemetery of the *Magdalens*, where they are now making a foundation for an immense monument to the honour of the grand armies of France. Here, by a rational inference, it may be supposed, that the dust of this royal pair will constitute a part of that cement which is now binding the marble bases of this temple.

How strongly this illustrates the reasoning of the immortal Shakespear:—

“Imperial Caesar dead, and turn’d to clay,  
“May stop a hole, to keep the wind away.”

The road of the Boulevard is wide and well preserved, and each of the foot-paths is lined with trees, which form a most agreeable shelter from the heat of the sun, during the summer months. I have already enumerated the theatres which are on the Boulevards; in addition to which there are panoramas, gardens, hot and cold baths, green-houses, over which they announce the enjoyment of “an eternal spring.” *le Casse estaminet*, where you can enjoy your pipe, and coffee-houses for tea, where you cannot. The surprising *Furioso*, the tumbler, dances before you on the tight and slack rope, with more boldness and agility than Richer, but not so easy and pleasing; whilst on the other hand you may see feats of horsemanship by *Fianconi*, although very inferior to the graceful exertions of the younger Astley. Here are conjurors, who sell fortunate numbers in the lottery for two sols each, who have not interest enough with fortune to procure a decent coat for themselves; and pro-

Phœcyng Sybils, who cannot divine at what moment the police will dissolve their spells, and chain their own persons in durance vile.

In the evening you hear a concert in every street by a ragged minstrel, singing "the delights of rural love," who has crawled from a starving family in the Fauxbourg St. Denis, to gather sustenance for his offspring. You are stunned with vociferations "to walk in," and see the facetious Mr. Punch and his accommodating spouse; the giant and the dwarf; the celebrated fire-eater from Lapland, Dutch birds taking a fort by storm; the court of king Solomon in all its glory; and the monkey shaving the cat.

When you are disposed to retire from this noisy scene, you are civilly desired to occupy a chair, for one sol, where you may lounge and meditate, or participate in the conversation of surrounding belles; as the ladies in France will engage in discourse with a well-bred man, without the dread of contamination from the interchange of polished sentiments.

To sum up all in a few words, the Boulevards of Paris is one continued fair, where all ages, sexes, conditions, and nations, appear to unite, to pass the vacant hours in chequered gaiety, and reduce the claims of want through the medium of pleasure.

I have now conveyed to you a tolerably correct idea of the present state of Paris, but here the pleasant part of the description ends; the departments of France are truly miserable, on a comparison with the counties of England. It is impossible to stop at a town, or village, in the interior of France, without being nearly overwhelmed with beggars, who importune you for money with unceasing yells; and whose squalid appearance shocks your feelings. Nor is the appearance of France so beautifully variegated, nor so luxuriantly fruitful, as England. The climate is fine and moderate, and, in the southern parts, more genial than in England, at least for a valetudinarian; but for rural imagery, superb pleasure grounds, wholesome beverage, excellent viands, free argument, and honest manners, give me old England, which is, and I hope ever will be, the seat of independence, and the garden of the world.

You have desired me to give you an idea respecting the general character of the present Emperor of the French, and of the leading personages of St. Cloud, and I will endeavour to present you with a slight sketch of the parties.

Napoleon is about five feet five inches in height, well made, and somewhat muscular:

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it has been observed that, notwithstanding his fatigues, he has a tendency to be corpulent. His complexion is a pale olive; his eyes piercing; his hair brown, cut short, and uniformly unpowdered. He seldom smiles, and is, in the natural disposition of his mind, impetuous; but he corrects this habitude by a powerful command of his passions. He is very abstemious, takes snuff abundantly, and remains at dinner with the imperial family but thirty minutes, when they dine *en famille*. He eats of the plainest food, drinks four or five glasses of wine, takes his coffee (of which he is extremely fond), and departs. He passes the evening in visiting the lyceum, or places of public gratuitous education (of which Paris and its environs are full); examines the scholars personally; enters newly established manufactories, and, when he seems the inventor worthy, invests him with the insignia of the legion of honour, which he frequently takes from his own coat for that purpose. On his return to St. Cloud, if in the country, or to the Thuilleries, if in town, he hears a concert, converses with his family, takes a slight repast, and retires to bed about eleven o'clock. In the morning he rises commonly with the lark, goes to his private cabinet, and examines written documents upon the affairs of state, or representations from all the ministers, both domestic and foreign; inscribes a concise resolution upon each, to be delivered to the proper officers in the course of the morning. In all these duties he is as regular as time itself; and even when encamped in the field of battle, I am informed that he pursues the same system upon a narrower basis. At six or seven o'clock he rings for his coffee, and then dresses himself for the day, his dress, on ordinary occasions, is a blue undress uniform, with white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches; military boots; a cocked hat, with a small cockade, placed on the very rim, a sword, and the order of the legion of honour suspended by a red ribbon from his button-hole. I should inform you, that no person enters his cabinet but his pages, and those only when he is present; and when he departs he takes the key in his pocket.

His library is fitted up in the English taste, and rather plain than otherwise; it is decorated with marble busts of great men, among which you find those of the late regretted Mr. Fox, and the immortal Nelson. The Emperor had a great personal esteem for Mr. Fox, and treated him, while that illustrious patriot remained in Paris, with the most conciliating attention. I am told that he has remarked that Mr. Fox was to Great Britain, what Cas-

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sandra was to the Trojans, always telling truths, but, unfortunately, never believed.

I carried my curiosity so far, as to take measures to learn what books this extraordinary character was fond of perusing, and found that Ossian's poems, (well translated into Italian); the works of Newton and Leibnitz; Smith, on the Wealth of Nations; the works of Montesquieu, Tacitus, Guiccardini, &c. formed the leading articles with which he amused or informed himself in his leisure hours, if such an active mind can be supposed to have any leisure.

To indulge the curiosity of those natives and foreigners, whose rank and talents do not entitle them to an introduction at court, he takes an airing every Sunday evening in the gardens of St. Cloud, with the Empress, the imperial family, and his marshals: and I have observed that his attendant Mameluke is uniformly behind his person; and I was told that he sleeps at the entrance of his apartment, or tent, when he is on duty from the capital.

It cannot be denied that he is indebted for a great portion of his success, both in the cabinet and the field, to that judgment which he has displayed in selecting his ministers and officers, all of whom have been advanced for their individual merit. He has sometimes listened to the recommendation of distinguished persons, in filling up civil vacancies of little importance, but never any other; Marshal Augereau is the son of a grocer at Paris; Marshal Lefebvre is the son of an inn-keeper; Gen Vandamme was a taylor in Brabant, and a great majority of the rest were of the same description.

Napoleon endeavours, by every species of artificial attention, to acquire and retain the good will of his army. He never suffers an officer to strike a soldier, on any pretence whatever: their punishments are through the medium of shame, privations, or death. In England, the citizen and soldier run parallel in their interests; but in France, the soldier is paramount in authority to the citizen: and this partiality is perhaps necessary in a government which owes the acquirement and consolidation of its power to the zeal and fidelity of the national armies.

His ambition is boundless, and seems to swell and extend in proportion as it is opposed! If it is asked, has he any political enemies in France? I would answer, truly, many: but the well connected system of his government precludes all opposition to his will, and even those enemies are becoming less every day, as the brilliancy of his career neutralizes the enmity of those who deprecate his power,

by making their national vanity a party to his personal renown.\*

His consort, Josephine, is supposed to be forty-five years old, though, in the court calendar of France she is said to have been born in 1764, which is only making her one year older than Napoleon, who was born on the 15th of August 1769. This lady is tall, with a well made person, and an expressive countenance. It is said, that when questioned as to the ancestry of Napoleon, when he became first consul of France, she quickly replied, "That his father was Mars, and his mother was Fortune."

With the situation of the rest of the Napoleon family, the world are pretty well acquainted. They know that Lucien (who is reported to be a man of ability and erudition) lives in a state of exile, at Tivoli, near Rome; the causes of this seclusion are perhaps unknown to any but the parties immediately concerned: many are assigned on the Continent, but none absolutely confirmed.

Jos. Napoleon is partially recognised as King of Naples: his consort is sister to M. Antoine, mayor of Marseilles, who is a worthy and unambitious man.

Louis Napoleon is partially recognised as King of Holland, very much against the will of a majority of the Mynheers, who certainly merit the military rigour which they endure. As the frogs of Batavia croaked most unreasonably at King Log, they must not complain that Fate has sent them a King Stork.

Jerome Napoleon is partially recognised as king of Westphalia, and is married to a daughter of the King of Württemberg, the consort of the Princess Royal of England! I have been in company with this new-fledged monarch, in the United States, where he was accompanied by his wife, late Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, and his physician and secretary. He is

\* The revenues of France amount to between thirty and forty millions sterling; and the subjects pay, in the aggregate, about 33 per cent. The taxes are chiefly levied on windows, individuals, door-ways, sign-boards, furniture, working patents, as no one is permitted to manufacture in any way without a patent; custom-house duties, which are now so inconsiderable, as not to pay the salaries, post-horses, lodgers, &c. &c.

The sum total for the annual consumption of food in Paris, according to the last calculation, amounts to 258,640,000 francs, each franc being about tenpence-halfpenny in value. One-sixth part of the population of Paris are classed as paupers.

a delicately made man of modest manners, and seemed to me to possess tolerable understanding; I rather think that "greatness has been thrust upon him," perhaps at the pressing instances of Madame la Mère (the imperial mother) who is most tenderly attached to this her youngest son.\*

Field-marshal Berthier, prince of Neufchatel, is minister of war, and among the first personal favourites of Napoleon. To him is assigned the organization of those vast military plans which originate in his warlike master. At the battle of Marengo, this officer, who was second in command, rode up to Bonaparte, when victory was inclining to the Austrians, and exclaimed, "General, I fear the day is lost, for the enemy's cavalry have penetrated our right wing." "This is the first time (replied Bonaparte) that I have seen Gen. Berthier in agitation!" on which he galloped off, and placing himself at the head of Desaix's corps of reserve, charged the Austrians, and gained the day.

The present war establishment of France, consists of nearly one million, including the *gens d'armes*, &c. These armies are recruited by an annual levy of 80,000 conscripts, of which 50,000 are raised in the three first months of the year, and 30,000, which is called the reserve, in the remainder. They are raised by ballot in each department, which furnish their *quotas*, agreeably to their population. All descriptions of persons, excepting the clergy, and registered officers, are liable to this levy, which is selected from those young men who have passed their twentieth year, and not arrived at their twenty-third. When the lot falls on the son of a rich man, from 4 to 15,000 francs are frequently given

\* In forming the establishment of this young gentleman, we find another glaring instance of ingratitude and baseness. The Abbé Maury, who made the "welkin ring" with praising the high and noble qualities of the royal house of Bourbon, and who was invested with the dignities of a cardinal at Rome, at the express solicitation of the pious aunts of the unhappy Louis the Sixteenth, no sooner found the house of Napoleon imperialized by the Holy Father, than he crawled to Paris, and solicited, and obtained the appointment of Ammonier, or chaplain, to the newly-created Prince Jerome, whose family he now sanctifies from the pulpit, at the expence of his benedictions as a priest, and of his integrity as a man! Such a duty in the Cardinal Fesch is in resonance with his received obligations, but in the Cardinal Maury it is disgusting.

for a substitute, who must be previously examined and approved by a military commission in each department. When any of the conscripts are refractory to the marching orders, they are chained together, and sent under an escort to the armies!

M. Champagny is the minister of the interior, to whom is confided the regulation of every thing that leads to the internal prosperity or embellishment of the empire.† He is now raising, under the orders of Napoleon, the following superb structures in Paris:—

A column in the Place Vendôme, to the French arms; it is to be 150 feet high: in the inside is a spiral staircase, and on the outside are to be placed many of the cannon which have been taken from the Russians, Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, and other nations. The sides are to be decorated with appropriate sculpture, in imitation of the column of Trajan, at Rome, and on the summit is to be placed a statue of Napoleon. To render the effect of this column more striking, they have cut a handsome avenue, from the place Vendôme to the Boulevards.

A Martial Temple, on the Boulevards St. Honoré, in which are to be placed the statues of all the generals who have served under Napoleon, with the various standards taken in battle, and on plates of gold are to be engraven the names of all the officers and soldiers who have fallen; and on plates of silver, of all those who may have survived these conflicts of horror and carnage.

A Triumphant Arch, at the Thuilleries, as already described.

A Temple to Victory, at the barrière of the *Champs Elysées*, which is to be encircled with several colonnades, and of a magnitude so extensive, that they have deemed it necessary to lay the foundation ninety feet beneath the surface.

A new *façade* to the *Palais du Corps Legislatif*.

The Column of Rostock, brought from Prussia by Napoleon, where it was erected by Frederick the Great, to commemorate a victory over the French armies.

The New Gallery of the Louvre.

The *Quai Desaix*, which is to be faced with a piazza.

The Pantheon of St. Genevieve. The New Bridge of the *Champ de Mars*, &c.

† Since writing the above, I understand that M. Champagny is made minister for foreign affairs, and Gen. Clarke is made minister of the war department.

In regard to your question on the state of those public characters who have been so conspicuous during the revolution, and who are yet living, I can only answer imperfectly; General Moreau lives at Morrisville, on the banks of the Delaware, in the state of Pennsylvania, in America. General Humbert (who was in Ireland) is in a state of domestic exile in Nantes, on a suspicion of being accessory to the plans imputed to Moreau Tallien, who overthrew the monster Robespierre, is now a commercial agent in the Adriatic. Barrere, the inflated orator of the democratic assemblies of Paris, is now the author of the leading article of the *Argus* of Paris, which is translated into English under the inspection of a censor Volney is a senator, but is not in favour at Cloud; he receives the salary, and lives in rural sequestration. The Abbé Sicéy, who had been the secret, but efficient mover of the governing machine, previous to the consulate of Bonaparte, lives in philosophic retirement: his influence is still supposed to be great, but he has never been known to exercise it for his own emolument.

I visited M. Barras at his *chateau*, where he lives, almost in a state of seclusion from society. He amused himself with the diversions

of the chase, but the use of fire arms being interdicted by the prefect of that department, in consequence of an assault upon a few *gens d'armes* by some robbers, his pleasures are now confined to reading, and the conversation of a very limited number of visitors. Such is the recluse and fallen state of a man, who but a few years since was the dictator of France, and the origin of the imperial greatness of Napoleon himself!

The rest of the democratic actors, may be presumed to be in a state of secret mortification: those who have virtue, regretting the consequence of their folly; and those who are incurably desperate, lamenting that order and security is restored to society on any terms whatever.

Thus ends this trivial, but temperate and well meant statement. If you should object to the application of the epithet *great*, to the conqueror Napoleon, you must recollect that the Grecian Alexander possessed it on the same terms; and until mankind shall assign a greater portion of honour to their benefactors than their destroyers, such an annexation of false dignity will run current in opinion.

## THE LADIES' TOILETTE OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 159.]

### CHAP. XVII.

*Of the Vices of the Skin.*

THE skin is subject to an infinite number of diseases, most of which require the aid of medical art; but how many females are there, who, neglecting to have recourse to it, suffer certain cutaneous affections, which if properly treated at their commencement would have disappeared speedily and without inconvenience, to take such deep root as not only to become extremely difficult but even frequently dangerous to cure. It is with a view to prevent an evil which is but too common, that we shall enable our readers of either sex, to apply a speedy remedy on the first appearance of the evil. I say of either sex, for if the men ought to leave to the women those precautions which tend to the embellishment of the skin, or as some ancient authors express it, to the illustration of the face, still they should equally

with the fair sex adopt the means of preventing those hideous disorders which compromise health no less than beauty.

I shall not forget that we have physicians, and shall not encroach too far upon their province; I shall even frequently endeavour to persuade my readers to have recourse to their talents, and to prevent cases when it would be imprudent to leave them entirely to their own management.

I shall therefore treat only of the most common cutaneous diseases, and shall consider them rather as accidents destructive of beauty than as sickly affections; introducing nothing but the ordinary practice and what is adapted to the capacity of all. It is for this reason that I have entitled this chapter—*Of the Vices, and not of the diseases of the skin.*

The latter would have required too extensive a development for the plan which I have chalked out.

I shall commence with that disease of the skin called by the French *couperose*. It is a redness accompanied with reddish pimples scattered over the whole face. These pimples sometimes resemble drops of blood, which has occasioned this disease to be termed *gutta rosacea*. It proceeds from a bad state of the liver. Its cure therefore, falls within the province of medicine, and if I treat of it here, it is principally with the intention of shewing the danger that is incurred by striving to cure it merely by topical applications.

This affection is often the consequence of the excessive use of wine, as among the inhabitants of Friesland and the Netherlands, where this disease is extremely frequent; but it may likewise proceed from other causes, since we often see that persons of the greatest sobriety are not exempt from it. It particularly attacks the nose, which it greatly disfigures, and which sometimes grows to a prodigious size.

This redness and these pimples, proceeding as we have observed from a vice of the liver, they cannot be cured without removing that vice, be its cause what it will. Any other cure would be merely a palliative. It is, therefore, very dangerous to confine one's self to external remedies, and especially to topical repellents, such as salt of saturn, which some quacks are not afraid to employ, without accompanying it with an internal treatment. It is then a misfortune to be successful and the more speedy the effect of this topical, the more pernicious it is, because you strike in a humour which nature was striving to expel. This humour being thus repelled may occasion the greatest derangements in the system and even produce incurable diseases, by attaching itself to some important viscus, and disturbing its functions. The patient may then think himself fortunate if he can again drive out externally that humour against which he has closed every outlet; but this it is commonly very difficult to effect. Instances have been known of persons perishing because they imprudently cured a too inveterate *couperose*.

This disease, then, should not be treated thus, unless when it is recent, and moreover, exterior applications ought to be accompanied or rather preceded by an appropriate regimen and internal treatment. It is, therefore, necessary to prepare with bleeding and purgatives, to follow a mild, cooling regimen, such as fresh culinary vegetables, white meat, milk, rice, &c; to abstain from liquors, wine, and coffee,

as well as from ragouts and spices; to drink chicory water and clarified whey.

The local malady may then be directly attacked by applying to the face a liniment made of white of eggs and a small quantity of alum or camphor; and afterwards using oil of myrrh, which is said to be efficacious in this case. But it should be observed that the treatment must be of considerable duration, and that, to prevent its return, the regimen we have described ought to be regularly continued.

We shall now give some receipts for pimples on the face.

Take a pound of powdered starch, a pint of purslain juice, the same quantity of plantain juice and verjuice, and twenty yolks of eggs. Beat the whole up well together, and distil it. This water is very good not only for the *couperose*, but for all kinds of pimples and ebullitions of the blood.

Another remedy is as follows:—Take half a pint of brandy, put into it as many strawberries as it will hold, and stop the phial well with a piece of bladder, let it stand for a week in the sun, and then strain the liquor through linen. Put in more strawberries at first, and add half an ounce of camphor. Wash the face in the morning fasting with this liquor, and in a short time a cure will be effected.

The following have likewise been recommended:—

Water in which a small quantity of saltpetre has been dissolved.

Water of water-lilies into which has been put a small quantity of camphor, previously dissolved in a little brandy.

Plantain water mixed with essence of sulphur, and applied morning and evening to the face.

Distilled waters of chervil, plantains, marshmallows, chick-weed, rosemary, and mercury.

I shall not give any receipt for repellent ointments into which salt of saturn is introduced. If the *couperose* be not too inveterate, the processes which I have mentioned are more than sufficient; if it be too inveterate, all the prudence of a skilful physician will then be necessary.

What I have said respecting the danger of repellents for the *couperose*, equally applies to the affection called the tetter, or ring-worm. Consumption has often been the melancholy result of tetter imprudently repelled. If the tetter be therefore at all considerable, recourse must be had to internal remedies, and to the regimen indicated above for the *couperose*. The frequent use of the bath then becomes indispensable, and the patient must

likewise take an infusion of scabiosa leaves in the form of tea.

Dr. Breal announces in the Philosophical Transactions, that after having unsuccessfully employed all the known means of removing tetter, he had at length effected a radical cure by the following method:—He applied plumb-tree gum dissolved in vinegar; an extremely simple application. To procure this gum, twist some of the branches of a plumb-tree, which, the succeeding spring, will be covered with gum.

Subjoined is the composition of a cosmetic ointment of great efficacy for curing tetter, carbuncles, and other disorders of the skin.

Take flowers of sulphur and refined salt-petre, of each half an ounce, good white precipitate two drams, and benjoin one dram; to ascertain whether the precipitate be good, put a little of it on ignited charcoal, if it evaporates it is a sign that it is good; if it remains upon the fire, or melts, it is nothing but pounded ceruse, or something of that kind. Pound the benjoin with the salt-petre in a brass mortar, till they are reduced to a very fine powder; then mix with them the flowers of sulphur and white precipitate; and when the whole is well mixed put away the powder for use. When you want to apply it, incorporate it with the most odorous white ointment of jessamine. The smell of the latter, together with that of the benjoin, will correct the smell of the sulphur, which many persons cannot endure.

For tetter some persons employ a shell-fish known by the name of *pucelage*. It is dissolved in lemon-juice, and this juice is applied to the tetter; but those who make use of this remedy must not neglect now and then to take opening physic. It has been seen to produce very good effects.

Alphonse le Roi, a French physician, has made numerous experiments that have convinced him of the efficacy of hot flour applied to the skin in certain cutaneous diseases.

The white tetter is easily cured by the

regimen which we have indicated, together with some internal application; but when they are of the nature of those which medical men term military, or corrosive, they then require a regular treatment, and it will be prudent to have recourse to professional advice.

There is another kind of pimples which commonly appear on the face and neck, especially of young persons of either sex who are advancing to the age of puberty; they are red and hard, and turn white at the top. Against these are employed various preparations, into which camphor, the essence of benjoin, cerate, and virgin milk are introduced.

There are again other small cutaneous, inflammatory, and pustular eruptions, which are almost always occasioned by acrid perspiration; of these there are many different varieties, but they all yield to the same means of cure. These means are moderate heat, rest, frequent bathing, and a mild diluting regimen. Those who are thus attacked may likewise wash themselves with the decoction of linseed, mallows, or marsh-mallows.

Itchings reduce the skin very often to a state nearly resembling the tetter. The skin is sometimes dry and at others humid; now and then pimples formed, but in less number than in the tetter, though like them they emit a farinaceous serosity when scratched. To cure them observe the same regimen as for the tetter. The author of "Domestic Medicine" informs us that he has known dry frictions upon the skin with a soft brush, or an old linen cloth, produce a good effect.

He likewise observes that when the itching is violent, the parts affected by them may be fomented with softening infusions, such as those of marsh-mallows, or flowers of elder. Bathing scarcely ever fails to remove them.

Spots, marks, and freckles, may likewise be numbered among the vices of the skin. The correction of these vices belongs more particularly to the province of cosmetics: we shall therefore refer them to a distinct chapter.

[To be Continued.]

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE LAKE TSAY-VOU-CANG;

FROM THE ACCOUNT OF THE DUTCH EMBASSY TO THE COURT OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA, A YEAR LATER THAN THAT OF LORD MACARTNEY.

(From a Work which will soon make its appearance)

WE were carried in our palanquins along the western ramparts of the town of Hong-chou-fou, till we came in sight of the lake Tsay-vou-cang, celebrated throughout China on account of the imperial villas which it con-

tains, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery. This lake is situated in the midst of elevated mountains, fantastically clad here there with pines, and trees of a different species, and which extend from the north west to,



the south-west part of the town, at which spot the labours of man have carried the rampart even over their proud summit. The tops of the other mountains bear five convents, or pagodas, called Pao-chan-hong, Nam-sing-ying, Sam-sing-chee, Nam-chan-hong, and Oueang-tsi, which are all embosomed in verdant shades.

• This lake contains three islands; the most northerly, and also the largest, called Ooung-cong-chan, is distinguished by a mountain which rises from its centre. The middle island is called Lok-yet-chung, and that on the south Tong-tsan-tsi; they contain numerous villas belonging to the Emperor, and where this monarch used to repair every day when he resided at Hong-tcheou-fou.

Two roads run across the lake, they are both paved in the middle, whilst their sides are sheltered with willows, banana-trees, and peach-trees. At certain distances stone bridges of a single arch, and high enough to allow the pleasure yachts a free passage, produce an agreeable variety in the road. These bridges formerly adorned with open pavilions, but few of these are now standing.

One of those roads leads from the town to the largest island, which is connected with the main land on its northern side by a superb stone bridge of five arches; the other crosses the western part of the lake, and its direction lies from north to south.

We were carried along the foot of the mountains at a short distance from the town, towards the northern side of the lake. On the summit of the mountains we perceived a tower called Pau-sok-thap; the mass of the edifice alone remains, with the pike of cast-metal with which it was surmounted, and which is still encompassed with chains. The roof, as well as the galleries, being made of wood, have long since yielded to the repeated attacks of time, or been either rotted by the rains, or burned by the lightnings of heaven.

On our way to the lake we passed near a convent, in the neighbourhood of which many noble temples are erected; this convent is called Tay-sau-tsi, and is well worthy to arrest the traveller's attention. From this spot we descended in the vales below, and sometimes on the sides of the hills, numerous low buildings, where coffins are deposited, in which the dead await until the time appointed for their burial should arrive. These small buildings are divided into fifteen or twenty apartments, contiguous to each other, and each containing no more than one coffin; as they are scattered over the whole circumference of the lake, it may be supposed that several hundreds of

corpses are mouldering here, and that some have lain unburied for no less than sixty or eighty years. These places are kept in good order by the bonzes belonging to the neighbouring convents, who receive a small retribution for their trouble, which forms the largest part of their annual revenue.

On proceeding a little farther we saw three or four villages filled with shops, several triumphal arches built with stones, some of which stood near the houses, and others in the midst of the sepulchres.

When we reached the elbow formed by the north-west mountains, we left our palanquins, and repaired to the monument of the unhappy Calao, sometimes called Ngok-fi, or Ngok-so-han-kun. This virtuous mandarin, who lived a thousand years ago, under the reign of the Emperor Song-cau-tsong, fell at an important post at court. But his elevation excited envy, and envy worked his ruin, aspersed his integrity and fidelity, and succeeded at last in causing him to be beheaded. His innocence being fully ascertained after the iniquitous sentence had been put into execution, his body was laid, by the command of the repentant Emperor, in a magnificent tomb, and the funeral rites celebrated with the utmost pomp. Not satisfied with these proofs of grief, Song-cau-tsong placed the unfortunate mandarin among the saints, heaped dignities on his son, and inflicted a condign punishment on his treacherous accusers.

The tomb in which the dust of Ngok-fi slumbers, consists of a semi-sphere of bricks; on its left a smaller monument is erected, in which the ashes of his son, Ngok-ouang, are deposited. In the centre, before the father's tomb, stands an altar supporting a vase, in which perfumes are burnt; both the altar and the vase are of stone, and serve to offer sacrifices to the memory of this injured statesman.

The two monuments are built on a rising ground, separated by a wall with a gateway, forming three arches, from a large square court, the middle of which is occupied by several rows of ancient statues of stone. Every row consists of three mandarins, a saddled horse, a crouching ram, and a lion couchant. On each side of the gateway the statues of the four calumniators are ranged two by two, kneeling, their hands tied behind their backs, their faces turned towards the tomb, but lowered, and their names inscribed on their breasts; the latter are as follows,—Thou-kouey and his wife Ouong-tsi, Mau-tchi-lu, and Lou-u-tchit. After the revolution of ten centuries, the Chinese are still in the habit, when they have offered their sacrifices

before the tomb, of striking the forehead of the four statues of the calumniators with a piece of wood, or a stone, as a mark of the detestation in which they hold their crime. At the time of our visit to this spot, one of the statues was removed from its pedestal, and lay in a corner near the floor.

The whole of this sepulchre is surrounded with walls and trees. A magnificent gateway, composed of three arches, leads into the square court already mentioned, paved with large flag stones, and each side of which contains an elegant cylindrical stone column fifteen feet high, and a plain square pillar of the same altitude.

After contemplating this justly celebrated monument, the solemn sacredness of which seems to be heightened by the antiquity of its foundation, we were led towards the southern shore of the lake. Here we followed one of the roads which I have already described, in order to visit the imperial villas, and every object worthy our attention.

Here I left my palanquin a second time, and preferred walking, as it enabled me to examine the surrounding country more leisurely and more minutely. I observed the western and southern parts of the On-on-cong island, the other sides of which I had beheld before. The mountain which that island contains is clad with trees to its very top, whilst the lower grounds are adorned with picturesque and numerous houses.

The imperial villas are situated towards the south, and form, with their extensive gardens, a varied and grand spectacle. The north and east are not so richly strewn with noble habitations, but a crowd of low buildings, the receptacles of the unburied dead, and the tombs of those whose funerals have been celebrated, spread a less pompous but more interesting scene to our view, calculated to speak forcibly to the feeling heart, and awaken melancholy but philosophical reflections.

Westward of the road we pursued we described two imperial villas, built on two peninsula, and surrounded with trees, and gardens stored with the choicest flowers. When we reached the foot of the mountain, we were instantly led to the chief palace belonging to the Emperor; it is called Ce-ou-yau-tien-uau,

and consists in unconnected buildings scattered over the rocks that line the shelving sides of the mountain.

Almost every beauty with which this spot abounds, springs from the hand of nature. If art has improved her scenes, it has not intruded but concealed its presence, or assumed such a shape as to be mistaken for nature herself. Here the most delightful variety greeted our sight. When standing in pavilions, or beneath lofty domes erected on the unequal declivity of the mountain, our eyes wandered over the pure waters of the lake, and the verdant islands that seemed to swim on its surface, or glancing beyond the mirror of its peaceful waters, rested on the picturesque edifices that rose on the distant mountains, the convents, the tombs and towers that clothed their foot, or proudly frowned on their summits.

Owing to the elevation of the spot on which we stood, we were able to view every part of the two flat islands that lay at some distance beneath us. One of them, called Tong-tsau-tsi, contains two pools of rather large dimensions. We remarked in front of this island, three pillars of cast-iron, forming a triangle, and rising from the bosom of the lakes. The portion of them that was not concealed by the water, ended in the shape of a pear. We were told that their height was about eighteen feet, and the diameter of their base seven, and that eight hundred years had already elapsed since they had been placed in their present position.

The only unpleasant sensation we experienced in this delightful spot, was that of regret at its present neglected state. The cause of this neglect is the twelve years' absence of the Emperor, and the belief that his age will not allow him once more to repair to the shores of On-on-cong. When the presence of the monarch gave life to this now almost deserted spot, it must have offered an image of the first abode of man, the antediluvian paradise. It is therefore justly that the fame of this lake has spread throughout the Chinese empire. Had nature been as bountiful of her choicest gifts on any spot of European land, its beauties and advantages would have become a general theme of praise and admiration.

## STRICTURES ON THE PERFORMERS OF THE LONDON THEATRES.

\* BY C. A. G. GOEDE.

THE following remarks are the result of part of the observations of an enlightened German writer, made during a visit to this country about five years ago, and which have been recently given to the public in an English dress.\* The author enjoyed an advantage seldom possessed in such a degree by a foreigner, an intimate acquaintance with our literature and language; and if he appears on some occasions to wield the critical lash with too much rigour, he cannot, at least, be suspected of being swayed in his opinion by any improper bias or personal animosity. Should our readers be inclined to dispute the justice of some of these strictures, they will, however, be amused by the perusal of the sentiments of an intelligent stranger.

The English actors are highly impassioned in their lofty tones of tragedy, which portray the whirlwind of the soul, when ruffled by the gusts of passion, when instigated by some stern, unalterable resolve, or wrought up to a pitch of phrensy and enthusiasm. Anger, the ravings of anguish, wild despair, rancorous hate, fell revenge, are expressed by them with matchless force. They are truly grand in those situations when a mortal, with impious audacity, bids defiance to fate, and challenges heaven to wrestle with his determinations.

They are also peculiarly happy in counterfeiting those attitudes, when the utterance for a while is wholly suspended by a delirium of passion, but afterwards discharges itself in a torrent of fury. They are unrivalled in articulating that hollow, ghostly language, which is peculiar to a man appalled and panic-struck by the contemplation of his own shadow. There is, perhaps, no other theatre in the universe where you witness such a lively representation of those heart-piercing tones in which the human soul gives utterance to its agony.

On the contrary, it cannot escape the observation of every attentive spectator, that their performers almost always miscarry in

the expression of refined and affectionate sentiments. The friendly chit-chat and tender communications of love, the cordial raptures in which friendship unobscures itself, the accents by which kindred souls strive to make a reciprocal disclosure of their sentiments, appear almost totally unknown. Even Kemble and Cooke, in this particular, want the emphasis of truth and nature. The most glowing asseverations of love, of friendship, and of confidence, languish and expire upon their lips. With the exception of Mrs. Powel, the actresses appear in this instance to have absolutely renounced nature. In such situations their frigid manner and their fulsome affectation border on the incredible.

In these remarks I would by no means be understood to comprehend Mrs. Siddons. This sublime actress has reached a summit of perfection in the art, which perhaps no female ever before attained, and presents us with a model which of itself enlarges the sphere of criticism, and gives to the standard of excellence additional majesty. It is impossible to speak of her otherwise than with rapture and enthusiasm.

Whatever eminence many of their superior performers may claim in some particulars, they do not actually excel in all. They have, doubtless, bestowed the most intense study upon the counterfeit action of the features, and their stage still possesses many performers entitled in this respect to honourable distinction.

In tragedy, Cooke and Kemble claim the pre-eminence, and of these Cooke, in my private judgment, bears away the palm. Kemble's countenance is cast in a finer mould, and is the more noble of the two, but his muscular action is less strong and expressive. Cooke shines also in comic parts, in which Kemble is little conversant. In those gradual transformations of the countenance, which successively portray the emotions of the soul, they both excel. They never assume that sort of sate and unruddied mien, which only discomposes its features on certain occasions by a violent exertion.

In comedy, King, Wroughton, Fawcett, and Bannister, possess remarkable powers with respect to mimic action; but they are too regardless about delicacy of expression, whence they often degenerate into burlesque, even

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when the character which they are personating does not require it.

Wroughton is a veteran actor gifted with considerable talent, and, if we may credit the assertion of his countrymen, reminds the spectator of the times of Garrick, with whom he was contemporary. It is much to be lamented that he does not more frequently appear on the stage. In this, as well as in other points of the scenic art, young Barbauld betrays great ignorance; his countenance is by no means destitute of flexibility, but he does not know how to make a proper application of its powers.

I shall pass over the rest in silence, I only observe that some of them, out of a too great zeal for their profession, have applied themselves sedulously to the practice of making wry faces. In this respect Wewitzer, Palmer, and others, have acquired a wonderful facility, and as often as they can find a convenient opportunity, amuse the gallery with a display of their facetious grinning.

The actresses do not appear to regard mimic action as a part of their performance. No where else do we see female countenances so devoid of meaning as upon the English stage. Mrs. Powell alone is a laudable exception. The lines of her countenance are noble and expressive, and with respect to mimic action, she evidently strives to approach the illustrious model of Mrs. Siddons.

All the actresses, with the exception already made, have an extremely faulty gesticulation. They are either wholly ignorant of this theatrical language, so that they have merely some general symbols expressive of its various modes, which may be regarded as so many signals of distress indicating their imbecility; or the vulgar gestures of uncivilized society are become so familiar to them by the force of habit, that one might be tempted to suppose they had never conversed except with menials and clowns. This is more especially the case with Miss Pope and Mrs. Jordan.

I am well aware that many ladies of this description cultivate an assiduous correspondence with the fashionable world; nay, that one or other of them even reckon princes of the blood among their admirers. Of course they appear to much greater advantage in private than upon the stage: it seems, therefore, quite unaccountable, why they should delight in obtruding upon the public a performance so totally incompatible with female elegance and delicacy.

When a performer is become an adept in gesticulation, it generally diffuses a grace and

harmony over his local attitudes. We must likewise acknowledge, that distinguished English actors appear perfectly at their ease. Some of them may even be regarded as exemplary models, and here Kemble more especially claims the pre-eminence. His attitudes are, for the most part, majestic and picturesque. In this particular, indeed, he far outshines Cooke; for though Cooke excels in mimic action, he possesses neither the pith, the point, nor the picturesque beauty of attitude for which Kemble is remarkable.

Of this Kemble is, in fact, such a consummate master, that with him it appears a spontaneous production of nature. While he abundantly satisfies the most extravagant demands of criticism, he does not betray any efforts in attaining his end; whereas the French actors, Talma and Lafond, notwithstanding the beauty of their attitudes, always shew evident symptoms of study and labour.

Of all the female performers Mrs. Powell appears to the greatest advantage in this species of picturesque. She possesses much practical talent, a refined taste, and many excellent parts, which are greatly set off by the charms of a fine person. Most of the rest manifest the same indifference to art which nature has displayed towards themselves. In reality, I question whether there exist at any European theatre so many untheatrical female figures as on the London stage. The managers appear to have made it their object to blend together the two extremes of emaciation and corpulence, with a manifest partiality, however, to the latter. They pay less regard to gentility of shape than bulk, and the shortest figures are enrolled, provided they compensate by rotundity for their deficiency in height.

The English performers are less ambitious to acquire excellence in every department than to distinguish themselves in those particulars in which they may expect the most effectual support from their own natural abilities. Nay, even those among them whose deserts are most conspicuous, such as Kemble and Cooke, appear to have applied all their powers to this object, and to have made it the ultimate scope of their ambition. They sometimes soar to an astonishing eminence in parts for which they feel within themselves congenial talents and dispositions; but they generally remain very defective in those in which they have to subdue their own refractory natures by violent exertion. This I have particularly witnessed in three different representations of Richard III. at Covent-Garden, in the Haymarket,

and on the Dublin stage. Cooke performed the character at Covent-Garden. It is universally esteemed his *chef-d'œuvre*, in which he has a decided pre-eminence over Kemble. He certainly gives us a genuine transcript of Richard's character, and pours this hideous monster with matchless force in all those scenes in which he discovers himself in his native colours; but whenever it is necessary, to assume the vizard of hypocrisy, he is seldom successful, and often wholly fails. This was more especially the case in the second scene of the third act, when Richard endeavours to cozen the frail Lady Anne, and to insinuate himself into her affections—a scene exhibiting the triumph of his dissimulation, which he himself considers as a miracle, and of which he speaks with diabolical exultation. In this admirable dialogue, Shakspeare makes Richard speak with all the warmth and rapture of ardent passion, though deformed and stained with a crime of the foulest dye, yet in the passion which respires through all his words and gestures he becomes amiable to her eye: his hypocrisy must therefore borrow the native colours of truth in a superlative degree, or it would shock the feelings of the spectator by wearing the semblance of mockery. In this particular Cooke grossly belied his character. His voice and gestures betrayed a vulgar hypocrite, who might easily be detected by the most superficial observer, and would create disgust even in the most insensible minds. Thus the manner of the performer, and the expressions which the poet puts into his mouth, were at variance. The latter appear the natural rhapsodical passion; they counterfeited all the various modulations of feeling; the high and the low, the gentle and the fierce. But Cooke assumed one invariable tone of voice, and one invariable mien; the wary, deliberate elocution of a hypocrite, and the farce of crafty dissimulation. Of these both were incompatible with nature. We can only account for this gross violation of propriety, by supposing that Cooke has partially cultivated his sublime talents for a display of the savage and the brutal, which makes him appear unnatural when he endeavours to personate the mild and the humane.

The author judges it advisable to conclude these general observations on theatricals with a few characteristic portraits of eminent performers, which may tend to illustrate the foregoing remarks.

Kemble is the darling, he may even be termed the idol of the populace. Few persons will venture in any particular to adjudge the palm

of excellence to Cooke. Such sentiments would be too hazardous, especially in the presence of English ladies, who, upon every occasion, are zealous advocates for the former.

Kemble possesses an elegant masculine figure, and his handsome shape is eminently ennobled by art in picturesque attitudes. His countenance is one of the most majestic which I ever beheld upon any stage; it is a perfect oval, set off by a fine aquiline nose, a well-proportioned mouth, firmly compressed; eyes not deeply sunk in their sockets, shaded with thick eye-brows, pregnant with fancy, and flashing with lambent fire; an open forehead, somewhat arched; a chin projecting in an angular point; features cast in a happy mould, where no harsh lines are discoverable. These collectively compose one of those physiognomies which command respect at first sight, because they announce, in the most expressive manner, a man of exquisite sensibility, of sound intelligence, and of complete ascendancy over all the motions of his will. If his eye were devoid of a certain cast of enthusiasm, his countenance would present the portrait of a polished, dispassionate, selfish courtier, hackneyed in the ways of the world; but that enraptured glance, warmed by the kindly beams of fancy, qualifies the indentation of his chin, and the stern compression of his mouth. His voice, though melodious, is feeble of small compass, and very flat. This is the chief natural impediment, which this extraordinary man, so richly gifted in other respects, has to encounter.

Cooke does not possess the elegant figure of Kemble; his countenance, however, is not devoid of manly expression. A long nose, somewhat incurvated; a pair of eyes fiery and significant, a high and rather broad forehead, the muscular lines which impart motion to the lips sharp and prominent; these are the most remarkable features of Cooke's physiognomy. It is less noble and majestic, but more impassioned than that of Kemble, and few actors can more emphatically depict the hurricane of passion. His voice is strong and capacious, an advantage in which he exceeds Kemble, and which he has to great effect. His happily formed for gestulation.

C. Kemble, Johnstone, Powell, Barrymore, and many other actors who frequently sustain the principal characters, present fine personable figures on the stage; nay, their physiognomies also appear, at first sight, admirably adapted to their profession, but their action is far from corresponding with this

expectation. In the musical and picturesque parts of the scenic art, they are equally defective.

Old Wroughton has an admirable expression in his countenance, and a wonderful elasticity in his muscular gesticulation. His mimic action in comedy is excellent. His voice, naturally not very harmonious, when raised to a lofty pitch, becomes harsh and dissonant.

Murray's significant physiognomy is well adapted for the performance of ancient and reverend characters; his voice is deficient in point of vigour; and he occasionally assumes a querulous tone which impairs the dignity of his performance.

Suett and Fawcett are peculiarly fitted for that department of comedy to which they have exclusively devoted their powers. The features of the first, however, are cast in a finer

mould, and seem more peculiarly adapted for sublime comedy than those of the latter, whose round, jolly, jovial countenance is a transparent mirror for broad humour.

The author has already made a frank avowal of his sentiments concerning the figures of English actresses, and this candid, though somewhat ungallant confession, differs widely from the opinions of those journalists, who, all the year through, in the oracles of fashion are accustomed to extol the ravishing beauty, the lovely and amiable simplicity, the enchanting graces, which, if we may credit their assertion, diffuse superlative splendour over the goddesses of the London stage. The author, whose weak organs of sight have probably been dazzled and overpowered by the glare of those resplendent glories, confesses that he could not discern the faintest glimmerings of their perfections.

## THE PRINCE OF CARIZIME, AND THE PRINCESS OF GEORGIA.

### AN ARABIAN TALE.

A KING of Persia, who possessed as great a fondness for tales as the Sultan Schahiar, had in the beginning of his reign a son, whose birth had cost his mother her life. This young prince, who was named Nourgehan, possessed great talents; nature had loaded him with her gifts, and his soul was the seat of every virtue. He had nearly attained his fifth lustre, when his father, at the age of sixty, became suddenly weary of his long widowhood, and owing to one of those unfortunate weaknesses which are but too common, espoused a young princess, a descendant of the antient Guebres; she was handsome, lively, and witty, but like those of her race, her passions were excessively violent. Whether owing to the age of her husband, or that the prince Nourgehan seemed more deserving of her favours, the latter made so deep an impression on her, that she found it equally impossible to extinguish it or conceal it within her own bosom. The silence which she had endeavoured to preserve on so criminal a flame, only tended to increase it. At length, however, forgetting all she owed to her husband and herself, she seized the first opportunity when chance threw the prince in her way, to declare the love which she felt for him. Nourgehan, thunderstruck at so criminal an avowal, far from sharing her vicious passion, was disgusted and indignant at it, and immediately

left her, saying,—that she owed to the respect he entertained for his father, rather than any regard for herself, the silence which he should preserve on the horror he had experienced while listening to the criminal declaration which she had had the temerity to make him.

A woman intoxicated with a passion which is disdained, and who only meets with contempt, is sure to breathe nothing but revenge. The more it has cost her to make so immodest a declaration, the deeper will disappointment wound her feelings.

She waited for some time in expectation that she might be able to overcome the prince's coldness; but all her hopes were frustrated, and not being well assured of Nourgehan's discretion, she was in constant fear lest he should divulge the fatal secret, and at length determined to be before hand with him. This resolution formed, and strengthened by apprehension, she immediately repaired to the King, and, bathed in tears, threw herself at his feet, and like another Phedra, accused the prince of entertaining an incestuous passion for her, and of having dared to avow it. The King, whose jealousy and rage were awakened at this recital, without making any further inquiries, or listening to his son, thought of him only as a monster whom he could not too soon punish, and instantly condemned him to death.

This dreadful news was soon spread abroad, it filled every heart with dismay, and threw an universal consternation among the nobles of the kingdom, who however refused to credit it as well as the people, by whom this unfortunate prince was adored. But yet how could it be disbelieved, when it was ascertained that Nourgehan had been arrested, and dragged, without respect for his rank, to the prison reserved for the vilest of criminals.

The King's council was composed of forty vizirs, who were wise, virtuous, and prudent men; loaded with his gifts, their only wish was to increase his happiness and his fame. They were struck with astonishment at this unexpected act of violence without one of them having been consulted. It is true that for some time past they had observed, with unceasing, the great ascendancy which the Queen had obtained over the King's mind, as more than once he had lately acted contrary to their advice; they had also remarked that instead of the attention and flattery which the Queen at first lavished on Nourgehan, there now reigned a marked coldness, a striking contempt on both sides, for which they had not been able to account. The terrible event which had taken place did more than awaken suspicion, it tore off the veil which covered this odious mystery; but still proofs were wanting which time alone could unfold. To await the aid of these, and endeavour to discover the truth, they resolved to labour with unceasing ardour, considering it their first duty, to spare the King, not only an act of injustice, but the revolting crime of making his own son, and the heir to the throne, perish by the hand of the executioner.

The Queen, however, pursued her victim. Knowing that nothing made so lively an impression on the King's mind as examples taken from history, it was by these she endeavoured to convince him of the necessity of hastening the death of him whose destruction she had vowed. The vizirs, who were not less acquainted with their monarch's weak side, were of opinion that it was only with the same weapons they could diminish the Queen's influence. It was then through the medium of tales that they endeavoured to convince him that he ought to avoid a haste which might perhaps be followed by the bitterest repentance.

After several debates of this nature, the Queen at length triumphed; and her husband, who had remained hitherto irresolute respecting his son's fate, now assured her that at the next dawn, as soon as the white sheep had driven away the black one, unhappy Nour-

gehan's head should be severed from his body.

This sentence, pronounced with all the vehemence of an outraged father and monarch, left scarcely any hope of being able to suspend the execution. However, before the break of day, one of the vizirs repaired to the King's apartment to await his rising; and as soon as he was allowed to speak, supplicated his majesty to suspend the order he had the day before given. But, determined by the Queen's pressing entreaties, the Sultan commanded the vizir to be silent, and forbade him, in an angry voice, ever to mention the prince's name. The faithful minister, in despair, threw himself at his master's feet, and placing one of his hands on his head, he with the other presented a paper, which he implored the King to read, as the last favour he would ever ask. After some moments of hesitation, the monarch took the paper, opened it, and read the following words:—

"O my King! revered monarch of the two worlds, inexhaustible source of goodness, ever wise, ever beneficent and just, disdain not to listen to your slave! I have had the nativity of your unhappy son cast; it says that Nourgehan, in the spring of his life, shall be accused of the blackest crime, that his august father shall condemn him to death without awaiting for the proofs of his guilt; but it also announces, that the thick veil with which truth is covered, shall be removed the fortieth day. This truth, so precious, is still then in futurity; eight days have only elapsed since the accusation of your son. O my King! beware of ordering his death before the forty days have expired; precipitation may overwhelm every thing without hopes of remedy; patience may, without any danger, perhaps set all things right. Your sublime majesty would find a proof, and an example of this, in the history of Carizime and the Princess of Georgia; but you have forbidden me to speak."—"You assure me that the example is striking," said the King, interrupting his vizir.—"Your majesty will be a judge of this if you will deign to hear me."

After having reflected for a few moments, the King replied—"Come, vizir, if it be so, we will pass into the Queen's chamber and you shall relate your story."

When the Queen saw her husband accompanied by the vizir, she immediately thought that Nourgehan's execution was again deferred. She could not contain her indignation; but the King was resolved to hear the history of the Prince Carizime, and made a sign to the vizir, who spoke thus.—

# HISTORY OF THE PRINCE OF CARIZIME AND THE PRINCESS OF GEORGIA.

"Before you commence," said the King, "tell me where the kingdom of Carizime is situated?" "Of this I am ignorant, Sire," replied the vizir. "You see," hastily rejoined the Queen, "it is a story composed at will, and may——." "Madam, madam," said the King, "it is of little consequence to us whether this kingdom be situated in Europe or Asia, and is of so importance to the story, therefore let us listen to the vizir."

A King of Carizime, who had no children, was continually imploring Heaven to grant him this blessing. His prayers were at length granted, and the Queen was delivered of a son, lovely as the morning star. The birth of this prince was celebrated by sumptuous feasts, to which the King invited all the astrologers of his kingdom; ordering them at the same time to cast the nativity of the new born infant. These illustrious personages assembled for three successive days in a magnificent hall prepared for their reception. Here they remained shut up, as they had required that no one should be admitted to witness their incantations—"That they might be at full liberty to compose lies," interrupted the Queen. "Madam," replied the vizir, "what follows will shew that they said nothing but the truth."—"Go on, go on," said the King.

This horoscope did not however prove as happy as they had flattered themselves; the astrologers would not for a long time reveal it; but the King of Carizime, impatient at their silence, declared to them, that if in an hour they did not explain themselves, they should all be immediately hanged.

Your majesty will readily believe that a command dictated in such strong terms would produce a speedy effect! The astrologers instantly announced that Razimir (so the young prince of Carizime was called), was threatened to experience a long succession of unfortunate events until he had attained his thirtieth year; but that if death did not overtake him before this period, he would then be the most accomplished, the happiest, and the most justly revered prince in the universe.

"Your majesty, continued the vizir interrupting himself, doubtless has recognized the first point of resemblance between the prediction announced to the prince of Carizime, and the horoscope of the prince Nourgehan, which I have made known to you." "I cannot say much to that," replied the King, "as there are thirty years on one side, and forty days on the other; but never mind, go on."

The prediction greatly diminished the joy

of the King of Carizime, and if he had threatened the astrologers with hanging, because they remained silent, he could now have willingly made them experience the same fate for having spoken. "And he would have been right," said the Queen.

The entertainments which were to have been so brilliant, became dull and languid; no one seemed to enjoy himself, because the King no longer appeared to take a share in them, and was a prey to incessant inquietude. But what can we oppose to the ordinances of fate, but resignation and patience!

Time however lulled the king's fears to sleep; Razimir had attained his sixteenth year without any adventure having justified his horoscope; and easy to deceive himself respecting the fate of a child who was his only hope, the King persuaded himself that the astronomers were fools, or cheats, who spent their lives in deceiving honest people, and doing every thing to abuse their credulity.

The King and all the court remained in perfect security, and witnessed with admiration and pleasure the many brilliant talents which daily expanded in the young prince. Sensible, mild, and affable, he was the hope and refuge of suffering humanity; generous, brave, and full of useful knowledge, he promised to be the worthy supporter of his empire, and the ornament of his country.

One day, he had a desire of walking by the sea side: the sky was pure and cloudless; the waves were calm, their surface almost motionless, reflected in the distance the burning rays of the sun departing to enlighten another atmosphere. Razimir was contemplating this wonder of nature, when he perceived near a bay a light bark fastened to the beach by a single cable. By an involuntary impulse, either of pleasure or curiosity, or perhaps because his destiny had so ordered it, he entered it; and soon his suite, composed of about twenty persons followed: almost instantly a fresh breeze arose and increased; the waves were agitated, they wished to land; but the skiff was instantly unfastened, and pushed away from the shore by the wind; and notwithstanding every effort was employed to regain it, the bark flew with the swiftness of an arrow, and was soon very far from land. In a few moments the shore was no longer visible, and night which began to spread its veil over the agitated waters, redoubled their fears and distress. Beaten by the storm, the sport of the waves, after having wandered for a long time without compass or pilot, in the midst of profound darkness, they at length perceived towards the east a feeble light: which



proved to be the twilight that preceded the dawn. In imminent danger the smallest event recals hope.

They now watched the break of day as a great favour; but alas! it only served to shew them the dangers by which they were surrounded. At sun-rise black clouds assembled, and robbed them of the brilliancy of its light; tempestuous winds arose, the ocean became furious, lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the sea opened its abyss, and seemed as if it would swallow them up, and on every side they appeared to be surrounded by death.

"Ah! here are my thoughtless gentlemen," said the King of Persia, "what business had they to enter the bark? Are you going to make them all perish!" "No Sire," replied the vizir, "Heaven protected them in this perilous situation. The winds abated, the sea became tranquil, which was doubtless the recompence of their patience and resignation." "Very well! patience then, since I must have patience," said the King, "go on."

Their sailing was not less tedious, nor less rapid than the preceding day. Towards night they were driven near an island surrounded by rocks, with so much violence that the skiff split, and it was not without the greatest difficulties that they could effect a landing. Fatigue, want, and the impracticability of quitting it, obliged them to await the fate Heaven had ordained for them.

The next morning their first care was to explore the spot to which their misfortunes had borne them. Whether it was inhabited or not, was for them a new theme of inquiry. While some of them set out on this errand, others employed themselves in erecting with stones and earth a sort of enclosure to serve as a retreat from the wild beasts, whose dreadful roarings during the night had announced their existence.

They had not separated more than an hour, when those who were at work at the enclosure experienced an interval of hope, but it was of short duration. They heard at a distance the barking of dogs, as if some persons were hunting in a wood, about an hundred yards off. But what was their dismay when they beheld their companions rushing towards them with the utmost speed, pursued by above a thousand enemies, and who, unarmed, and defenceless, sought to save themselves by flight. Several of these unfortunate men were caught, and instantly torn to pieces, before the eyes of their companions. This horrid spectacle announced the treatment which they might expect to encounter.

The unhappy prince of Carizime and his

suite had disembarked, or rather been wrecked on the island too well known as being inhabited by the Samsards—"Good," said the King, "here are again some people whom I have never heard of before."—"Sire," replied the vizir, "the Samsards are gigantic anthropophagi, having the bodies of men, with the heads of mastiffs; and it was with their cries and barking they rent the air as a sign of their joy and triumph, when they perceived the victims which chance had delivered up as a prey to their carnivorous hunger. What resistance could be offered these monsters who were in such vast numbers? The prince and his followers were immediately bound and dragged to a dark prison; and each morning one of these miserable beings was conducted into the kitchen of the sovereign of this barbarous island; here he was cut in pieces, and made into different dishes which the King found exquisite.

When all those who shared the prince's fate were eaten up, Razimir, who had doubtless been reserved for the last, as being the most delicious morsel, had no doubt but that his turn was come. But however weak and useless the means he possessed to repulse the barbarians appeared, he determined that if he could not preserve his life, he would sell it dearly. His mind was absorbed in these melancholy reflections when he heard the door of his prison open, and saw they were come to fetch him. The hideous appearance of his conductors redoubled his fury; these, who looked on him with contempt on account of his youth, had not considered it necessary to bind him, one of them only held in his jaws a part of the prince's dress that he might not run away. Arrived in the King's kitchen, he took his time so well, that with one violent kick behind, he broke the jaw of him by whom he was held, and forced him to let go his hold; having immediately perceived on a table a large knife, doubtless intended to cut his throat, he rushed towards it, seized it, fell upon his guards, killed many of them, and put the rest to flight; and making a rampart of the door which he kept half shut, offered to plunge his blood-stained weapon in the hearts of all those who dared to approach.

This combat, so unequal in appearance, but so fatal to the prince's enemies, had lasted more than two hours, and the King became impatient for his dinner, when the news was carried to him: astonished that one man alone had been able to resist so many enemies, he wished to see him; but to accomplish this, his Samsard majesty was obliged to take the trouble of descending into his kitchen, for the

young hero had entrenched himself there, and armed with the knife, those who dared to approach him would have paid the forfeit of their lives ; and he would have shewn no more lenity for the King than for another. His majesty therefore remained at a sufficient distance to be out of the prince's reach. He then said, "young man, I admire your courage ; I like valour wherever I meet it ; and although you have killed so many of my subjects, I will forget the offence, and give you my royal word that your life shall be safe. What are you ? who are the authors of your being ? from what country do you come ? and what induced you to land on this island ?"

"My name," replied he, "is Razimir ; I am the prince of Carizime ; and it is to the sovereigns of that country that I owe my existence." "I would have guessed your origin by your courage ;" said the King of the Samsards ; "I am delighted to learn that your father possesses a crown, and as we are both reigning monarchs, nothing could be more beneficial than for us to unite in an alliance, which shall establish between us an amicable and lasting peace. I accept you then for my son-in-law, and this very night you shall become the happy husband of my beloved daughter." Razimir, less astonished than enraged at this discourse, felt however, when surrounded by so barbarous a people, the necessity of dissembling his horror. He contented himself with observing, that however he might be sensible of the honour which his majesty wished to confer on him, he was persuaded that a noble Samsard would suit the princess much better, and entreated —. "No, no," said the King interrupting him ; "when I command I must be obeyed, or else you shall be instantly devoured by my guards ; make your choice, and let me know it."

The alternative was no doubt dreadful, yet, all well considered, it was better to live than be exposed to the voracity of a nation of monsters. The prince consented to the marriage, and the King invited him to follow him to his palace, assuring him that from that moment he should be treated as his son and heir to the crown. This was the last thing which would have either pleased or occupied Razimir ; he gave himself up much more to the hope of escaping from this dreadful place, and was reflecting on the means of succeeding when the princess was announced. She had the finest dog's head that had ever been seen in the island ; her long ears descended to the ground, and her mane, similar to that of a lion, had the finest effect in the world. Notwithstanding all these beauties Razimir, from the first mo-

ment of this interview, took for his intended wife the most insurmountable aversion. He was so little an adept in the art of dissimulation, that it must have drawn upon him very fatal consequences, if by one of those events, which cannot be accounted for, the bone of a wild turkey, which the princess, who was naturally very greedy, had swallowed too voraciously, had not strangled her in the midst of the magnificent feast which had been given in honour of her nuptials.

It will be easy to conceive the joy which the prince of Carizime felt at being thus freed from so frightful a spouse ; but what cannot so easily be described, are the howlings, the barkings, and the infernal yell of this canine people, and particularly that of the King of the island, when he saw himself deprived of his beloved daughter by so fatal an accident.

The first moments of grief passed, they began to occupy themselves with the princess's funeral, which was prepared with a sumptuous pomp that arrested the curiosity of the living, and was totally useless to the dead. But there was another ceremony which was inevitable, and which greatly diminished the secret joy which the prince felt. A general law in this island, and in that of Serendib, ordered that the widower should be buried with his deceased wife, the same as the wife who survived, was obliged to follow her dead husband into the grave. The chief magistrate of the island came and announced this law to Razimir, who did not fail to tell him that this custom was detestable ; but all that he could say on this subject had no success, as these ceremonies afforded a great diversion to the people, to which they always looked forward with avidity ; and customs are not easily abolished, especially when they yield pleasure.

"This is the silliest custom I ever heard of," said the King of Persia. "Madam," continued he addressing the Queen, "I do not advise you to die first ; for the devil take me if I allow myself to be buried with you." "Sire," replied the Queen "you have been before hand with me ; for I would not suffer it any more than yourself. But happily we are not in the island of the Samsards."—"You are right," said the King, "I had forgotten that. Go on vizir."

Sire, continued the vizir, the Samsards knew by experience that the prince of Carizime possessed by his valour the means of repelling the violence which was intended him, and persuaded, with some justice, that the custom in question would not be at all to his taste. They therefore took the precaution of binding him hand and foot to assure themselves of his per-

fect docility. The hour for interment being arrived, they laid him in a coffin exactly similar to his wife's, excepting that they placed in it a loaf, a pitcher of water, and the remainder of the turkey, one of whose bones had choked the princess. The spot wherein they were both to be buried was an extensive subterraneous vault which had been made under a sort of a temple situated at the extremity of the principal town. The prince of Carizime's wife was first carried down, whilst the ladies of her court howled with all their might, and the people replied by barking, which together made the most horrid noise that can be imagined.

When it came to the prince's turn, the scene was totally changed; when he descended into the vault, all the mourners, and even the King himself, began to utter acclamations of joy, and to dance around the coffin; but scarcely had he disappeared from their sight, when the tomb was closed up with immense stones. When Razimir found himself at the bottom of the abyss, he exclaimed: "O Allah! to what a wretched state am I reduced; and you, my father, wherefore did you attach so much importance to my birth?"

M. R.

[To be continued in our next.]

## THE MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

[Continued from Page 163.]

"My friend was the son of a respectable man, but rigid and ceremonious. Being the only child, he was subjected to a course of education, which was intended by his father for the best, but which would have extinguished for ever all the freedom of his mind, had he not possessed a power of resistance superior to the tyrannical oppression of unnatural maxims and precepts. Among other things his tutor was particularly careful to keep him from all intercourse with our sex. He was never permitted to be alone with a female, whether of mature age, or in the years of childhood. He was even cut off from the affection of his mother, that, as his father used to say, he might become so much the more virtuous a man. The consequence of this education was, that at an age when boys and girls commonly feel a kind of aversion to each other, my friend, unknown to his parents and teachers, had already a secret attachment. The female who had kindled this flame in his youthful heart was but a child, as well as himself, but a child of such quickness of apprehension, that she understood his passion as perfectly as her French grammar. The houses of their parents were very near each other. A brother of the extraordinary girl, who as my friend was allowed to visit, afforded him an opportunity of seeing her, but only in company; and when the youth had attained the age of fifteen and his mistress that of fourteen years, they had contrived to find more than one favourable opportunity for secretly concerting the plan of their future marriage.

"A separation of two years which my friend was obliged to pass under the care of a tutor at a distant seminary, without paying a single visit to his family during that interval, had not weakened the reciprocal attachment of the enthusiastic pair. An interview of an hour was sufficient to bind them anew to each other for years. A secret correspondence also was now kept up between them.

"This correspondence was continued till my friend was sent, in his eighteenth year, to the university of Göttingen. About this time the young man's desires began to be more ardent. Though he remained faithful in thought to his Frederica, yet thoughts were not sufficient for him. He made acquaintances among his fellow-students who were all older than himself. He soon found means to deceive his tutor, who tormented him with studies. He first passed whole hours and then whole evenings in jovial companies, having at length gained this point, that the man who stood in the way of his pleasures, durst not complain to his father, for fear of losing a place of which he was in expectation, that he found himself unable to govern the young gentleman according to the strict injunctions of the parent. Fortunately for my friend his jolly companions were only wild and not depraved; so that, notwithstanding the extravagances in which he indulged, his heart remained uncorrupted. Meanwhile he had occasion for a passion that should afford him something more than imaginary enjoyment, and this he found, because he sought it. A passion which

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a person seeks losts, I have been told, no longer than till he feels inclined to go in quest of a new one; and this is said in general to take place in a very short time. But by this inconstant roving my friend, as he assures me, became more strongly attached to Frederica; for after every deviation his heart reverted to her, and the reproaches with which his conscience punished his infidelity, convinced him that constancy alone could make him happy.

"My friend's father was still a stranger to his son's secret passion. The ceremonious gravity which pervaded every thing about him, kept his family in ignorance of many things which were the common talk of the whole town. At the same time he maintained a kind of connection which nobody could comprehend with the family of which his son's mistress was a member. Nothing farther was known respecting it, than that the two families lived on the best footing; and yet my friend's father being once in a company when an acquaintance, though not at all in the secret, proposed Frederica as a suitable match for his son, he flew into the most violent passion, and with furious vehemence declared, he would rather follow his son to the grave, than consent to such an union. My friend was present on the occasion. The circumstance not only made him more cautious, but also rendered him more anxious respecting futurity. The obstinacy of his father was, as he well knew, a metal that defied every attempt to work it.

"What cautious prudence had been whole years in concealing, was betrayed by carelessness in a single moment. My friend, previous to his setting out on a little tour from Göttingen, had sent by post in one envelope, two letters, one to his father and the other to the brother of his mistress, and had by mistake changed the direction. An unexpected summons from his father, led him to conjecture that something of importance must have occurred. He travelled in all haste to his father's, and on his arrival, a single sentence made him acquainted with his fate. Disinheritance and the curse of his father were to be his lot unless he immediately renounced the female to whom he had vowed fidelity. He begged to know the reasons of such a command. The will of his father was assigned as a sufficient reason, and thrown in his way as a rock which no effort, no entreaty were capable of moving. My friend who had not inherited a portion of his father's obstinacy for nothing, was equally peremptory in refusing to break his word. Neither threats nor promises could obtain the required renunciation. The utmost that he

would at length concede, was the promise not to marry Frederica without his father's consent; but with this the old man seemed by no means perfectly satisfied.

"A melancholy period now commenced for my friend. Frederica's mother, who had lately been left a widow, and who had suspected as little as his father what she was not intended to know, forbade him her house. He was sent back to Göttingen, and his mistress was removed to another residence; but the place of her retreat was kept a profound secret from him.

"Frederica's brother, whose attachment to my friend outweighed his obedience to the commands of his mother, at length yielded to his entreaties, and undertook to renew the correspondence between the separated pair. As soon as my friend was made acquainted with the abode of his mistress, no consideration was powerful enough to restrain him from the execution of a romantic, but happy thought. He provided himself with money sufficient for half a year, escaped from his tutor, and assuming another name, travelled in disguise to the place where Frederica resided with some distant relations, who had never seen him. He wrote to his father, that, dissatisfied with his situation, he should turn recluse for a few months, but that in due time he would again make his appearance. That he might be perfectly secure, he remained almost a month concealed in Hamburg. During this time, as he had expected, strict enquiries had been set on foot for him at the country-seat in Holstein, where Frederica resided. After it had been reported, in answer to those inquiries, that no such person as my friend had been seen in that part of the country, he ventured to proceed to Holstein. His fluency in the English language, enabled him to pass with success for an Englishman. Assuming that character, he took a lodging at a farmhouse in the village, not far from Frederica's residence, under the pretext of gratifying a melancholy humour. He soon became the subject of conversation, and people wished to become acquainted with the eccentric stranger. They did become acquainted with him, after he had, with difficulty, contrived to get a note delivered to his mistress. He received an invitation which he accepted, and acted his part to admiration. The invitation was repeated, and he soon brought it so far, that out of extraordinary complaisance, which was returned with the warmest thanks, he gave the girl of his heart instruction in the English language.

"So ample a reward for the pains of separa-

tion my friend had not expected, when he set out on his adventure. His partiality for his fair pupil could no more remain unnoticed than her inclination for him. But what under other circumstances would probably have been taken amiss, was now regarded with a favourable eye by the protectors of Frederica. They rejoiced to see the man to whom her heart was attached supplanted by a stranger, from whom she might, it was supposed, be withdrawn in time, if this new passion should strike too deep root. The triumph of my friend was announced to Frederica's mother with exultation.

"This interval of happiness continued so long, and afforded my friend such manifold, and yet innocent pleasures, that he afterwards gave it the appellation of his golden age. Each day, as he said, witnessed the confirmation of a covenant that had long before been concluded. Nothing embittered his happiness but filial solicitude for his father. He received information, in a circuitous way, that the already infirm health of the old man was daily declining. The uneasiness of his conscience got the better of prudence. My friend entrusted one of his friends at Göttingen with his secret, and wrote through him to his father, but without mentioning the place of his abode. The latter returned an answer through the same channel. It was conceived in terms so unusually tender that the son immediately wrote again. This was just what the father wanted. As my friend's acquaintance at Göttingen was incapable of treachery, the wily father applied to the post-office in that town, at the same time sending the direction of a letter in his son's hand-writing, and easily obtained information from what place a letter in the same hand had come.

"My friend ought to relate the circumstances to you himself to give you an idea of his feelings, when he, the pretended Englishman, who went by the name of Mr. Williams, heard himself saluted, in a harsh voice, by his real name, one afternoon, when familiarly seated by the side of his Frederica. It was no other than his father himself, who surprised him with a visit. The effects of this visit, the scenes which it occasioned, and the consequences which resulted from it, your imagination may supply. The undutiful son, as he was called, though he had not broken his promise, was dragged away like a malefactor, and the wretched victim, his Frederica, was attacked with a mortal disease. The obdurate father was immovable in the exercise of his parental authority, and not less immovable was the son in refusing obedience

where he did not conceive himself bound to obey.

"What menaces and commands were incapable of effecting, was, however, brought about by qualms of conscience and pity. The old man's soul had long been a stranger to violent emotions. No sooner had he reached home with his son, than he sunk again upon a sick bed, from which he had been roused by the united force of anxiety and indignation. The physicians declared him to be in a critical state. The seeming agony of death with which he seemed to struggle whenever he looked at his son, at length prevailed upon the latter to give a new promise, not only that he would never marry Frederica without his father's consent, but that he would do all that lay in his power to wean himself from her, and her from him. After this promise my friend's father delivered to him a sealed packet, which he was to open in case the old man died, and to return if he recovered. He did recover, and received back his packet; and my friend, who seriously intended to keep his word, set out on his travels.

"In England, in France, and in Switzerland, this martyr to filial subjection sought to retrieve his lost happiness and his blasted hopes. He formed a philosophy of dissipation which he practised two whole years. Dissipated from despair, he grasped at pleasures, which according to his peculiar sentiments, he was destined to despise. In this endless circle of novelty and variety, he neither heard nor saw any thing of his Frederica. She continued near his heart, but was estranged from his thoughts. He never recollected her but with sorrow and affection; but days sometimes passed on which her image did not once present itself to his mind.

"The attempts that were made to withdraw the heart of the faithful Frederica from her lover, were not so successful. She peremptorily rejected every proposal to become the wife of another. She would cheerfully have promised never to marry, but resolved to be united to none except the man of her choice.

"My friend returned from his travels, and the cure which he had begun by dissipation was now required to complete by attention to business. His father had designed to form him for a diplomatic post, and for the affairs connected with it, he was to be prepared under the superintendence of an experienced politician. But the intelligence of the invariable attachment of his Frederica, rendered him totally unfit for business, and he told his father that he must absolutely travel for another year,

before he could apply to it. The father, fearful of a relapse, was once more necessitated to comply. It was soon after this that my friend became acquainted with my brother, and accompanied him to our house with the intention of proceeding to Vienna.

"Of that part of his history which here commences, he had no occasion to give me a full account. So much the more important was the other half relating to the continuance of his love for Frederica. Whatever his ideas might have been on his first acquaintance with me, the thought of an indissoluble union terrified his conscience and revived his former attachment. The forced relish for the dissipation by which my brother had learned to know him wore off when, as he expressed himself, he grew good with me. For the same reason, he again kept a stricter watch over his heart. He even thought it his duty to inform Frederica of his new attachment. At a time when nobody apprehended any such thing, a secret correspondence again commenced between them: and on this account it was that his humour was governed so exactly by the departure and the arrival of the post.

"He had long been undetermined whether he should suffer me to take part in the conflict in which he was engaged with himself. He was afraid, and with good reason that I should side with his first attachment against myself. He tried another expedient. He procured a third person to inform Frederica that he was as good as betrothed to me, and even acquainted his father with part of his wishes in regard to me. His father, though a zealous protestant, most joyfully consented to his union with me. Both these circumstances surprised my friend. He had expected that Frederica would load him with reproaches, and that his father would throw difficulties in his way. Soon afterwards he received intelligence that an offer made to Frederica had not been positively rejected." All this confirmed him in the resolution to continue to keep his secret from me, and to try, by means of a longer stay with us, whether it would be possible to be made happy by the fulfilment of his first wish, now that he was no longer able, as he supposed, to suppress the second.

"The closer my friend's intimacy grew with me, the more firmly he was convinced, he said, that he could not possibly live without me. What gave him the greatest uneasiness was that he heard no farther tidings of the offer which had not been rejected by Frederica. From this circumstance he concluded, but falsely, as you will presently hear, that she waited only for him in order to take the second

step. His heart nevertheless reproached him as often as he felt disposed to take the first. This was too complicated a business to be arranged by letters. He determined to see and hear, and, if possible, to speak once more to Frederica. He supposed that in three months at latest every thing would have been settled.

"I have told you how I drew the long concealed secret from his agitated soul, at the moment when he announced to me his intended departure. He had not calculated upon this accident, and again became uneasy and confused. He knew me. The fear of losing me rendered him blind to the consequences of an inconsiderate step, and that but ill accorded with the delicacy which I had discovered in him, and without which I could not possibly have loved him. He resolved to pledge his honour, in order to bind his heart; he therefore hastened before he had time to cool, to my guardian, and solicited my hand.

"Scarcely had he returned home and obtained an interview with Frederica, when the whole weight of his injustice and precipitancy fell with aggravated force upon him. Frederica received him with tranquil resignation. The proposal which had made her appear unfaithful to him, had never been serious. She had purposely concerted it to see how the intelligence would operate on my friend. To find that he was unable to repress his joy on the occasion, was the severest stroke she had yet experienced. She was drowned in tears when nobody saw her. She pined so visibly that my friend was frightened when he beheld her again. She calmly relinquished all her claims, congratulated him on his new prospects and his reconciliation with his father, and when he was going to seize her hand, hastily withdrew into another room, where, as he heard, she fainted away.

"Ah! my poor friend; who suffered most, you or she against whom you had transgressed?—He told me that for a considerable time, he was not master of his senses. Languishing between happiness and misery, he stood upon burning ground, unable to turn either to the right or to the left. Had she, whom he was about to desert but made him a single reproach? But no; not even the satisfaction of a meditated justification was afforded him. Half resolved to relieve himself with a pistol from this insupportable sensation, he hurried home. Before he reached his room, he was met by his father, with whose knowledge he had paid this visit to Frederica. The old man beckoned and called to him, but my friend paying no attention rushed past him up the stairs. His father followed him, and an explanation en-

sued. For the first time my friend beheld his father shed tears. He felt somewhat relieved, and thinking this an opportunity of which he ought to avail himself, he renounced all farther connection with me, and begged permission to make Frederica happy. Notwithstanding his tears, the father proved inexorable, and informed the son, with the sternness of an executioner, that all the necessary preparations were now made for removing Frederica from his sight for ever. My friend sprang up like a maniac, vowing instantly to annihilate all these preparations. The father placed himself at the door to oppose his exit. A scene revolting to the noblest feelings of humanity would perhaps have ensued between the father and the son, but for the opening of the door at the moment, and the entrance of two persons whom my friend did not expect. These were, his mother, an excellent woman, but who, on other occasions had no voice in family affairs, and the mother of Frederica.

"The former threw herself into the arms of her son, and the latter delivered to him a letter. My friend opened it, read and read it again, and was scarcely able to support himself. It contained a formal renunciation of him by Frederica, accompanied with a vow, never to see him more, and the assurance that were he even to return to her, he could not make her happy. She begged him by obedience to his father, and fidelity to his new mistress, to afford her the consolation of having contributed something toward his felicity and that of his family.

"It is possible that it was not this renunciation which again directed my friend's thoughts to me. But, at the moment when it produced its first effect, it abated the flames of passion, which threatened to destroy the recollection of me in the mind of my friend. Deeply affected, he observed a profound silence, which was interrupted by his father.

He held up Frederica's conduct to him as an example, and contrasted her fortitude with his weakness. 'Hitherto,' said he, 'in your opposition I have recognized my son. I have excused your disobedience, because I could not disclose the reasons why I must not, and as I am a man of honour and your father, never will consent to a connection between you and Frederica. You ought to have believed that these reasons must be very weighty because they fix my determination so irrevocably. But I know how difficult it is to take reasons upon credit; this made me pity but not despise you. From ignorance you persisted in your way, as I did, from a more intimate acquaintance with circumstances, in mine. You were true to our female; but now you are promised to two brides. You can no longer tell me that your passion is invincible. Now the wishes of your father coincide with those which you have yourself acknowledged. If I am again to find in you my son, and not the pusillanimous wretch who changes his mind every day, fulfil your promise at least on the one hand. Make amends for your disgraceful injustice in the only way you can. Or will you, of your own accord, desert the second; in the same manner as you were obliged, against your will to forsake the first?—But is not that a ring which I see on your finger?"

"It was a ring of my hair, made in memory of a very remarkable hour. When my friend, struck by his father's question, cast his eyes upon the ring, another power glowed, as he expressed it, within his soul. He earnestly begged to be left by himself. His request was complied with. He locked his door, firmly resolved not to leave the room till the Lord came to a final determination, and to carry this without farther consideration into effect, let the consequences be what they might."

[To be continued.]

## HISTORY OF A REMARKABLE APPARITION,

IN THE LAST YEARS OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

OUR readers may attach what credit they please to the following history; but of this they may be assured, that, at the time, it excited a great sensation, and was generally believed; and that if any deception was practised, it was, at least, contrived with such subtlety as to escape detection if not suspicion.

The little town of Salon in Provence, which boasts of being the native place of Nostradamus, was in April, 1697, the first scene of the present history. An apparition, which many people took to be no other than the ghost of Nostradamus, appeared to a private individual of that town, and threw him into not a

little perplexity. It charged him in the first place, on pain of death, to observe the most inviolable silence respecting what it was going to communicate, and then commanded him, in its name, to demand a letter of recommendation of the intendant of the province, which should enable him, on his arrival at Versailles, to obtain a private audience of the King.—“What you are to say to the King,” continued the ghost, “you are not to know till the day before your arrival at court, when I will appear to you again and give you the necessary instructions; but forget not, that your life depends on the secrecy which I enjoin you to observe respecting what has passed between us, with every body except the intendant.” With these words the spectre vanished, and left the poor man halfdead with fear. Scarcely had he come to himself, when his wife entered, observed his uneasiness, and enquired the cause. The threats of the ghost however had made far too powerful an impression for her to obtain from him a satisfactory answer. The evasions of the man excited the wife’s curiosity still more, and the poor fellow, that he might have peace, was at length weak enough to reveal the whole matter, and the next moment paid for his indiscretion with his life. The woman was exceedingly affrighted at this unexpected catastrophe, but persuaded herself that what had happened to her husband was merely the effect of an imagination confused by a dream, or some other accident, and thought fit, both for her own sake, as well as out of regard for the memory of her deceased husband, to communicate the secret to none but a few relatives and friends.

It so happened, however, that the same visitor appeared to another inhabitant of the town, who had also the imprudence to disclose the circumstance to his brother, and was in like manner punished with a sudden death. These two extraordinary incidents now became the subject of general conversation, not only at Salon, but throughout the whole country for more than sixty miles round.

In a few days the same spectre appeared to a blacksmith living at the distance of only two houses from the persons who had died so suddenly. Rendered wiser by the misfortune of his neighbours, he delayed not a moment to repair to the intendant. It was not without difficulty that he obtained the private audience directed by the ghost, and was treated as a man deranged in his intellects. “I can easily conceive,” replied the smith, who was a sensible man, and known for such at Salon, “that the part I am acting must appear highly ludicrous in your Excellency’s eyes; but if you

will please to order your deputy to make inquiries concerning the sudden death of two inhabitants of Salon, who had received from the ghost the same commission as I have, I flatter myself that your Excellency will send for me before the expiration of a week.”

An investigation having been made into the circumstances attending the death of the two persons mentioned by François Michel, the smith, having been made, he was actually sent for by the intendant, who now listened to his story with much greater attention than before, and after furnishing him with dispatches to M. de Baobesieux, minister and secretary of state for Provence, he supplied him with money to defray his expences, and wished him a prosperous journey.

The intendant was apprehensive, lest so young a minister as M. de Baobesieux should accuse him of too great credulity, and give the court a subject of laughter at his expence; he therefore accompanied the dispatches not only with the documents of the examination instituted by his deputy at Salon, but also annexed the certificate of the lieutenant of justice at the same place, attested and subscribed by all the officers.

Michel arrived at Versailles, and was not a little perplexed what to say to the minister, because the ghost had not yet appeared to him again agreeably to its promise. The very same night, however, the spectre threw open the curtains of his bed, desired him to be of good cheer, and told him word for word the message he was to deliver to the minister, and what he was to say to the King, and to him alone. “You will have,” it continued, “many difficulties to encounter, in order to obtain this private audience, but be not deterred, and beware of suffering your secret to be drawn from you by the minister, or by any other person, as instant death would be the inevitable consequence.”—The minister, as may easily be conjectured, did his utmost to get at the bottom of the secret, which the smith firmly refused to reveal, protesting that his life was at stake. He concluded with observing, that to convince him what he had to communicate to the King was not an idle tale, he might acquaint his majesty, in his name, that at the last hunt at Fontainebleau he had himself seen the ghost, that his horse had taken fright at it, and started aside; but that because the apparition had staid but a moment, his majesty had regarded it as a deception of the eye, and had therefore taken no further notice of it.

This last circumstance struck the minister, and he now thought it his duty to inform the



King of the smith's arrival at Versailles, and the extraordinary business which had brought him thither. But what was his astonishment, when, after a moment's silence, the monarch desired to speak with him that very day in private.

What passed at this singular interview was never made public. All that was ever known on the subject is, that the smith afterwards remained three or four days at court, and that he publicly took leave of the King, with his consent, when he was going out a hunting.

It was asserted that on this occasion the Duke de Duras, the Captain of the life-guards on duty, said aloud:—"Sire, if your majesty had not expressly commanded me to permit this man to approach you, I should never have allowed him, for he is certainly a madman." The King with a smile replied:—"Dear Duras, how falsely we often judge of our fellow-creatures! He is more sensible than you and many others may suppose."

These words of the King's made a deep impression. The courtiers used every endeavour, but in vain, to discover the subject of the smith's interviews with the King and the minister Baobesieux. The people, ever credulous and consequently partial to the wonderful, imagined that the taxes occasioned by the long and oppressive wars were the real motives of them, and hoped for a speedy alleviation of their burdens; but they continued till the peace.

The visionary, on leaving the King, returned to his own province. He was supplied with money by the minister, and was commanded to keep his errand a profound secret from every body whatever. Roulet, one of the first artists of the age designed and engraved a portrait of this smith. The face was that of a man between thirty-five and forty years of age; with an honest, open, though somewhat pensive look, and exhibiting what the French term a *physionomie de caractere*.

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

AMONG opulent nations, friendship is very rare. The heart remains empty while the mind is filled with caprices, jealousy, ambition, and love of pleasure. In nations to which a happy mediocrity has been allotted it is more common. Strangers alike to penury and abundance, they witness not the false enjoyments of the rich, and consequently these cannot excite envy; the mind is more tranquil and the heart better employed. The savage possesses no sensibility except for his wants; he has none left for friendship.

This sentiment is nevertheless found among the natives of the Kurile Islands. Perhaps, from their situation they have an intercourse with nations who are unacquainted with the poison of luxury, and do not feel the pressure of want. The meeting of two friends there, after a long absence, is a spectacle not less singular than affecting. As soon as the Kurile hears that his friend has landed with his canoe, he goes to meet him with a solemn pace, and in military attire. The two friends advance towards each other, forming a kind of dance; they bend their bows, but in a moment, throwing away their arms, they fall upon each other's necks, and shed tears of tenderness and joy.

The stranger is then led by the other into his hut; he makes him sit down, treats him in the best manner he is able, deems it a duty to

attend personally upon him, eagerly questions him about all that has befallen him ever since their separation, and listens as attentively to his tale. As a mark of respect, he stands in his presence, and his whole family devours the words of the stranger. He often speaks for whole hours, and enters into the minutest details of his adventures in hunting and fishing, his disappointments and pleasures. Nobody interrupts him, or gives him reason to think that he is too prolix. If no face does he discover traces of ennui, but only the interest which his adventures excite. When he has concluded his narration, the oldest person in the hut begins his tale, to which the auditors are equally attentive. The arrival of the beloved guest is then celebrated with festivities, and every moment is passed in singing, dancing, feasting, and telling stories.

The friendships of their neighbours, the Kamtschadales, are of a very different nature. If a Kamtschadale is desirous of making another his friend, he invites him to an entertainment. He previously heats his stove, and prepares a sufficient quantity of provisions to satisfy ten people. The guest strips, and so does his host, as if for a pugilistic contest. The latter then produces his provisions, and pours broth into a large shell in order to assist digestion by this beverage. While the guest is eating, the host sprinkles water on red hot

stones to increase the heat. The guest eats and sweats till he can hold out no longer, and is obliged to cry mercy of his host. The latter, for his part, takes nothing, and can go out of the hut as often as he pleases. As it is an honour for the host to keep heating and dish-ing up without intermission, so in like manner the guest prides himself on enduring this immoderate heat and too abundant entertainment. He would rather relieve his stomach ten times by vomiting, and discharge all the fluids of his body by perspiration, than give in. If he is at length compelled to acknowledge that he is overcome, he enters into a capitulation. His host then requires him to purchase an armistice by a present consisting either of dogs or apparel, threatening, in case of refusal, to heat still more violently, and to make him eat till he either pays or bursts. The guest gives what the host demands, and receives in return either old rags, or old lame dogs. He however enjoys the right of retaliation, and at a second banquet, in which he changes places with his guest, he gains as much as he lost by the first.

This mutual treating of each other keeps up friendship and hospitality among the Kamtschadales. If the host did not pay attention to the invitation of the guest whom he had so liberally entertained, the latter would take up his quarters with him, without saying a word, and if he did not make him a present unsolicited, the stranger would next morning harness his dogs before the hut of his host, and after placing himself in his sledge, would thrust his staff into the earth, and not depart till something had been given him. It would be the most cruel affront, the cause of irreconcilable enmity, were he suffered to depart empty-handed. The avaricious host would have no friends, and would disgrace himself for ever in the eyes of his neighbours.

Krascheninikoff relates a story of a Cosack, who, by the method above described, obtained a beautiful fox-skin of a Kamtschadale. The savage, so far from regretting his gift, declared that he had never been so sweated and crammed in all his life, and that the Russians knew how to regale their friends much better than the Kamtschadales.

## REFLECTIONS ON IRON.

THE vegetable kingdom supplies man with food and clothing, and the animal kingdom furnishes him with the same. The mineral kingdom affords him implements for separating bodies and joining them together, means of security, and weapons of defence.

Man destroys the animal and vegetable kingdom. The mineral kingdom, to which nature has assigned no particular form, is not destroyed by man, but destroys him; for he himself employs it for his destruction.—Steel protects against steel.—The helmet and the shield defend the head and breast against the sword and the arrow; but not against the death-dealing bomb, or the bullet of lead discharged by the force of kindled powder from the murderous tube. For this reason the helmet and the shield are no longer retained in these days of death and desolation, but are thrown aside as an unnecessary burden to the warrior.

The engines of destruction have gained the victory over those destined for protection. With the augmented powers of the former, those of the latter have not been able to keep pace. The helmet and the shield are thrown aside, but nothing has been substituted in their stead.

Iron revenges on man the havoc which he makes in the animal and vegetable world. The soft wool of the sheep clothes him. The trunks of the trees, though he has cut them down, afford him a convenient habitation, and screen him from the wind and the rain. But iron, which he has himself forged for his own destruction, dashes him in pieces and kills him.

In the hand of man, iron is at once the most useful and the most dangerous of substances. Destruction is invariably its principal object. By the axe the tree and the ox are felled; by the saw the internal composition of the former is destroyed; by the knife the organization of the animal is dissolved; and by the scythe the waving ears are levelled with the ground. By iron man destroys the animal and vegetable world, in order to produce another creation of his own workmanship.

Men soon conceive a jealousy of each other on account of this new creation of their own production. Hence arise disputes and wars. The same dangerous engine by which this creation was formed again destroys it. The glowing ball transforms palaces into heaps of rubbish. The point of iron is turned against man himself, and because with it he

destroys the order of nature, it destroys him in his turn.

Man who admires this wonderful concatenation of things, who takes a comprehensive survey of their action and counteraction, their origin and their annihilation, is at a loss what final result to draw from these circumstances. The various relations of things to each other

again operate on his powers of reflection and involuntarily set them in activity.

He thinks, and thinks, and imagines that he has discovered something, but it almost seems as if nothing but the fibres of his brain were set in motion; for, at last, the sole fruit of his speculations is a play of the ideas.

## THE CANNIBAL.

THE appearance of a Cannibal in the midst of one of the most polished nations of the world, and that at a time when affected sensibility has become a fashionable disease among persons of almost every rank, is a singular phenomenon. It affords ample room for reflection to the moralist and the philosopher, but without encroaching upon their province, we shall confine ourselves to a plain statement of facts.

John James Goldschmidt, a cow-herd at Eichelborn, near Weimar, was born at the village of Henschwegen, received as much instruction in the Christian religion as his simple schoolmaster could or would give him, married at the age of twenty-seven, and a year continued for the same number of years to follow his occupation. During all this time nobody had perceived in him anything remarkable except that he was immoderately choleric, and had a certain roughness of manners which characterized people of that class. Thus uniformly passed his life, till his fifty-fifth year, in 1771, when a general scarcity prevailed in the greatest part of Germany, and among the rest, in that country in which he lived. Nevertheless this scarcity did not contribute to the atrocious crime to which he was instigated by an extraordinary propensity: for the same day it was committed his wife had brought home a supply of bread from Weimar. He had no debts, and possessed some poultry. A widow, named Schöne-mann, had sent her daughter, about eleven years of age, early in the morning to school; but at noon the child did not return as usual. The mother, fearing lest some accident might have befallen her, made inquiries concerning her of all the neighbours, and among the rest, of Goldschmidt. The latter said that he had seen her by a certain pond. The pond, and the well near it, were carefully examined, but without success. A suspicion arose that he

had made away with the child, as it was recollected that he had once advised the killing and eating of children. One of his female neighbours had moreover remarked that on the day the child was missed, Goldschmidt had been extremely busy at home, that she observed him twice at the door looking about, as if to see whether any body was near, and then carrying a bundle of clothes under his coat into a neighbour's empty house, from which he returned without it. This circumstance the mother mentioned to the justice of the village. On strictly searching the above-mentioned house and cellar, they found some articles of wearing apparel, and thirty-six mangled portions of the girl's body, such as a considerable part of the brain, the reticular membrane, the lungs, the liver, the right kidney, and the bowels, which were cut through in more than one place; great part of the scalp, the lower lip, together with the skin torn from the chin and throat, and the upper extremity of the windpipe adhering to it. Under the oblique wound two inches in length, and upon the scalp a large bloody spot. In Goldschmidt's house they perceived a strong smell of burning, and found in the ash-pit of the stove, a handful of singed hair, a piece of half-burned skin, and some pictures belonging to the catechism; and in the baking trough a piece of flesh boiled or roasted, that appeared to belong to the thigh, and weighed half a pound.

In consequence of this discovery Goldschmidt was taken into custody, and made the following confession of his crime.—About the hour of eleven the girl was passing by his door, and at her invitation went with him into the room, where he promised to show her the clock. While the girl was looking at it, and simply asking what the live thing at the top was, he seized her behind, deliberately, and without any provocation, by the cap and the

hair, intending to cut her throat, but as he could not do it immediately, he struck her with the hatchet on the head, and after chopping at her neck, at length twisted it completely off. The child breathed twice before the fatal blow was inflicted; the blood spirted against the wall, and the murderer followed up the deed he had begun. He stripped the corpse, threw the head, the arms, and the legs, together with the school-books, into the oven, cut up the rest of the body, so that his wife might not discover what it was, concealed the best pieces on the ground, with the intention of regaling on them while watching during the night; buried the intestines in the dunghill, and carefully washed and sanded the floor; after which he ate, out of curiosity, a piece of the boiled and roasted flesh, and next day carried his provision into the cellar of the empty house. He declared that he had often eaten with his wife the flesh of dead sheep and calves, and of dogs which he killed; and that for some time he had been so familiar with the thoughts of murder, that it was perfectly indifferent to him whether he killed a beast or a man. That the wife had no knowledge of, or share in the crime, was attested by her husband and a great number of witnesses, but had unwittingly partaken of the flesh of the innocent girl. She likewise deposed that whenever her husband was in a passion, murder was always the first thing he talked of, that he was continually morose and passionate, but never pensive or frantic, and had sometimes stolen trifling articles from the neighbours.

No sooner was this wretched man convicted of one murder than he began to be suspected of another. In his house were discovered cloths which manifestly were not his own. Goldschmidt likewise confessed this crime, of which he gave the following particulars:—A few days after Michaelmas, 1771, he was, as usual, driving his cattle about noon into what

is called the Jesuits' Wood, at the entrance of which he found a young man about twenty-four years of age, standing in a travelling dress, and who frightened the animals. Goldschmidt abused him, the traveller denied that he was in fault; they came to blows, and the former, with his thick stick, gave the stranger such a violent stroke behind the left ear, that the blood immediately followed copiously, and the unfortunate man fell dead upon the ground. His limbs were still convulsed, when the wretch, with a few more strokes, made them quiet for ever. The murderer then carried his victim into the thickest part of the wood, stripped him, cut up the body, and on his return home always carried a piece with him in a bag, covered with brush-wood. It was then that he acquired an appetite for human flesh. It was boiled and roasted, the remainder was kept on the ground; and because it soon became putrid, some of it was likewise boiled for the dog, who was himself afterwards killed and eaten. His wife was allowed to partake of this repast; but she was unable to chew this mutton, as he called it, and said it must have been a confounded old sheep, at which the murderer laughed most heartily.

During Goldschmidt's confinement, the physician to the prison went thither unknown to him, to see whether he could discover any symptoms of insanity, which his advocate had alledged in his defence. He found nothing, however, to corroborate that assertion; Goldschmidt spoke sensibly and coherently, and among other things, said that dogs' flesh tasted better than human flesh, for the latter was too sweet and somewhat nauseous; and that it was impossible to eat the liver of the child on account of its excessive bitterness.

The tribunal of Jena therefore sentenced him, as a convicted murderer, to be broken alive upon the wheel, and his body to be left on it. This sentence was executed on the 24th of June, 1772, at Berka, on the Ilm.

## ON DEATH.—A FRAGMENT.

"FIE, for shame!" said my uncle, "give up snivelling in that manner!"

"O my poor dear Amelia! she cannot live!"

"Why did she wear such high heels? She may with truth be called a martyr to fashion."

In illustration of this dialogue, I must inform the reader, that my dear Amelia, who wore the highest heels of any female in the whole town, fell down a flight of stone steps and broke a leg, an arm, and the bridge of her

nose, besides receiving several other fractures, contusions, and injuries. Her life was despaired of, and this was the cause of my tears.

"If you are a man," continued my uncle, "you must be ashamed to weep. We must all die sooner or later."

"But the manner is so extraordinary!"

"What can you be thinking of? Is it possible that you, who have read so much, can be ignorant that the kinds of death are so various that you might fill whole volumes with them. You know that Anacreon was choked by a grape-stone; a bald head was the death of *Æschylus*, the most ancient tragic poet. The eagle would not have mistaken his bare skull for a rock and let the tortoise fall upon it, to spoil for ever his writing of tragedies, had he worn a periwig. The burgomaster of *Briançon* forgot to lift up his long beard when he went up stairs, so stumbled, fell down, and broke his neck. He was going up stairs, and Polly down; both trod upon something, both came by their death through vanity and an inordinate love of fashion. Lady Russell pricked her finger with a pin and bled to death. I have read on the tomb-stone of a page, that endeavouring to swallow in great haste one of the roasted apples which he was carrying to the prince, his master, he instantaneously expired. All the elements are sworn enemies to human life. Henry II. of France had broken num-berless lances during his life, without ever receiving any injury, but at length the splinter of one flew into his eye, and death was the consequence. The Emperor Henry VII. never imagined that a spiritual benefit was likely to deprive him of a temporal one, and yet he died by eating a poisoned wafer. Philip IV. of Spain, as well as the Marquis of *Pobarr*, thought beneath his dignity to take the wood of the fire near which he was sitting, but chose rather

to contract an erysipelas which carried him to the grave. Charles VI. of France, never imagined that his nummeries would deprive him of his reason, and soon afterwards cost him, as well as several of his fellow-satyrs, his life in a moment. Agathocles of Syracuse, had a poisoned tooth-pick given him by his attendant Menon, and was certainly far from foreseeing that it would be his death. Hatto of Mentz, and the Polish duke, Poppel II. were both devoured by mice, the former by himself, the latter in company with his wife and children. The Emperor Antoninus Pius died of eating too much cheese; and Aristides of Loeris, of the bite of a cat. I could give you numberless instances of this kind, but you are already acquainted with them. You know that some have expired of joy, others of grief, that some have laughed and others have wept themselves to death, that one died in the field of battle, another in the arms of a courtesan. It is all one at last. We must die; it is the universal lot of mankind, and death too has his holiday suit. The fall of your mistress belongs to the events of this best of worlds, therefore dry your tears. As long as you sojourn in the world you should be ashamed to be desolate and dejected about accidents which are necessary links in the grand chain of its perfections. Had not Amelia worn such confounded high heels she would not have fallen, neither would she now be at the point of death. If she were not at the point of death Charlotte would not have to dry the tears which affection for you makes her shed night and day; so that——"

"But my dear Amelia!"

Boy, sit down and compose a dirge; but dispute not, for in your present frame of mind you cannot hit the mark."

And did my uncle hit the mark, think you?

## THE CONJUGAL TRIO.

MR. EDITOR,

IN your last Number you introduced an interesting anecdote respecting the ancient German Count *Gleichen* and his two wives, who lived together in perfect harmony. I am inclined to think that such instances are not so rare as might at first be imagined. Subjoined is an example of the kind which I have lately met with, and which forms an excellent parallel to the history of the noble German.

A woman in Pennsylvania, of middle age, fell sick, and was soon convinced that she had not long to live. The thoughts of her young children gave her great uneasiness in those last moments of her life. She sent for her husband to her bed-side, and did not conceal from him the apprehensions she entertained lest her successor in the conjugal bed should ill-treat her motherless infants; she begged and conjured her husband, now that she was going to leave him, to marry the young and robust

Rosina, who had always been a faithful servant to them both, and cheerfully performed whatever was required of her. The husband regarded this proposal of his sick wife as the effect of impaired intellects, but as she insisted that he should swear to fulfil her wishes, he, to please her, took an oath to that purpose. Two days afterwards, the patient, distrusting her husband's sincerity, called him and Rosina to her bed, and told the latter that she intended to unite her in marriage with the man whom she herself was about to leave a widow; exhorting her, at the same time, to be faithful to him, to love him, and to take great care of his children and his domestic concerns. The good-natured Rosina promised, weeping, to do whatever she required. The sick woman united them herself, made them both take the matrimonial vow, and obliged them immediately to put the seal to their new contract to prevent the possibility of their receding.

Having accomplished this business to her satisfaction, the patient gradually grew better; but the husband, in whose sight the new wife had found favour, told his former partner on her recovery, that since she had obliged him to marry Rosina, he was determined not to forsake her as long as he lived. The former, so far from being displeased, was, on the contrary, highly delighted with this resolution, embraced her husband, and by her caresses testified the warmest approbation. No misunderstanding was ever known to arise between these two wives. The second bore several children, to which the first shewed as much tenderness as to her own, and paid the utmost attention to the mother in her lying in. The young wife never forgot the respect, esteem, and affection which she owed to the elder as her benefactress; the days of this conjugal trio glided happily away, and nobody took offence at their extraordinary union.

## POETRY,

### ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

#### THE BACHELOR.

" 'Tis said the portion of a wife  
"Is nought but quarrelling and strife."

OVID.

HAPPY the man, who, free from cares,  
Passes in peace his latter years;  
Descending slow the hill of life,  
Without that worst of plagues—a wife!  
Him no dis-ordant cries awake,  
No children squalling for a cake;  
And when his evening rest he takes,  
No scolding wife his slumber breaks.  
He sleeps upon his couch at ease,  
Whilst all is quiet—all is peace:  
No sons, impatient for his death,  
Anxious await his parting breath.

The Bachelor considers this  
The height of every human bliss;  
He treads the mazy paths of life,  
Unblest by Heaven's best gift—a wife,  
Whose heart an equal share sustains  
In all his joys, in all his pains;  
No infant lips (in accents mild)  
Lisp out "Papa!"—He has no child!  
No daughter tends his latter days,  
No son a father's care repays;  
Unfelt the choicest gift of Jove,  
He knows not what it is—to love!

#### THE MONODY OF CAROLAN,

THE IRISH BARD, ON THE DEATH OF HIS  
WIFE

WERE mine the choice of intellectual fame,  
Or spellful song, and eloquence divine,  
Painting's sweet power, Philosophy's pure  
flame,  
And Homer's lyre, and Ossian's harp were  
mine;  
The splendid arts of Etna, Greece, and Rome,  
In Mary lost, would lose their wonted grace,  
All would I give to snatch her from the tomb,  
Again to fold her in my fond embrace.

Desponding, sick, exhausted with my grief,  
Awhile the founts of sorrow cease to flow,  
In vain!—I rest not—Sleep brings no relief;  
Cheerless, companionless, I wake to woe,  
Nor birth, nor beauty shall again allure,  
Nor fortune win me to another bride;  
Alone I'll wander, or alone endure,  
Till death restore me to my dear one's side.

Once ev'ry thought, and ev'ry scene was gay,  
Friends, mirth, and music, all my hours  
employ'd,  
Now doom'd to mourn my last sad years  
away,  
My life a solitude!—my heart a void!

Alas, the change!—to change again no more!

For ev'ry comfort is with Mary fled;  
And ceaseless anguish shall her loss deplore,  
Till age and sorrow join me with the dead.

Adieu each gift of nature and of art,

That erst adorn'd me in life's early prime!  
The cloudless temper, and the social heart,  
The soul (the real, and the flights sublime!)  
Thy loss, my Mary, rent them from my  
breast!

• Thy sweetness cheers, thy judgment aids no  
more:

Thy muse deserts an heart with grief oppress'd,  
And lost is ev'ry joy that charm'd before!

### SWEET LIBERTY.

FAIR Anna has a soft blue eye,  
That steals the soul we know not why; •  
Her auburn tresses graceful flow,  
Adorn a neck as white as snow;  
Her form is cast in Beauty's mould—  
Who can, unmov'd, such charms behold?  
Yet, yet, whenever I think of wedding,  
My passion in an instant flies;  
Domestic wranglings sorely dreading,  
I dare not thus secure the prize.  
Not softest eye of azure blue—  
Not bosom of a snow-white hue—  
Not auburn locks—not form divine—  
Can e'er induce me to resign

Sweet Liberty.

'The sprightly Delia, young and gay,  
Looks brighter than the opening day;  
Ere-dancing smiles illumine her face,  
Each word is wit—each motion grace:  
And when she strikes the sounding lyre,  
My kindling soul feels all on fire.  
Yet, do not think I would disparage  
Wedlock's pure and holy rite.—  
Yet, yet, whenever I think of marriage,  
At once my love is put to flight.  
Not music's captivating power—  
Not wit enlivening every hour—  
Not heavenly smiles—not sparkling eyes—  
Can ever make me sacrifice

Sweet Liberty.

Corinna has vast store of gold,  
Nor is she very—very old;  
Her park is amply stock'd with deer,  
And border'd by a trout stream clear;  
Her chariot swift flies thro' the street,  
Drawn by four steeds high-bred and fleet.—  
Yet, had she e'en Peruvian treasure,  
And all Golconda's jewell'd store,  
There is in freedom so much pleasure,  
Our wedding day I should deplore.

Try me with gold's alluring bait—  
With wooded park and large estate,—  
Yet, yet, though you may call it strange,  
For these I never would exchange

Sweet Liberty.

Young Cupid, who was standing nigh,  
Soon punish'd my weak vanity,  
From out his quiver drew a dart,  
And instant shot me thro' the heart.  
Astonish'd by the sudden wound,  
I started, and I gaz'd around,  
My restless eye unquiet loving  
Was fix'd at last on Emma's charms;  
Then first I knew the sweet of loving—  
Then first I knew its fond alarms.  
I look'd—I trembled—look'd again—  
I felt a dear delicious pain,  
And cried, as soft ideas grew,  
Be Emma mine—and then adieu

To Liberty.

### LINES ADDRESSED

#### TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

DEAR Tom, so like to one another,  
Swell in all things you agree,  
Of Cupid you are sure twin brother,  
Just such a darling rogue as he •  
Just such another fickle boy,  
Wild, whining, and unsteady,  
Bringing of waggery and joy,  
For mirth or mischief ready.  
Like him you hurl your darts and fires,  
Yet gentler seem than Venus' turtles;  
Look, sing, and play what he inspires,  
Embow'rd in laurel, rose and myrtles.  
Like him you are too often naught,  
Restless by day, by night alarming;  
With all that urchin's fancies fraught.  
Yet whip ye both, ye both are charming.  
Then, as for what the critics say,  
Against your frolic and your fun;  
You know the vigour of his ray  
Draws maggots from the pregnant sun.  
Poor crawling things! a myriad train,  
At once may batten in your beam;  
And while they prosper on your strain,  
Themselves are scarcely heard or seen.  
But were, like Seneca's, your page,  
A code of morals in each sheet;  
Still would the critic-reptiles rage,  
And eat, and scold, and scold and eat.  
Yet as your muse, though blithe and gay,  
Has sometimes miss'd the shrine of truth;  
O! let her, in each future lay,  
Chasten, not chill, the glow of youth.

What though you can sweet chap'lets bring  
From harmony's delicious stores,  
And woo the muses at their spring,  
Still all the Nine confess your powers.

Your Mira, Mary, Nea, Nancy,  
Are but the play things of an hour;  
Form'd in the haram of your fancy,  
Dulcineas of a fairy bower.

And though you are a peerless knight,  
Lord of a little burning zone;  
Ne'er will you taste of true delight,  
Till Virtue shares with wit the throne.

Believe me Virtue's sacred lyre  
Can touch the tenderest, noblest strain,  
But wit's incendiary fire  
Soon blazes off, and leaves a stain.

Ah! then to her your vows impart  
And taste the charm their love bestows,  
Give and receive the bliss of heart,  
Which vagrant passion never knows.

So Venus shall with Pallas join,  
Graces and virtues round you throng;  
The purest, richest wreath shall twine  
And all be proud to aid your song.

#### THE PASSIONS.

THE Passions once, in frolic pastime gay,  
Stole Fancy's magic lantern for a day;  
And each, in order, its effect essay'd,  
On some new Phantom, which herself pour-  
tray'd.

Fierce Anger first her hasty hand apply'd,  
And sketch'd an earth-born giant's towering  
pride:

Vast was his strength, and terrible his nod;  
He spoke in thunder, and on storms he rode;  
He mow'd down armies, and he kick'd down  
thrones;  
And infants call him still, raw-head-and-bloody-  
bones.

Vicious of glorious hazard only proud,  
Drew dragons hissing from the bursting cloud;  
Sorcerers, whose spells cloud wrathful warriors  
tame;

And wedge in rifted rocks the captive dame;  
Till happier hardihood th' enchantment broke;  
And magic adamant dissolv'd in smoke.

Fear's trembling pencil group'd a goblin  
crew,

Ghosts clatt'ring chains around the church-  
yard yew;

Forms without heads, that cross the midnight  
ways;

Head without limbs, where saucer eye-balls  
blaze;

And shapes grotesque, down eve's grey shade  
that slide,  
And buzzing, grinning, chatt'ring, screaming,  
glide."

To her succeeded Hope; intent to trace  
A friendly wizard's comfortable face;  
The rev'rend Merlin of a former age;  
Unconquerably just, benignly sage  
Low o'er his breast a milk-white beard was  
spread:

Aw'd by his wand the pow'rs of Mischief fled;  
Till (every peril past) sure triumph grac'd  
The brave, and happy wedlock crown'd the  
chaste.

A scene far different wild Despair employ'd;  
Furies, whose whips clash thro' the darksome  
void;

Demons with forks of fire, and breaths of  
flame,

That howl revenge, and chuckle at our shame,  
Mock guilty misery's most alarming hour;  
And to the rage of malice, add the pow'r.

Mirth then display'd a jocund troop to view;  
Trim faeries, frisking on the twilight dew;  
Fantastic Will-a-wisps two' brush and briar,  
That lur'd the staring clown, and sous'd him in  
the mire;

And fire-proof elves, that round the cauldron  
squat,  
And burn the housewife's dumpling to the pot.

Then Superstition came, her sprites to show,  
That make the mastiff's yell the note of woe;  
At melancholy's window flap their wings,  
In concert with the dirge the raven sings;  
O'er Nature's face a veil of omens spread;  
Perplex the living, and belie the dead.

Envy's shrunk finger next th' occasion  
caught;

And scratch'd the hideous image of her thought;  
A scraggy, witch, on broom-stick hors'd for  
flight,

Equipp'd with all th' artillery of spite;  
Mildews and blights, to blast the forward grain;  
Philtres to intoxicate the madd'ning brain;  
Pray'rs mumbled backwards, discord to pro-  
mote;

And crooked pins, to rend the sufferer's throat.  
Love still remain'd—but lo! while she pre-  
pares

Her little family of joys and cares,  
Fancy herself surpris'd the wanton train,  
Reclaim'd her lantern—and resum'd her reign;  
Seiz'd on the spot, the visionary scroll,  
And then the Genius gave the motley whole.

Genius, sublime with taste, correct with  
ease,  
Alternate soften'd those, and heighten'd these;



From features rude, and parts of monstrous  
size,  
Bade mystic sense, and moral beauty rise;  
Engag'd tradition on the side of truth;  
And made the tale of age, the oracle of youth.

### THE SHEPHERD LOST IN THE SNOW STORM.

BY, MR. SCOTT.

WHEN red hath set the beamless sun,  
Through heavy vapours dark and dun;  
When the tir'd ploughman, dry and warm,  
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm  
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,  
Against the casement's tinkling pane;  
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox  
To shelter in the brake and rocks,  
Are warning, which the Shepherd ask  
To dismal and to dangerous task.  
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,  
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;  
Till, dark above and white below,  
Decided drives the flaky snow;  
And forth the hardy swain must go.  
Long, with dejected look and whine,  
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;  
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,  
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:  
His flock he gathers, and he guides  
To open downs and mountain sides;  
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,  
Least deeply lies the drift below.  
The blast that whistles o'er the fells  
Stiffens his locks to icicles;  
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,  
His cottage-window seems a star,  
Loses its feeble gleam, and then  
Turns patient to the blast again;  
And facing to the tempest's sweep,  
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.  
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,  
Benumbing death is in the gale:  
His path, his landmarks all unknown,  
Close to the hut, no more his own,  
Close to the aid he sought in vain,  
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain.  
His widow sees, at dawning pale,  
His orphans raise their feeble wail;

\* On the night in which these lines were written, suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow, after sun-set, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described; and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashestiel.

And close beside him, in the snow,  
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,  
Couches upon his master's breast,  
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,  
His healthy fare, his rural cot;  
His summer couch by greenwood tree,  
His rustic kirk's loud revelry;  
His native hill-notes tun'd on high  
To Marian of the blithesome eye;  
His crook, his scrip, his oaken reed,  
And all Arcadia's golden creed?

### HENRY AND JANE.

MARK the cot on the brow of yon sun-tinted  
hill,

Where nature and art have united their skill—  
I feel my old heart throb with ecstasy still—  
'Tis the cot where I first saw my Jane.

I have travell'd the mountain, the valley, the  
moor,

Over tracts that were almost untravell'd before;  
But long years have elaps'd, since I view'd

Fowey's shore,  
And the cot where I first saw my Jane.

It brings to remembrance the scenes of my  
youth;

It reminds me of vows, that were founded in  
truth;

But, alas! soon will fall before time's iron  
tooth

The dear cot where I first saw my Jane.

It reminds me of scenes upon life's chequer'd  
stage,

Of sorrows, alas, which no time can assuage;  
Ah! witness the tears and the sobbings of age,  
Thou dear cot where I first saw my Jane.

My tears have ceas'd flowing—their fountain  
is dry;

I'll lay my old limbs on the grass-plot here by,  
And there will I languish, and there will I die,  
Near the cot where I first saw my Jane.

Thus sigh'd the poor wand'rer, and, under a  
willow,

He stretch'd himself forth, the cold earth was  
his pillow;

He stretch'd himself forth, at his length on the  
plain,

And the grave clos'd for ever on Henry and  
Jane.

§ The Scotch harvest-home.

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MAY.

## DRURY-LANE.

On Friday night, April 22d, was produced at this theatre a grand serious ballet d'action, entitled *Caractacus*, under the management of Mr. D'Egville, assisted by some of the Opera corps.

The story of this ballet is taken from Tacitus, and Mason's *Caractacus*; and is partly the invention of the Ballet Master.

The scenery of the first act is in the antient island of Moa, the seat of Druidical superstition, with some of the savage ceremonies of which the piece commences. The second act is amongst the rocks and fastnesses of North Wales, in the vicinity of Cadir Maris, Snowdon, and Plinlimmon; amongst which *Caractacus* and his Son are seen flying, and pursued by the Roman soldiers. The third act introduces *Caractacus* into the palace of *Claudius Cesar* at Rome; he is brought in loaded with chains. The Ballet Master here follows Tacitus; *Caractacus* is released from his bonds, and received into the friendship of *Claudius*.

The scenery of this piece was exquisitely beautiful and grand, but the action was too serious and slow; the piece wanted variety, both in the tone of its characters and its incidents; and it was debased by much of the solemn foppery of the Opera ballets. There was too much of dancing and posture-making. D'Egville performed in a most touching and masterly style: Miss Gayton and Mrs. Shute acquitted themselves well.

On account of the length of this ballet it met with some opposition, but the general feeling of the house was strongly in its favour.

On Tuesday, May 3d, was produced an Opera from the pen of Mr. Cumberland, entitled the *Jew of Mogadore*; the following are the Dramatis Personæ:—

Selim .....	Mr. HOLLAND
Hassan .....	Mr. KELLY.
Prince Giovan .....	Mr. GRAHAM.
Abdallobad .....	Mr. RAYMOND.
Nadan the Jew .....	Mr. DOWTON.
Mardochee .....	Mr. PENLEY.
Zelma .....	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Mammora .....	Sig. STORACE.
Brigida .....	Mrs. BLAND.

## FABLE.

A Sicilian galley, having on board *Prince Giovan* and *Zelma*, the favourite mistress of *Muley Selim*, is wrecked on the Arabian coast, where the passengers and crew are seized by the natives, and sold for slaves to a rich and benevolent Jew, named *Nadan*, who purchases them with the intention of restoring them to liberty and their friends. In this situation *Muley Selim* sees and recognizes *Zelma*, whom he supposed lost to him for ever; and, notwithstanding the certainty of being exposed to his father's severest displeasure, he determines to make her his bride. In the mean time the news reaches him of the death of his father, and a mutiny having broken out among his black troops, he immediately takes the field, quells the mutiny, and returning in triumph, makes the beautiful *Zelma* partner of his throne.

We are concerned we cannot speak of this piece with as much kindness as we could wish from our respect for its veteran author. Its fable is formed of various trite ingredients, mixed up with no great skill or novelty of poetry. Its characters are ladies and gentlemen whom we well remember to have seen before, and were never, in truth, much pleased with. Of incident it has little or any, and that little is excessively monotonous and fatiguing. The dialogue is spiritless in general, but sometimes rises to a rapid elegance and sentimental bombast, which brought down much applause from the boxes. The whole piece, in a word, is unworthy of its author. There is some very pretty music of Kelly's, thrown away upon it.

It met with considerable opposition on the first representation; and, for ourselves, we gave it up for lost.

Mr. Colman is busily at work on a new play, which he intends for his own theatre. The principal character is to be something in the style of his *Octavian*, and is to be represented by Mr. Young.

# THE VILLAGER'S DELIGHT,

Composed by Mr LANZA.

Expressly for N<sup>o</sup> 31 of La Belle Assemblée.



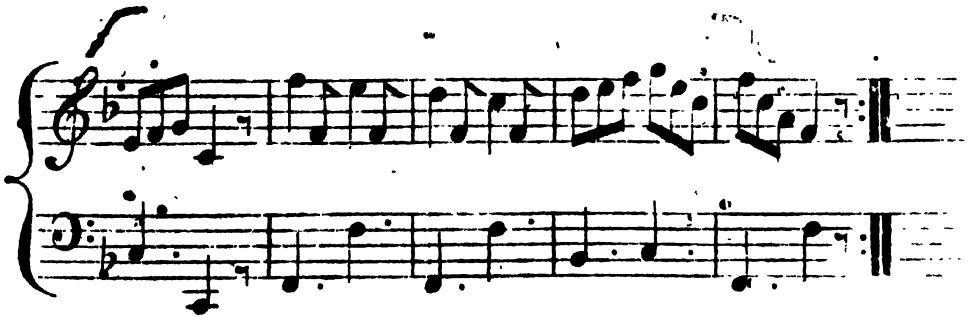
Lead outsides & back, again, down the middle,  
up again, hands 6 round at —

Engraved by J. Balls, 408, Oxford Street.

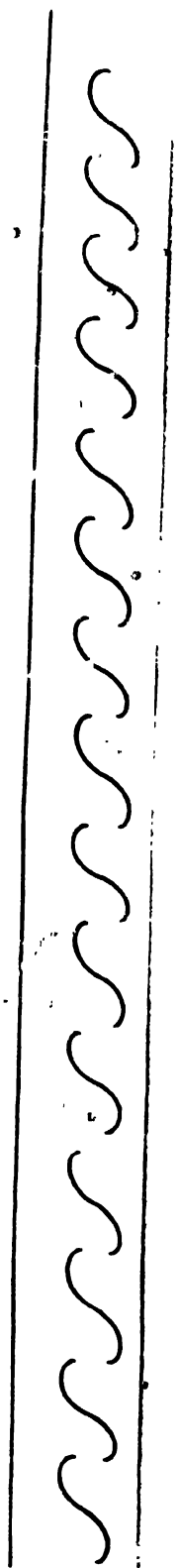
# DULSEANNE PARK

Composed by

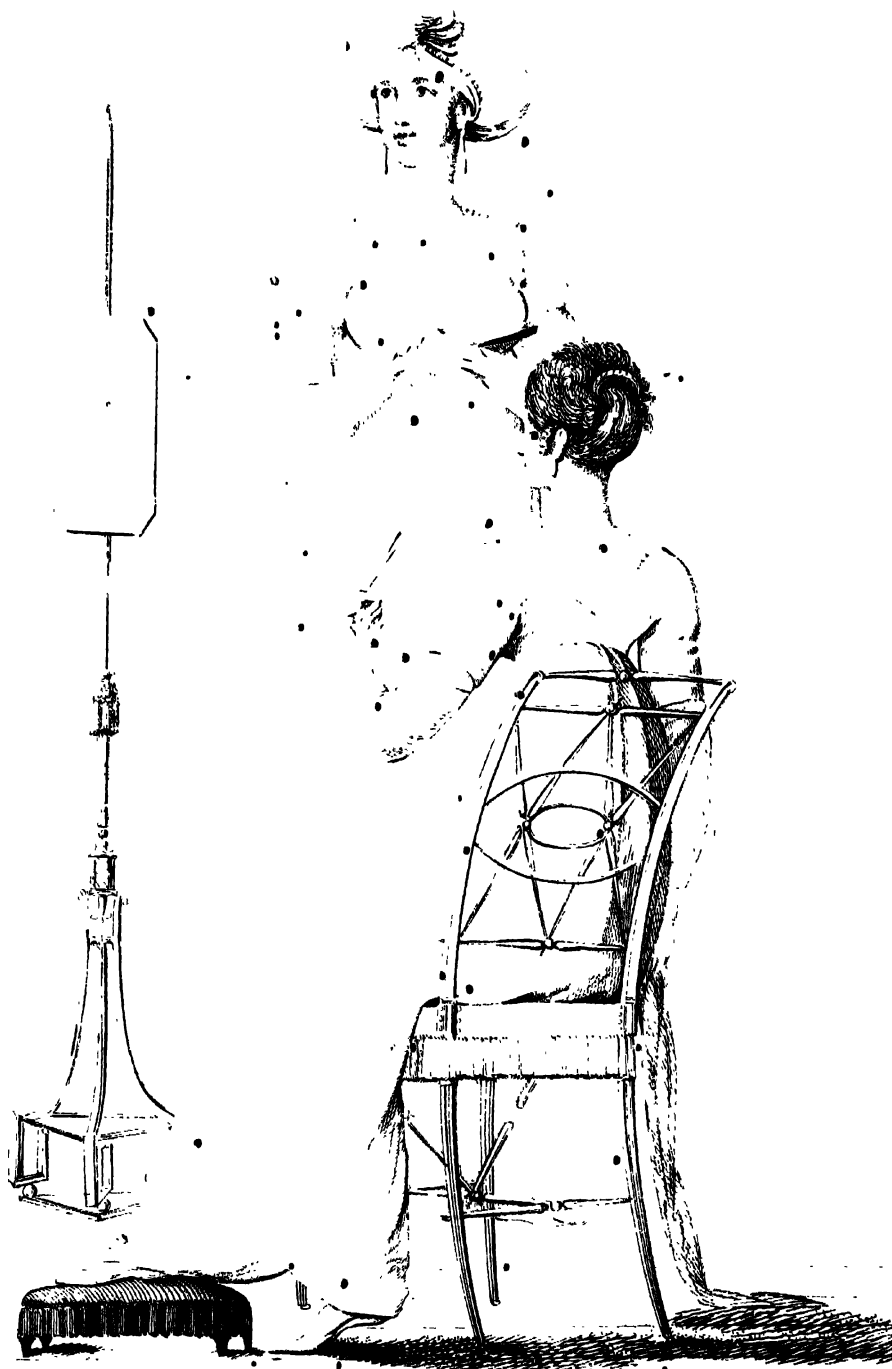
Mr LANZA.



Set to your Partners, then promenade quite  
round, the same back again, all 4 promenade,  
down the middle, back again & 'pousette'.







*Designed expressly for the 31<sup>st</sup> Number of L. A. Bell's Assembly, Published June 1838, by Loh*





# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

## F A S H I O N S .

For JUNE, 1808.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

#### ENGLISH COSTUME.

##### No. 1.

A plain cambric, or jaconet muslin dress, made a walking length; scalloped at the feet and wrist, with high gores bosom, and long sleeve of net. A spencer of silver lilac sarsnet, with bosom and cuffs, ornamented *à-la-Militaire*. Simple turban bonnet, composed of the same material as the spencer. The hair in alternate bands and ringlets. Gloves and shoes of lemon-coloured kid; and parasol of shaded green sarsnet. It is as well to observe that with this kind of bonnet is usually worn a short veil of white lace, suspended from the edge next the hair.

##### No. 2.

A light dress of blossom-coloured muslin, over white cambric, with waistcoat bosom, and deep scalloped collar and cuffs. A large gipsy hat of straw, or imperial chip, tied across the crown with a silk handkerchief, of the same shade, or one of white brocade sarsnet. A veil of Mecklin lace, thrown negligently over the front of the hat, so as agreeably to shade the countenance. Small French watch, worn on the outside. Shoes of purple kid, or olive jean. Gloves of York-ian. Brown, green, or purple parasol, with a deep fringed awning

##### No. 3.

A simple frock of French cambric, buttoned up the back, with round bosom, and plain sleeve, with frock cuff. A Spanish vest of pale blue, or French grey sarsnet, with short French sleeve, lappelled bosom, and pointed skirt, finished with correspondent tassels. A pale amber, or lemon-coloured scarf, of Chinese silk, twisted negligently round the throat, the ends flowing in varied drapery, or restrained by the graceful disposition of the hand. A

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cottage poke-bonnet of fine straw, simply ornamented with a bow of white ribband on the right side. Gold filigree earrings of the hoop form. Hair in irregular curls, partially confined with a band. Gloves of Limerick, and shoes of grey kid.

##### No. 4.

A Moorish turban of pea-green silver tissue, totally obscuring the hair. A band of diamonds on the left side, finished with a loop and *aigrette* of brilliants in front. A round robe of white or pea-green crape, worn over a white satin slip; stock bosom, formed in circular plaits; finished at the corner of the bosom with diamond brooches. Short full sleeves of white satin, with armlets of pearl, and gathered tops the same as the robe. The dress ornamented at the bottom with fluted ribband of the same shade. Diamond earrings, and festooned necklace of Bohemian pearl, with diamond snap; bracelets to correspond. White satin shoes, trimmed and spangled with silver. French kid gloves above the elbow.

##### No. 5.

A round dress of white, apple-blossom, or silver-lilac satin, with triangular front, pointed back, and plain frock sleeve; a double trimming of antique scalloped lace, placed full round the bust. A large Mosaic brooch in front of the bosom. Hair, a waved crop, with a few irregular curls in divers directions, confined with a comb in Mosaic. A diadem in front to correspond. Pearl hoop earrings; bracelets *en suite*, with Mosaic studs. A plain pea-green satin slipper. A bouquet of mignonette, jessamine, and moss-rose. Gloves of white kid; and fan of green crape, wrought in silver lilies of the valley. A sash (or occasional scarf) of lilac tissue, embroidered in a delicate border of silver.

K k

# GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE MOST SELECT AND ELEGANT FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

OUR metropolis may now be said to have arrived at the zenith of its splendour; while taste and beauty pay the willing tribute to fashion and elegance, and pleasure dances on the wings of time. At this gay and joyous season the charms of nature and the graces of art act and animate each other, and exhibit an assemblage of attractive interest and loveliness. We may now safely challenge any country on earth, not only on the score of individual beauty, but on that of taste and elegance. We now see personal charms heightened and accompanied by the graces of motion, manners, accomplishments, and attire. And if, as Chesterfield says, something of the character is to be traced from the general style of personal decoration, our fair countrywomen need not shrink from the scrutinizing eye of lay suggestion. We have only to lament that the latitude given to individual selection should be so unlimited, that it is difficult to pronounce the decided fashion of the day. Our attention must be directed therefore to those females whose unquestionable rank and elegance, entitle them to be looked up to as the standard of taste and fashion. From such sources as these we offer the following observation.

The late warmth of the weather has in some degree abolished the sarsnet pelisse adopted by the early part of the season; and mantles, French cloaks, Grecian scarfs, and pelisses of fine white muslin are substituted in their place. These articles are composed in various forms, either of double or brocade sarsnet, of figured patent net, in white and colours, and often of fine Indian muslin. Amidst the diversity we remark the following as most eminent for novel elegance. The Grecian mantle formed of a small square of spring green sarsnet, gathered in a cameo brooch on one shoulder, trimmed entirely round with a fine scolloped lace, and confined on one side of the bosom with a correspondent cord and tassels. The mantle *à l'Angloise*, of similar construction, and fashionable simplicity; the Nell Gwyn ditto; the canonical pelisse, and long military scarf; the cottage cloak and shawl *à l'Indienne*—all rank amidst a fashionable assemblage. The gipsy hat, though often seen on very genteel women, is not in such general esteem as in former seasons. The large Grecian poke, the cottage ditto, those of the Spanish form, composed of plain or moss-straw, appear on females of acknowledged taste and celebrity. Small French bonnets of

sarsnet, corresponding with the mantle or cloak, are very becoming and appropriate. In carriages, and often in the walking habit, we observe a whole or half silk handkerchief, disposed on the hair so as to form a small bonnet, or cap; a flower of the tiara form, a *demi-wreath*, or bow or ribband, placed in front towards the left side, and worn with a short veil; indeed some fashionable females appear in Kensington Gardens, with only the hair simply confined with a comb, ornamented with a flower, or the Grecian hood of lace, over which is thrown a long veil, which flows in graceful drapery on the bust.

Flowers were never more in vogue than at this season. Surely no ornament can be more interesting or more appropriate, though we do not consider them a consistent ornament for the morning costume.

The splendour of public and private assemblies offers a large field for the exercise of taste. Although there is some little guide as to the general style, yet in every respect the rein is given entirely to fancy, and variety seems the order of the day. The white robe, though not so universal as in former seasons, has yet a distinguishing place, and elicited as it now is, by silver drapery, borders of painted flowers, or wreaths of ditto, it may be exceeded in splendour, but can scarcely be equalled in simplicity and elegance. There is a sort of indefinable attraction in a beautiful young woman thus adorned, which makes us appeal from the eye to the heart. White and black lace veils formed into *demi-voiles*, over white or coloured satin, are considered a distinguishing garb. We have seen the former disposed over blossom satin, and the latter over primrose and blue, to produce a most beautiful and unique effect. Coloured nets over white sarsnet, white embroidered lene or muslins, over coloured slips, appear also amongst the endless diversity. At the Marchioness of H—'s last grand assembly, we observed a most beautiful habit formed of silver grey satin, with draperies of white gossamer gauze, embellished with silver star, and terminated with a silver fringe. A stomacher of the antique form, composed of silver scaling, ornamented the waist in front which was unusually long, and a scolloped belt of the same construction confined it at the bottom. Round the feet was a silver banding corresponding with that which edged the bosom and sleeves. The head ornaments were a silver filigree comb and coronet, and neck lace and earrings of diamonds. Dresses of white crape, with coloured satin sleeves and front; with a long military sash thrown round the shoulders, the caps gathered into

large silver tassels, and the whole trimmed entirely round with a scalloped Mecklin lace, is a very attractive habit, and appears to much advantage on the youthful female. Scarce any lady appears in public without a little French cloak, of, shading most becomingly the back and shoulders, which would be otherwise somewhat indecorously exposed. These simple and modest ornaments are composed of white or coloured satin, or of spangled tiffany, silver tissue, or Paris net, trimmed round with vandyke, or scalloped antique lace. The bosom of dresses is formed high, so as to reject the aid of the tucker; and the waist, amongst the first class, is considerably increased in length. Morning robes are usually high in the neck, with chemisette fronts, and antique ruffs, or worked collars. The long sleeve is not confined to this species of costume, but is still very generally seen in evening parties. Worked borders, both in white and coloured tambour, is observable in almost every part of the white robe; and narrow treble flounces are seen on a few females, but this fashion we consider too redundant to be generally adopted by females of a correct taste.

There is nothing particularly new or striking in caps since our last communication. Queen Catherine's hood, and the cap *a-la-Lady Jane Grey*, are the only novelties at this time. Turbans seem quite exploded; the half handkerchief too is rather on the decline, and mobs are considered as anti-fashionable.

The hair, variously ornamented, is chiefly adopted in full dress, or evening parties; it still continues in the Chinese and Grecian style; with some little fanciful dispositions, which are guided by the taste of the several individuals. Sometimes we see braids, or bands, on one side of the temple, with ringlets on the other. Sometimes a plain crop, with a high curled front; at others the Madonna front, with long falling ringlets on the left side. The ornaments worn on the hair are alternately of diamonds, pearl, or polished steel. Combs and coronets of silver filigree, *bandeaus* of pearl, with the pear drop in the centre of the forehead; *tunas* and wreaths of flowers; a few spanish hats of white satin, or green and silver tissue, with frosted feathers to correspond. The twisted necklace is now

the decline in fashionable parties. The Cameo and Mosaic take precedence. The most novel modern articles in this line are, the coloured patent pearl necklace and bracelet, and cable chain of gold.

Lemon, grey, and lilac kid shoes are very much in esteem; olive jean, and purple kid,

are fashionable, and more appropriate for the pedestrian fair. Painted kid, white ditto, laced at the toes and trimmed with colours; together with white satin with gold and silver trimmings, are general in full dress.

Gloves continue as in our last. Parasols are now worn of divers colours, with deep shaded fringed awnings. The prevailing colours are spring-green, lilac, grey, blossom-pink, and primrose.

## DESCRIPTION OF CARLETON-HOUSE.

THE high pitch of excellence to which the modern style of furnishing has within these few years arrived, being universally acknowledged, it is not to be wondered at that Carleton-House should be looked up to at the present moment as the standard of chasteness and true classical taste. When it is likewise remembered that the whole has been under the sole and immediate direction of a gentleman of acknowledged taste and judgment, we need not be surprised at the encomiums generally lavished upon it, and we have every reason to believe that it will be considered as the *acme* of perfection.

The state-rooms, about twelve in number, have undergone a thorough repair, and have all been recently furnished in the most splendid and magnificent style possible, and every way worthy of the residence of the Heir Apparent.

At the end of the range of rooms is a Chinese *boudoir*, which for taste and execution will far surpass any thing of the kind that has ever yet been attempted. These apartments, which were always heretofore considered as useless, have been completely fitted up and subdivided, so as to render them not only ornamental but every way useful. These are the rooms which will be immediately occupied by the Prince of Wales. They consist of his bed-chamber, which is forty feet long; it is fitted up as the interior of a tent, immediately at the back of which is a magnificent bath, equalled by none in the kingdom. The walls are composed of real *verde-antique* marble, and the whole is highly polished. The flight of steps, niches, &c. are of the finest statuary.

The whole, upon a very large scale, and built after the model of Titus's celebrated bath at Rome. This bath is surrounded by different chambers for the pages, dressing-rooms, &c. In front of the chamber is a marble anti-room for servants. Next to this is an Etrus-

can-room, opening into the garden, and fitted up with books, &c. for gentlemen wishing to see his Royal Highness. Beyond this apartment is a chamber called the Roman-room, the walls of which are covered with purple cloth, and fitted up with bookcases, &c. The latter may be considered as a kind of state-room, or small drawing-room. The decorations of this apartment are remarkably light and elegant, and altogether completely in the Roman style. It is generally thought to be the most tasteful, though not the most expensive room in the house. This opens into the Great Library, which is fitted up according to the taste of King Henry VIII. the costume being all strictly proper. The walls are hung with superlative scarlet cloth, and bordered by rich massy gold fringe. The bookcases, tables, chairs, &c. are of black ebony, inlaid with ivory, producing altogether the richest and most comfortable effect that can well be conceived. This superb range of rooms terminates with a Gothic Conservatory, 140 feet in length.

The latter building bears every mark of the most classical taste in the design and execution, and being the only one ever attempted, it may certainly be considered as unique. This suite, when the folding doors are all thrown open (for they each act upon sympathetic hinges) will exhibit the most singularly picturesque appearance imaginable; the distance from the farthest extremity of the Prince's bed-chamber to the end of the conservatory, being upwards of six hundred feet.

### EXTRAORDINARY CONTEST.

HELENA SCHARSEGIN, the natural daughter of the Emperor Maximilian the

Second, was the greatest beauty of her time in Germany. Her extraordinary personal charms naturally attracted admirers. Among these, Rauber, a German baron, and a Spanish nobleman of distinction, solicited her hand; each flattered himself with the hope of becoming the Emperor's son-in-law, both Rauber, who was his favourite, and the Spaniard a grandee of the highest rank.

The competition of these two threw the Emperor into the greatest embarrassment. He was unwilling to offend either by a refusal, and yet unable to devise any way of satisfying both. His good genius at length suggested this mode of deciding the matter. He made known to the rival candidates that he who should fairly put his antagonist into a sack, should receive the hand of the beautiful Helena.

A day was appointed for the contest, and each of the champions was provided with a sack adapted by measure to the stature of his opponent. Figure to yourself two rivals in the flower of their age contending for such a prize as was here to reward the exertions of the conqueror. Strength and stratagem were alternately employed to obtain the victory. The conflict was long and obstinate. The dexterous German, at length, watching his opportunity, threw his nervous arm about his antagonist, and thrust him with his impetuous passion, and all his Spanish grandezza, into the sack for which he had suffered himself to be measured.

The Emperor was overjoyed at the prowess of his countryman, and rewarded the victor with the possession of the beautiful Helena Scharsegin.

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JUNE, 1803.

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### EMBELLISHMENTS.

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1. Elegant PORTRAITS of their MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN.
  2. DESIGN for a TEMPLE and BRIDGE; by R. GANDY, A. R. A.
  3. COUNTESS CHOLMONDELEY in a Splendid and Elegant COURT-DRESS.
  4. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON.
  5. An Original SONG, set to Music expressly and exclusively for this Work, by M. HOOK.
  6. Two elegant new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.
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*With the present Number of this Magazine is published No. XXXIII. being our*

## **SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER,**

*Which concludes the present (being the Fourth) Volume of this Work, with the  
Division of the year.*

IT CONTAINS A COMPLETE SUITE OF  
THE SERIES OF CELEBRATED PICTURES,

PAINTED BY JAMES BARRY, R. A.

And preserved in the Great Room of the Society for the encouragement of Arts,  
Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Adelphi.

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MR. BELL, having been honoured with permission to make OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS  
from MR. BARRY'S celebrated suite of Pictures, entitled

### **THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZED SOCIETY,**

has introduced them to the Public in the present *Supplemental Number* of *La Belle Assemblée*.

These Works of the deceased Mr. Barry, have long been esteemed one of the greatest ornaments of the Art of Painting in this Country, and it has been a subject of regret that they have never hitherto been engraven. Mr. Bell is proud to say, that the **OUTLINE SPECIMEN** which he has given of them, in fidelity and perspicuity, is not inferior to the most finished works of the Graver.

These Pictures, being Six in number, and containing infinite work and variety of character, the three leading ones only are given in the **SUPPLEMENT**, the remaining three will be included in the three next succeeding Numbers of the Magazine.

The **SUPPLEMENT** contains descriptions and criticisms of these Pictures; the life of Barry; and a variety of interesting and original matter upon every department of the Art.

The **SUPPLEMENTAL** Number is charged Half a-Crown, the price of each Number of this Work.





Maria Jean Boulier. 1848



# COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For JUNE, 1808.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

### ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

#### The Thirty-second Number.

#### HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

At a time when Europe is undergoing such extraordinary changes; when one kingdom disappears, and another rises of different government and extent; when fear seems to paralyze the sceptered arm, and to bow the crowned head to the nod of the conqueror; how much ought we to admire the heroism of Gustavus the Fourth, the young King of the comparatively small realm of Sweden! A monarch descended from a line of ancestors, whose names need only be mentioned to awaken the most honourable recollections.

He was born on the 1st of November, 1778, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, who was assassinated on the night of the 16th of March, 1791. Being a minor, his uncle the Duke of Sudermania became regent. In 1782, Gustavus III. had made a will, by which he ordered, that, in case of his decease, his son, Gustavus Adolphus, conformably to the fundamental laws of the kingdom, should not assume the reins of government till arrived at the age of twenty-one. When the war broke out between him and Russia, he made a second will, by which the majority of the heir apparent was fixed at eighteen, on account of the extraordinary progress that young prince had made in his studies, his early indications of courage and judgment, and the exigency of the times. The assassination of the monarch brought this

provident testament too soon into effect. His brother, the Duke of Sudermania, was scarcely seated in the regency, before the creatures of Russia, a power ever hostile to Sweden, retired to various other countries. Amongst the most turbulent was the Baron von Rinfeldt, who, by his intrigues with the court of St. Petersburg, was very active in endeavouring to deprive the Duke of the regency, and even of life. The court of Sweden was not ignorant of his plots; all his steps were observed by spies, and an opportunity was seized to take his papers from him; they were sent to Stockholm and laid before the proper tribunal, who arrested all his accomplices that were in the kingdom. The greater part of the documents relative to this trial were published, and proved incontrovertibly to the world, that the conspiracy was managed by the court of Russia.

The Duke of Sudermania wished to unite his royal ward with one of the young Princesses of the house of Mecklenburg. The marriage was even agreed on, and the Princess publicly announced as the future Queen of Sweden. At the news of this measure the Empress of Russia shewed great displeasure, pretending that Gustavus III. had promised her the hand of his son for one of her grand daughters. The regent would not hearken to her message, which was couched in terms rather of com-

mand than expostulation; and the misunderstanding between Sweden and Russia seemed ready to assume the most serious appearances, when a French emigrant, named Christin, arrived at Stockholm. He had come from England, and gave out that he was charged with a mission from Count d'Artois to the Northern Powers. But this was only a pretence, for it was well known afterwards, that he was a secret messenger from the Czarina to incline the regent to her views. His negotiation was attended with success; and, in the course of a few weeks, General Budberg arrived in Sweden, an Ambassador from Russia.

By him the King and his uncle were persuaded to repair to St. Petersburg, where the most splendid entertainments were devised and given; and the Grand-Duchess Alexandra was introduced, in the full blaze of youthful charms and regal attire, to the young monarch. The sight of her easily made him forget the Princess of Mecklenburg. Proposals of marriage being instantly offered, they were readily accepted, and a day was fixed for the nuptials.

When the contract was presented to the King to sign—to the astonishment of the imperial assembly, who with wonder and disappointment at so much consciousness and wisdom in a lover and a youth of nineteen, he said, that the Princess must previously change her religion; for, till she complied with that condition, he could not set his hand to the contract.

Catherine at first had recourse to persuasion, flattery, and promises, to prevail on him to sign the deed; but still the young King, though often regarding the lovely Alexandra with a sorrowful and pleading look, remained firm to his purpose.—“The laws of my country command me, (continued he), and none can I make Queen of Sweden who refuse to comply with what they require.”—At these words, which were delivered in a calm and determined tone that declared them to be irrevocable, the Empress rose sternly from her chair, and, followed by the Grand Duke and his imperial sisters, left the room.

Gustavus was steady; and in defiance of the threats of Russia, and his love for the Princess, he the next morning quitted St. Petersburg for Sweden, with the regent and his whole retinue. Disgusted with the

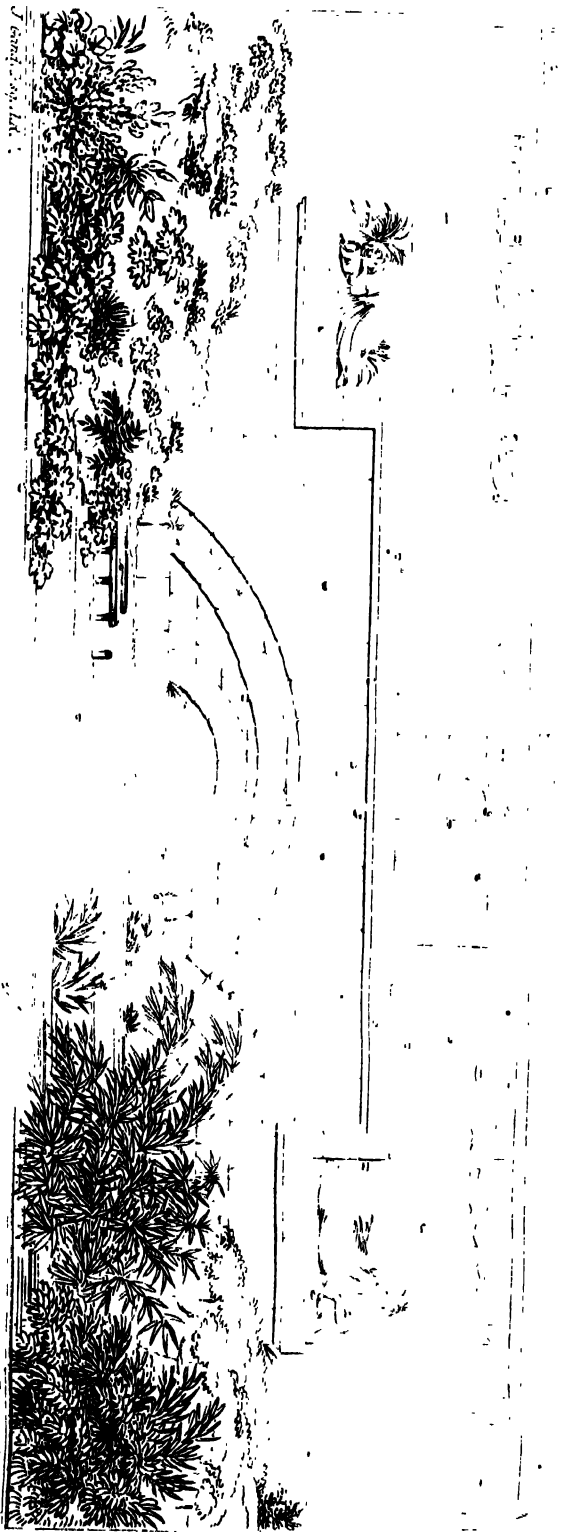
designs of Russia, and devoting his mind entirely to the welfare of his country, the virtuous young monarch soon conquered his regrets for the lovely Alexandra; and on the 31st October, 1797, married the no less beautiful than amiable Dorothea Wilhelmina, fourth daughter of the hereditary prince of Baden (and sister to the Empress of Russia and the Queen of Bavaria) who was born on the 12th of March, 1781. Before the expiration of a twelvemonth, the young Queen gave birth to a son.

Since the King of Sweden first unsheathed his sword against his mighty enemy, it is marvellous to behold the conquests of the one and the resolution of the other. The bloody wreaths won on the plains of Austerlitz and Friedland, are yet green on the brows of Napoleon; and still Gustavus remains undismayed. Stralsund and Rugen are lost; but no particle of their monarch's glory has fallen with them. No Swedish artillery or ammunition swell the arsenals of their enemy; no Swedish subjects fill his prisons: when overpowered by numbers, they either died sword in hand, or retired, in the Pothian manner, making a dreadful havoc amongst the French troops who dared to disturb their retreat.

The Northern ally of the King of Sweden's faith from his side; the peace of Tilsit is signed; and Gustavus stands alone on the Continent, with all the arms of the conqueror levelled at his breast!

Though attacked on the east by the formidable force of Russia and menaced on the south by the combined armies of France and Denmark, he still holds firm to England and to honour: and like his brave ancestors, will acknowledge no peace that does not leave Sweden free.—His people are worthy of their King; and in all their proceedings manifest, rather the ardent affection of children to a parent, than merely the cooler feelings of faithful subjects. He mixes with them at their public festivals; they share in his domestic comforts; and while they look on his lovely wife and his beautiful offspring, their hearts acknowledge the empire of virtue; and when he turns his eyes on the people, his soul exults in a nation which loves him as a father, as a benefactor, and as a good King, *the noblest work of God.*





Designed by J. G. G.

## THE ARTIST.

No. VI.

*Including the Lives of living and deceased Painters, collected from authentic sources,—accompanied with OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

## THE LIFE OF DOMENICHINO • ZAMPIERI.

[Continued from Page 203.]

POSTERITY, which alone determines the rank of great artists, has placed the name of Guido below that of Domenichino; their contemporaries thought differently, and their partiality was eminently manifested in this circumstance. They established, against all justice, an extreme disproportion in the value they affixed to their respective labours. The *Flagellation of St. Andrew* brought Domenichino only 150 Roman crowns; whilst Guido received 400 for his picture of the Saint on his Knees before the Cross. When these paintings were exhibited to the public, the majority decided in favour of Guido; but Domenichino wanted no other consolation than the applauses of Annibal. "Domenichino's," said he, "is the work of a scholar; Guido's is that of a master, but the scholar is superior to the master." This celebrated expression of Caracci gives us a strong idea of the excellence of Domenichino: it was that of an artist, who, wanting the accuracy of a master, possessed that genius and fire which are always ranked far above correctness and regularity. But Domenichino had yet greater applauses from nature uninfected by the sophistications of science.

An old woman of the lower rank came one day with her child into the chapel, and, being struck with the expression of the characters in the painting, exclaimed,—“See, my dear, with what fury these executioners torture the saint! Behold the inflamed visage of the one who threatens him, and of the other who exerts all his force, whose every nerve is in action in tightening the cords that bind him! See, too, how faith supports the martyr in the midst of his torments! He raises his eyes to heaven, and seems to triumph in his sufferings.” After pronouncing these words, she threw a cold and indifferent look upon the

• XXXII. Vol. IV.

picture of Guido, and, bathed in tears, quitted the chapel.

Grievously wounded and depressed by the injustice of his enemies, Domenichino resolved to return to Bologna, where one of his friends, a priest of the church of St. Jerome, procured him to be employed in painting the altar-piece. This work, known by the name of *The Communion of St. Jerome*, is universally acknowledged to be the masterpiece of Domenichino. The judgment of Poussin upon it is well known. This great master considered the *Transfiguration* by Raphael, the *Descent from the Cross*, by Daniel de Volterre, and the *Communion of St. Jerome*, by Domenichino, as the three most perfect works which the art had produced. For this inestimable picture he received but fifty crowns. The enemies of Domenichino, compelled to acknowledge its excellence, endeavoured to degrade it by stigmatizing it as a plagiarism, and a copy. Lanfranc, who had been long his enemy, remembered that Augustin Caracci had formerly taken this subject for the *Chartreuse* of Bologna; and pretended that Domenichino, incapable of any great work of original invention, had stolen the ideas of Augustin.

To strengthen this assertion, he employed Francis Perrier, his pupil, to engrave the composition of Augustin, which he circulated through Rome. His accusation, unjust as it was, had yet some colour of truth.

It is not to be denied that Domenichino had somewhat availed himself of the general style of composition, and disposition of figures, peculiar to his preceptor; but it is impossible to charge him with any want of invention; for, whatever be the merit of the work of Augustin, it can sustain no comparison with that of Domenichino, in the truth and beauty of

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conception, the strength of character, and that abundance of pathetic expression which ennobles the thoughts, and exalt the superiority of this great painter far beyond the competition of any cotemporary rival. The engraving of the picture of Augustin, published by Lanfranc, did not, however, produce the expected effect; it only served to display his malevolence, and establish the fame of Domenichino. The Communion of St. Jerome was finished in 1614, in the thirty-third year of his age.

If this masterpiece with which he enriched the art had not the power to silence his enemies, it nevertheless increased the number of his partisans, and consequently, of his employers. Business now flowed in upon him. He was engaged with Lanfranc, Guercino, and Josephin, in a palace of Rome, which has since come into the possession of the Marquis Costaguti. He represented there on the ceiling, Apollo driving his Chariot, resplendent with the light of Truth, supported by Time. He painted likewise for the Marquis Maffei, on the ceiling of a small chamber, the History of Jacob and Rachael. But he had frequent occasion to employ his talents in works of greater enterprise and difficulty. He was employed to decorate with paintings in fresco the chapel of St. Cecilia, in the church of St. Louis of France. These are, in truth, the best of his productions; they represent the chief events of the life of St. Cecilia. In the two first we behold the saint distributing her goods to the poor; the moment in which she refuses to sacrifice to idols; in the third she is represented on her knees, with Valerian her husband, receiving a crown of towers from the hands of an angel; in the fourth she is represented dying of her wounds. The ceiling presents her apotheosis.

He went afterwards to the town of Fano, where he painted in the cathedral, for the chapel of the family of Nolfi, the Life of the Virgin, in fresco. Afterwards the desire of seeing his parents recalled him to Bologna. He there painted a picture in which he represents himself employed in the midst of his family.

The most distinguished works which he executed in this city, are two great pictures, entitled The Virgin of Rosaire, and The Martyrdom of St. Agnes. The subject of the first is complicated, and not easy to be understood.

The artist himself has given a vague explanation of this mystical allegory. In regard to execution, this painting presents the most striking beauties. The Martyrdom of St.

Agnes is not inferior; the head of the saint is exquisitely expressive and pathetic.

Domenichino married in his own country; he espoused a young and amiable woman, so handsome that she served him for a model in his paintings.

Gregory XV. when a cardinal, was godfather to one of his sons. When he became Pope he appointed Domenichino architect of the apostolical palace. The death of Gregory deprived him of that employment, and of many other happy occasions of exercising his talents. Fortunately, the cardinal Alexander Moutali was then building the church of St. Andrew della Valle. This prelate, who greatly admired the talents of Domenichino, drew him from his retirement, and employed him to paint the pulpit and the cupola of that church.

Domenichino first painted the four arches of the cupola, in which he represented, in a large and colossal manner, the four Evangelists. He attempted, likewise, in the pulpit and spaces of the windows, the History of St. Andrew. This work was almost completed.

Having finished, with much study and fatigue, the designs for the cupola, and whilst he was meditating three compositions for it in a different style, the death of the cardinal deprived him of one of his chief protectors. His enemy Lanfranc pretended that he could not finish, unassisted, the whole of the works for which he had engaged. He thus obtained for himself the execution of the cupola.

Domenichino was sensible of this new injury, but had some consolation in the general censure of his rival.

The cardinal Octavio Bandini, to recompense him, employed him to paint in the church of St. Silvester, at Monte Cavallo, the four ovals which are in the chapel of that prelate. He there represented subjects from the Old Testament: Esther before Ahasuerus, Judith showing to the Hebrews the head of Holofernes, David playing on the Harp before the Ark, and Solomon on his throne with his Mother Bathsheba, or, according to others, with the Queen of Sheba.

He painted afterwards in *Santa Maria de la Vittoria*, the Virgin with the Infant Jesus and St. Francis. On the walls of the same chapel he painted, in two pieces, the same saint receiving the prints, and entranced with the sounds of heavenly music.

On the completion of the church of St. Charles de *Gervasio*, the paintings were intrusted to Domenichino. He first painted in the arches of the vault, the four Cardinal Virtues; but the misfortune which pursued him through life, and at length brought him to the grave,

did not suffer him to receive for these admirable works any adequate compensation. Domenichino, afflicted and irritated by the malice of his enemies, left the figure of Temperance imperfect, and would not undertake the painting of the cupola.

He painted afterwards, for the church of St. Peter, a picture representing the martyrdom of St. Sebastian; and another as considerable for the altar-piece of St. John *des Bobonais*. In this last are painted the Virgin and the Infant Jesus; A Concert of Angels; St. John and St. Peter. When we consider the merit of these works, we are surprised that they did not obtain for the artist an affluent fortune; but so badly was he paid, that his condition was scarcely bettered by his acknowledged excellence and constant employment. He accepted, therefore, an invitation to paint the chapel of the Treasury at Naples. The important trust had been successively consigned to Guido and Josephin, both of whom abandoned it. They had been compelled to leave the city for fear of poison, as the Neapolitan artists were enraged to see strangers snatching away the fruits of labours in which they thought themselves only should be employed. Their menaces drove them from the city. One of them named Coreuzio, by birth a Greek, who after the departure of Guido had been employed in conjunction with another painter called Caracciolo, was less remarked for his talents than for a ferocious and revengeful disposition. Domenichino did not know him, but the order of the viceroy had compelled Coreuzio to abandon his employment, and Domenichino, in order to support his family, and compensate himself for the loss of his late place, so far overcame his fears as to accept the offer, without yielding to the prayers of his wife and friends, who in vain endeavoured to dissuade him.

He treated with the envoys of Naples in 1629, and repaired to that city with his family, where he was received with distinction.

After examining the edifice which he was engaged to ornament, he began his compositions without delay. He took his subjects from the Life of St. Januarius, the tutelary saint of the Neapolitans, and retraced the various circumstances in which his protection had been eminently evinced towards the city.

When the designs were finished, he was compelled, in order to execute them on the walls, to erase the labours of Coreuzio and Caracciolo. Their rage was now at its height; but Domenichino was too well fortified under the protection of the viceroy to fear any attempt upon his life. Not being able to attack

his person, they assaulted his fame, and vilified his works in the common language of envy. Nature they said, had not bestowed genius upon him; and whatever merit he had was produced by tedious and toilsome industry. Labels of this kind were affixed to the door of his house, and he received anonymous letters daily, in which their malice blazed out with invincible fury.

They informed him, that were it not for the attentive zeal of an ecclesiastic, who endeavoured to amuse his distraction by music and conversation, he would inevitably fall into madness and stupidity.

Lanfranc and Espagnolet joined themselves to the cabals of the Neapolitan painters; they saw with envy the vast design with which Domenichino was intrusted, and had the baseness to represent the price of his engagement as extravagant, although he had stipulated to receive no more than Caravaggio, the same as Guerchino, and but half as much as was promised to Guido.

They said, moreover, that he introduced many figures in his paintings with a view only to enhance their price. This ridiculous charge Domenichino had the weakness to repel, by displaying in one of his compositions a ved which filled an extraordinary space. But he chiefly confounded his enemies by the labour which he bestowed on every part of his designs; and, indeed, he employed so much of his time in perfecting his works, that he himself was in a manner the cause of his agreement with the treasurers of the chapel being in the end disadvantageous to him.

Meantime his enemies attacked him on all sides. they said that Lanfranc, whose expedition was well known, would have finished the chapel in half the time. This last affirmed that the entire life of Domenichino would not suffice to finish it, and that they must of necessity employ him. After the death of Domenichino, the wishes of this jealous and inveterate rival were but too well accomplished.

They had now recourse to the most desperate means of ruining Domenichino: they bribed the mason, who prepared the plasterings on which he was to paint, to mix ashes with the lime that he used, so that when Domenichino retouched his figures, the plastering of the wall cracked, and impeded the continuance of his work. But his constancy supported him against their malice, and he indulged the fond hope of genius, that justice would be rendered him at a future day.

At this time he was obliged to suspend his labours in the chapel, in order to complete

some paintings which the viceroy of Naples was desirous of sending to Spain.

Again his enemies were in arms, led on by Espagnolet. He represented to the viceroy that the paintings of Domenichino were tolerable when first produced, but that he spoiled them by a vain desire of excellence, which he could not attain, and which it was hopeless to pursue. At last Domenichino was ordered to paint in the presence of the viceroy; and to this mortification was added that of seeing Espagnolet point out some imaginary defects in his works, and persuade the viceroy to have them retouched before him.

His perseverance was exhausted by this last insult to talents, this degrading concession to ignorance and malice. He left the city in haste, accompanied by one of his pupils, and repaired to Rome. When the viceroy was informed of his flight he arrested his wife and daughter, and sequestered his property.

Domenichino in vain solicited the release of his family; finally, perceiving that his expostulations were ineffectual, he returned to Naples, and resumed his labours.

His family was now restored to liberty, and had permission to retire to Rome as they desired. But his resignation could not appease those rivals whom his superiority had inflamed. They renewed the plots against him which he had formerly compelled him to quit Naples, they corrupted his Nephew, a profligate and abandoned wretch, and frightened him with menaces against his life.

Finally, having employed three years in painting the cupola, when one year of vigorous and uninterrupted labour would have sufficed, the perpetual mortifications which he suffered, diminished the force and spirit of that genius which could best shoot out in tranquillity and peace.

He could now trust no one, not even his wife, through fear of poison. He duly diminished his allowance of nourishment; but, notwithstanding all his precautions, he yielded to the severity of his afflictions on the 15th of April 1684, in the sixtieth year of his age, after lingering many days in the most cruel tortures.

It is yet a matter of doubt, whether his death was caused by grief, or the desperate practices of his enemies. His wife affirmed that he was poisoned in some water which he used every morning; others contend that he died a victim of melancholy. It is more natural to believe this last representation, from the peculiar character of Domenichino. His excessive sensibility, and softness of temper,

too easily admitted melancholy to prey upon his spirits, till the foundations of life were too weak to sustain any additional weight of grief.

The same misfortune which pursued him through life, may be said to have accompanied him even after death. The hatred of his enemies was neither extinguished nor softened by his dissolution; Lanfranc was yet the persecutor of his memory.

Scarcely was Domenichino in his grave, when the works which were left incomplete were destroyed by the jealousy of this artist, who substituted his own productions, nothing in the chapel was spared but the angels and the paintings below them.

The persecution of his enemies extended even to his family; the wife and daughter of this great painter were compelled to refund great part of the sums which he had received, under the pretext that he had left unfinished a work which was the monument of his glory, and, in some measure, a monument of himself.

He was buried without distinction in the cathedra of Naples. A short time afterwards, the academy of St. Luke, at Rome, honoured him with a funeral service, not unworthy of his merits. His eulogium was pronounced by J. B. Passerini, member of that academy, of which the whole body omitted nothing that could immortalize the name of so distinguished an artist.

Domenichino left to his daughter a great number of designs, and unfinished paintings, and in money about twenty thousand Roman crowns. Her youth, beauty, and captivating talents, and more particularly the honour of affinity to so great a painter, made her required in marriage by many of illustrious rank. She married a gentleman of Pesaro.

In person, Domenichino was short and lusty; his complexion was fair, and his cheeks full of colour; his eyes were blue, and his mouth well proportioned and pleasing; in his last years his hair was white. His manner of dress, which was extremely simple, gave him the appearance of dignity and respect. He was easy of access, grave and instructive in conversation, but more addicted to solitude than society. In his hours of leisure, he read with peculiar devotion the sacred writings; and, when more unbending, the treasures of history and ancient mythology.

He often consulted M. Agucchi respecting the composition of his works; and Albanus assures us, that if, in his paintings in the



church of St. Andrew della Valle, and those of St. Charles de Catinari, any thing of the unnatural or monstrous appear, it must be charged upon M. Agucchi, in whose judgment Domenichino implicitly confided.

His studies were in the extreme laborious. Some of his designs are yet preserved, in which the heads and hands, effaced and drawn anew, are varied seven or eight times in the movement and attitude; and frequently he would make twenty sketches of a single figure. If any thing, therefore, of heaviness appear in a few of his works, it must not be imputed to barrenness of invention, but to a restless and unappeasable dissatisfaction with his labours, joined to a diffidence which would scarcely permit him to think even his best works finished with that excellence of which he thought them capable. He was dubious and indecisive in respect to the estimation of his works; and when his friends would press him to follow the example of other masters, and labour less upon them; he would reply, "It is for myself alone, and the perfection of the art, that I labour."

He was convinced that a painting should be equally laboured in every part; that nothing should be slightly dismissed, and that genius should never relax its efforts.

When, after long meditation upon a subject, he had settled the plan of invention and disposition, he was accustomed to say, that the work was done.

When he was told the sarcastic criticisms of his enemies, he concluded that he had produced a good performance; and by the same rule, when he was informed that they praised any of his paintings, he would exclaim, "I am not altogether certain that I have not committed some very great blunder."

He was not susceptible of any lasting or vehement anger; and notwithstanding he saw with concern the reputation of Guido advanced above his own, he yet never hesitated to do justice to his talents, and treat him with friendship whenever they met. In the sequel, these two men, so worthy of esteem, were of mutual service to each other.

He judged with equal impartiality the ancient and modern masters; he examined with

the same care their good and bad productions; and was accustomed to observe, that as no work was so bad but that some good might be extracted from it, so in painting, from works of excellence beauties might be borrowed, and from those of inferiority we might be taught to avoid errors.

It was not to favour alone that Domenichino owed his employment of architect of the Apostolical Palace. His judgment in architecture was generally esteemed. He studied the art with peculiar attention, though he never executed any considerable monument.

He learned from Father Mattheo Zuccolino the principles of optics and perspective, and was tolerably versed in mathematics.—Though he himself never executed a single statue, many are yet shown at Rome of which he furnished the design and models.

In his early youth he had a decided taste for music; he had acquired a theoretic knowledge of it; and many able composers were fond of hearing him discourse upon the art, and were accustomed frequently to consult him. Jean Doni, in his treatise upon theatrical music, has mentioned with praise the name of Domenichino as one of the most skillful judges.

His pencil was always chaste, the purity of his manners added lustre to the brilliancy of his talents; and this painter may, perhaps singly, challenge the rare praise of being not only most eminent in his art, but equally distinguished for those virtuous practices which inspire the veneration of the good.

It will be asked, therefore, with some reasonable surprise, how it came that Domenichino, living in retirement, blameless in his life, and more than just to the merits of other painters, could raise up against himself enemies so numerous and invincible?

This mystery is easily explained. The persecution of his rivals would have been feeble but for the ignorance and prejudice of a certain class of connoisseurs; for it must be remarked that the beauties of this painter are not such as are strongly felt by common capacities; those only can properly esteem them who have studied the art as a system.

[To be Continued.]

## DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

## DESIGN FOR A TEMPLE AND BRIDGE,

A TO A

NOBLEMAN OR GENTLEMAN'S PARK

BY R. GANDY, A. R. A.

THIS design is selected because it possesses much of the simplicity and elegance we ought to see in a building of the Grecian taste, and is a specimen of that style which we wish more generally introduced in this country, in order to keep pace with the classical knowledge of our Universities.

The purity of architecture we conceive to be in the selection of parts well arranged; like the human countenance they are few, but infinitely varied; we can distinguish modesty and chastity, from impudence and depravity, and between the ornaments, well or ill disposed, of an ignorant savage, or a refined Greek.—At least, so far our judgment has a criterion for taste; a building may be overloaded, and have misplaced decorations, like those suspended to the nose, lips, &c. of some of the Indian nations.

We have examined many of the public and private structures of this kingdom, and find but few which have features of Grecian beauty; and we regret to remark our disappointment in many, which have some of the semblances (as in columns) but are generally half buried in walls, neither appearing to give shelter or shade to the owner or stranger who approaches them.—It is not our intention, therefore to present our readers with many of this description, as we consider what is published should be held up as models to help to form a purity of taste equal with the morality our poets inculcate, as it is less expensive to build on paper than in stone, we propose to give designs from living professors, as well as from some of those which are executed, as exemplars of the art we are endeavouring to diffuse.

The design here given was made for a gentleman who had collected many Greek sculptures, chiefly relating to hunting, and select parts of the history of Diana, with a statue of the Goddess herself. It was intended to erect a temple as an ornamental object in view of the house, on the boundaries of the park, to contain these sculptures within and near it,—over a stream of water which flows from a spring at the back, and a bridge to carry a road before it. The sculls in the frieze are those of the deer, which were prepared for the purpose from the animals themselves.

In all cases designs in architecture are governed by local circumstances, and the extent of the builder's purse.—This is an apology for many errors committed in that art, and is often made use of to hide the want of skill in the artist, who cannot, or does not bend all his powers to form a pleasing combination with those things which present themselves on the spot, appearing very often like difficulties incompatible with each other, but assuredly it is possible to mould those things like clay in the sculptor's hands.—It is genius determines what character the countenance of a head shall have, otherwise it is an unintelligible mass, or misshapen attempt.

We leave our readers to judge, whether the artist has obtained any of these advantages in the design before him, and how far his purpose is answered in combining the materials which were proposed within his reach, according to the above reasoning.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

Most people pass their whole lives in search of happiness, exert every effort to enjoy it, and can never succeed. The story I am about to relate is an example of this unhappy truth.

A man of a mild and peaceful disposition had purchased a small country house, about a league from the capital; hither he had retired alone to avoid the turbulent temper of his wife. On his arrival, he exclaimed, "she will not seek me here to torment me; I have given up to her two-thirds of my fortune, she ought to be satisfied with her situation, and I will bless mine. Far from a wicked woman, whose temper was insupportable; far from a deceitful world, which I never liked; with a moderate fortune, it is true, but with still more moderate desires, I shall be happy; I shall excite no envy; I shall envy the bliss of no one, and my days will gently glide on to that inevitable term which is the last, and to many the happiest of them days."

Our moralizing gentleman in his new hermitage, soon banished all melancholy reflections. For the good there are thousands of enjoyments, and tranquillity is the source from which they all spring. "What," said Durval (for this is the name I shall give our hermit) "can be more delightful than to have a garden? We may gather our peaches, adjust our vines, water our flowers, neither wife nor children are worth all these."

Every morning at sun-rise he walked out; later a shady bower protected him from the sun's fiercer rays. An old woman, his only domestic, brought him his breakfast, and while he partook of it, gave him the history of all the wives in the village. If she might be believed, they were all in the right, but in Durval's opinion they were all in the wrong.

After breakfast he took up a book, ran over a few pages, and generally fell asleep over it; this was his manner of reading. Notwithstanding he was not deficient in sense, but it was of that natural kind which does not need instruction, and which would lose by extension or application. In his youth he had been fond of literature, and sometimes, either from taste, or for want of some other employment, still cultivated it. He now thought he should become young again, surrounded by so many

tranquil enjoyments. Without care, vexation, ambition, or any desires but those he could easily gratify, his position appeared to him the happiest in the world.

Durval had promised himself a long enjoyment in his new abode; but his friends, who were neither void of passion, or vices like him, blamed him for having quitted the world, and resolved to make him abandon his retreat. They often visited him; he received them with pleasure, but they never left him without having put him out of humour, because, indefatigable in their undertaking, they never failed to press his return to the capital—"Ah! my friends," he would exclaim, "what have I done to you, that you wish to put a period to the happiness I enjoy? Why do you pretend to know better than myself, what is suited to my taste and disposition—Enjoy yourselves your own way, and allow me to do the same."

"But your wife?"

"Let us have done with that subject, I intreat you."

"Your absence is injurious to her."

"Her presence would be an eternal torment for me."

"Did you marry her then to fly from her presence?"

"I married her to be happy. You have not seen me in search of rank or fortune; moderate in my tastes, sober in my desires; my only passion was that of a sincere attachment to my wife, and a wish that she might return it. She refused me the one, I was too prodigal of the other, and I was convinced, but too late, that we did not suit each other: I have quitted her from reasonable motives, I have left her a free will to live as she pleases; what would she have more? O, my friends, though you conspire against my peace, I give you my fervent wishes that Heaven may preserve you from a cross, and teasing wife."

His had not been an inattentive hearer; for this conversation was of her own concerting, and she had been introduced without her husband's knowledge, and placed in a closet, from whence she could listen to all that passed.

The last words he uttered enraged her so much, that she could no longer contain herself, but rushed from her concealment, and would have strangled Durval. "Good God!"

cried he on seeing her, "who could have thought you so near?" "Vile, capricious, unjust man, 'tis you who accuse me, and of what?" "Compose yourself, Madam," said he, "if possible. It is no longer needful to reproach you, the proofs you have just given are quite sufficient. I vow I have no wish of offending you; I have said that our tempers could not possibly assimilate; your's rendered my existence insupportable; far from you I have sought a repose, which while with you I could never enjoy. Would you wish to prevent my happiness, when I offer no impediment to your's?" "Your happiness, Sir, ought to consist in living with me, learn that none but women of a bad character are ever shunned."—"Even such women are not always void of humanity; and you have taught me, that with a virtuous mind it is possible to be very inhuman. I wished to lead a peaceful life; I only valued mildness, and the kind attentions of friendship."—"And why did you not tell me this sooner? You shall have all these, is it so difficult to content you on these heads? I have always done you justice; you are an honest, worthy, and amiable man, when you please; I was very happy with you, and I am persuaded that the only cause of our disagreement is, because we have not understood each other."

"Rather acknowledge, Madam, that it is because you would never listen to me, that your only occupation was to torment me. You are now sorry, or at least endeavour to appear so; you make fair promises, but is not the undertaking above your strength? A resolution which springs from submission, has to contend with pride, and is never lasting."—"Till me, however, the steps I have taken, ought to be considered as a pledge of my sincerity."

The worthy man was softened, without placing much faith in her fine promises; his mild and easy disposition induced him to comply. His friends who were present, joined their entreaties to those of his wife. The attack was strong and pressing: how could he resist? His natural goodness led him on much more than their fastidious remonstrances. His wife seeing that he was affected, had recourse to the last resource, she let fall a few tears, and Durval, who was on the point of imitating her, rushed into her arms, tenderly embraced her, and accompanied her to the capital, without retreating his garden.

An enemy to deception, and not thinking it possible to utter language contrary to one's sentiments, ignorant even of the smallest wiles, he had not the least suspicion of the

sincerity of his wife, neither did she intend to deceive him; she had acted in a manner to satisfy the opinion of the world, and firmly believed that it would cost her nothing to fulfil her engagements.

During the journey, she was prodigal of her attention, lavished on him the kindest appellations; in short, this return was so pleasing, both, that both were deceived. But the faults of temper are in the blood, and a very copious bleeding would have been requisite to work this miracle.

"Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop," said La Fontaine.

In the evening an entertainment was given to their friends; each attributed the reconciliation to himself, and celebrated their joy by lively stanzas, whether good or bad is of little importance; they were, however, judged to be excellent. On retiring to rest, it was good night, my love, good night, my dear, and on awaking they found themselves completely happy. During the day, the most perfect tranquillity reigned throughout the house. "Well, Sir," said the lady to her quiet consort, "do you repent being once more under the same roof with me?"—"Ah, my love," he replied, "let it ever be thus, and I shall exult in my determination."

It is necessary to observe, that Madame Durval had a particular fondness for animals; that is to say, useless and incommodious ones. She entertained for her's a tenderness beyond all expression, the utmost attention, and the best bits were always for them; in short, to make use of her own expression, she loved them to *adoration*. Perhaps after all, it was only to be in the fashion, for at that time visit a lady whenever you would, you were sure to find a cat, a monkey, a parrot, or an abbé. Madame Durval had a cat and a monkey: her husband, who liked neither the one nor the other, never caressed them, yet he suffered them to remain for the sake of peace, and had never contradicted her on this account.

Far from suspecting the storm that was about to fall on them, they sat down to supper. Scarcely had they begun, when Madame Durval's cat received from her fair hand the wing of a partridge, which she had cut off on purpose for him. Whether through hunger or jealousy, the monkey was desirous of having it also, and flew at the cat, who, resolving not to yield, had for a better defence sought an asylum under Durval's chair. The battle began, the monkey dextrously avoided his enemy's talons, which fell on the leg of our worthy gentleman, who, feeling himself scratched, without intending it, placed his heel on the

cat's paw. The animal's cries went to his mistress's heart, and instantly lighted the fire of discord between the married pair. Madam accused her husband with having wished to kill her cat. "It is because I am fond of it, that you wish to destroy this poor animal: come, come, my love," continued she, going to him, "O Heavens! look what a state he is in: one must have a very hard heart to act thus." The good man now endeavoured to justify himself. "No, no, Sir, I now see it plain, that you only returned home to afflict me, to wound me in the tenderest part, in what I hold most dear. I ought to have seen this sooner, and am a fool for having striven to deceive myself."—"But, Madam, you do not see that my leg is bleeding?"—"Is that a reason for you to have crushed my cat? Yes, Sir, I see you detest me, since you hate my cat, and this is only because I love them. I dare say you wish me dead."—"No, Madam, I assure you I have no such wish. But since the involuntary harm I have done one of them, has made you forget all the promises you have made, why did you read me further? The tranquillity which I was taught to expect hangs by so slender a thread, that I am resolved to return to my country house."—"Pity, Sir, return whenever you please, you are very welcome, I shall offer no opposition, this very night if agreeable."—"Perfectly so, Madam, and I am still more desirous for this separation than you can be, but be assured that this trial shall be the last, for I swear that you shall never have it in your power to torment me again."

Madam Duval's tender sollicitude for her cat occupied her so much, that her husband had arrived at his hermitage before she had perceived his departure. His old servant was quite astonished to see him. "Yes, my good Louison," said he, "it is I, it is your master, give him joy, he is rid for ever of his wife." "What, is she dead?" "No, child; she is not likely to die, but she is still less likely ever to see me again. I, without intending it, trod upon her cat's paw, and she will never forgive me this dire offence." "You are right," replied Louison; "she is madly fond of her beasts, and would give the whole universe for them." "Louison, Louison," said the good man, "if my wife has singular fancies, you have duties, and the one I command you to fulfil strictly is, to speak of my wife with respect."—"Upon my word, Sir, it is very difficult to hold one's tongue, when one sees so much ill nature towards a husband, and so much kindness for beasts. And, besides, you said so yourself, and I am only your echo."—"In that case I have said more than I

ought, and you should not repeat it." Louison withdrew grumbling, and saying to herself, "upon my word, it is a true saying, that a wicked wife is a bad piece of furniture."—As for Duval, he began his former manner of living, and found himself even happier than the first time.

He lived in this way, for nearly a year, without experiencing the least *crisis*. He had begged of his friends to visit him but seldom; and scarcely read their letters, because they were incessantly reproaching him with his retirement. "These are strange people," he would exclaim, "they pretend to know what suits me better than myself; but I know that there is neither wisdom nor friendship in the world, since it subjects us to general rules, and a man is not permitted to make himself happy his own way."

About a hundred yards from his house dwelt a very charming young widow; she was mild and lovely as an angel, and like himself lived in great retirement. He beheld her, and at first sight was much pleased with her, he cultivated her acquaintance, often visited her, and willingly left his shady bowers to enjoy her society. Imperceptibly his attachment became stronger, and he fancied he perceived that it was mutual. How much he regretted not being at liberty to offer her his hand. "This is the woman," thought he, "that would have suited me, my days would have happily glided away, and I should have lived with her in perfect tranquillity. Why are we doomed to view the joys that are out of our reach?"

While he was involved in these gloomy reflections, an express arrived to inform him of the death of his wife. This news cost him no tears; on the contrary, he felt a secret joy, and mentally exclaimed, "now I shall marry the widow, I have still time to be happy, and I return thanks to Heaven." He did not attempt to put on the appearance of grief, for who could suppose it possible for him to regret a woman, who ever since their union had been his constant tormentor? And he was too sincere to imagine, that one ought to feign what one does not feel.

Six months had elapsed when he publicly announced his marriage with the widow. At this news, officious counsellors renewed their importunities, and he had to contend with all the eloquence of heated opposition. "Your new wife is not above twenty," they continually exclaimed, "and you have long been on the wrong side of forty. This ill suited match will ruin your health, and shorten your existence. And are you fit for the society of a

young lady, you who have of late led the life of an hermit, and lost every sort of relish for the pleasures of the world."—"Yes," he answered, "I forgot in my garden the whole universe, but now I shall even forget my garden, with my amiable widow; I was happy, but my felicity confined to my own breast, was useless to others; and solitude is criminal when it deprives the world of a feeling heart."

With these arguments he triumphed over the counsels of his friends, or at least made them hold their tongues, which was the same thing to him. But his mild and peaceable consort put him in a passion a hundred times in the space of six weeks. As he was naturally of a lively disposition, he soon became weary of the conversation of a person who was always of his opinion. His wife always said as he did. This was very well in essential points, but in trifling things nothing could be more insipid and insupportable. We sometimes like to meet with an opposition contrary to our will, in order that we may have the pleasure of overturning it. To change this tiresome monotonous life, he would sometimes give the most ridiculous orders, to try her temper, but all to no purpose. If she wished to go to the theatre, or to walk out, he would invite company, and oblige her to remain at home; she complied with his request without a murmur. "It is very strange," thought he, "that I am born to experience all kinds of contradiction. It seems as if fortune had even taken it into her head to contrast the causes of my persecution."

One day a servant broke twenty guineas worth of china. Duval affected to say nothing, in order to see whether his wife would scold; but no, she did not say a word.—"How, Madam," exclaimed he, "you do not turn off this rascal?"—"It is a misfortune," she replied, "I will replace them, and then it will be no more thought of."—"Certainly, and your husband will pay for them? What, this merciless scoundrel?"—"He did not do it on purpose, and is sufficiently punished already, if he has any feeling."—"I believe you, Madam; but if he should chance to have none, you will soon not have a whole piece of furniture in your house. These people are not to be treated with so much delicacy, you must learn to scold, Madam: you must make yourself feared; nothing will be secure, if you remain in this state of indolence."

A few days after this, her waiting maid shut the door on the head and paw of a little dog who had followed her. Duval was present. On hearing the poor animal's cries, she mildly said, "Be careful of what you are about, you

have hurt my dog. Well, Sir, you see I can scold."—"Agreed, Madam, but nevertheless your dog's paw is broken, and if you fancy you have scolded enough, I cannot give you credit for much feeling."—"Its paw broken, poor Azor!"—She now slowly approached the dog, who, more dead than alive, had not moved from the place where the accident had happened. She very composedly ordered it to be carried to a celebrated dog doctor, who the same evening sent word that it was dead.—"Dead! I am sorry for it," she returned, "I will have no more of them; when they die, it vexes one too much."

Twenty such instances could not unfold her disposition better, but the last is too remarkable to be passed over in silence. Her husband caught in her dressing-room one morning a handsome young man, whose manners seemed more free and easy than decency could allow. Struck with astonishment, Duval stood awhile motionless, and thus gave time to the seducer to effect his escape. At last he approached his wife, on whose features the serenity of innocence seemed to dwell. "What," he exclaimed, "you whose virtue I so highly prized, in whose love I exulted, you can so basely betray my honour, and degrade yourself?"—"I really am sorry for it," she calmly answered, "but this young man caught me alone in my dressing room; I told him I would call aloud for help, but he threatened to kill himself if I spoke a word; and I feared, lest he should hurt himself before me."—"And thus you cared more for his life than my honour! Did you not feel you were inflicting upon me the severest wound a man can bear?"—"I did; but you always wish people should get into a passion: he frightened me, and I really knew not how to get rid of him."—"Very well, extremely well; but learn, Madam, that mildness, when it prevents our resenting an outrage, is a vice, and I now am well acquainted with the state of your heart. I will return to my garden, which I have done well not to sell, and there will try to forget your charms and your crimes."—"As you wish, Sir; but reflect that such a step might attach dishonour to my name, and you ought to be careful of that. I married you because I thought you were a reasonable and prudent man; but instead of finding you such, the violence of your temper makes you displeased at every thing, and you scold continually."—"How, Madam, do you call a burst of well founded indignation and resentment, unjust scolding?"—"I own, Sir, that you have some grounds of complaint this time, but your way of complaining is so loud, and you know I hate noise."—"You shall not

hear any more, Madam, and through contempt I will refrain from expressing any longer the pain your degradation has caused me."—Saying so, he withdrew, and returned to his country house. But could he find peace there? He carried in his heart a full remembrance, likely to blast the happiness of his life.

The same evening his thoughts recurred to the preceding event, and shame and humiliation spoiled his appetite: he took no supper.

The next morning found him little better. His garden had ceased to attract his attention, and to yield the same amusement as formerly. Even Louison's presence teased him, and he could not hear her mention the name of his wife without blushing. Reason soon however took his part, and rallied his spirits; he resumed part of his usual good nature, and even some cheerfulness. "What evil genius," he exclaimed, "had shed the bitterness of death in my soul? If a base woman has trampled on the solemn vow of matrimony, remorseless and unflinching, shall I take upon myself the task of blushing for her!"

No; even prejudice must have its limits; my honour cannot be in the power of a person who has lost her own. By contemning her, I acquit myself of my duty towards society, and he who would not think scorn sufficient, must have lost his senses."

He supped that very evening with a lighter heart than he had done for some time; yet his thoughts now and then skimmed over the surface of the past. He reflected that a woman, whom weakness had led once into guilt, might another time fall a prey to other seducers, and that nothing but a violent remedy could save her from destruction; he therefore wrote to her, commanding her to rethre instantly into a convent, and threatening her, in case of disobedience to his orders, to withdraw from her the allowance he consented to make her. She answered, without starting any objection, that she would fulfil his wishes the very same day.—"By Heavens!" she exclaimed, when receiving her reply, "her mildness will, I believe and hope, never find an equal."

## NATIVITY OF BONAPARTE.

WE are favoured by an ingenious Correspondent with the following calculations on the nativity of Bonaparte, and prediction of the period of his death. We know, that judicial astrology is very generally deemed, at best, but a conjectural science, and that in the present age, it has very few disciples; nevertheless, we hope, as the present essay is to be considered only as an experiment, that we shall not incur censure from the most incredulous of our readers for inserting it: to inculcate an opinion of the approaching doom of the tyrant may, in the present state of affairs, possibly infuse some portion of encouragement into the hearts of our countrymen.

In the second century lived Claudius Ptolemy, famous for his antient geography, skill in geometry, treatise on music, and catalogue of the fixed stars. He wrote a treatise on judicial astrology in the Greek language: collecting, from the Chaldeans and Egyptians, such predictions as he found true, and improved from his own experience.—As this book was not intended for novices, his meaning has been frequently misunderstood, but it has been studied with approbation by Regiomontanus (the inventor of decimals), Kepler, Cardan, Friar Bacon, Cornelius Agrippa, Philip

Melanchthon, Dr. Keil, Mr. Dryden the poet, &c. &c. but rejected of late by the mathematicians of Oxford and Cambridge without any experiment!—The author of these few lines is inclined to think that there is some truth in it, and that from experience only; although when it is generally allowed that matter acts upon matter, that even Jupiter alters the position of the earth eight seconds of motion, viz. 3500 miles, while passing one fifth of his orbit; and if the scriptures be true, that there were such things as lunatics, and further, if the physicians of the present day be not very much mistaken, that many diseases are subject to the solar and lunar periods, he hopes there is no need of any further apology for a trial of the truth of astrology on the nativity of Bonaparte, who is acknowledged by all true Englishmen, and the friends of Mr. Pitt in particular, to be their greatest enemy.—From the time given by Bonaparte himself to an astronomer in Corsica (viz. August 15, 1769, at a quarter before ten A.M.) calculations have been made, but as there is a small difference in the manner of calculation, &c. &c. I beg leave to produce mine, which I think is more agreeable to the writings of Ptolemy than any of them.

By only turning the equal time into the solar, and working the directions, I find that at 15 years and 2 months, the Horizon was directed to the trine of Venus in mundo, and the sun to the sextile of Venus in the ecliptic; at this time Bonaparte had an intrigue with a washerwoman's daughter; and a few months afterwards Mars was directed to the sextile of Saturn, and Venus to the opposition of the Moon when he poisoned her with a pill of arsenic and verdigrease. At 20 y. 10 m. part of Fortune to the trine of the Sun, and at 23 y. Sun to the sextile of Venus, and parallel of Jupiter. At these times he was in great repute with those who were disaffected to government; but at 22 y. 10 m. the Moon to the opposition of the Sun, when the disaffected were in jeopardy, he was driven to poverty and disgrace; and the like at 25 y. when the Sun came to the opposition of the Moon, and almost at 26 y. when the part of Fortune came to the square of Saturn, and Horizon to the square of the Sun; but at 26 y. 5 m. the Sun came to the sextile of Jupiter, when he was made General of the armed force of France; soon after, the Horizon to the trine of Venus in the ecliptic, when he married the widow of Beauharnois, who had been a kept mistress to Barras. In his 28th year he had Venus to the parallel of Jupiter, and Moon to the parallel of Venus, shewing success, but the Sun to the body of Saturn shews danger of death.

The Directory, who feared and hated him, being anxious to destroy him (according to Carnot) sent him on that tedious and uncertain expedition to Egypt.

At 29 y. 6 m. the part of Fortune to the square of the Moon, when he was defeated before Acre by Sir Sidney Smith, and all his hopes blasted by the victory of the Nile. At 30 y. 5 m. part of Fortune to the trine of the Sun, and Venus to the body of Mercury, when he was made First Consul. At 31 y. 3 m. the Sun to the trine of the Moon, and soon after Mercury to the sextile of Venus, at this time he was very successful over the Austrians, and likewise in his 33d year, when the Moon came to the trine of Jupiter; but at 33 y. 9 m. the Horizon to the square of Mars, and part of Fortune to the square of the Moon, when the French gunboats were bombarded and obliged to take shelter under their batteries from the attack of the English vessels. At 34 y. 8 m. the Meridian to the body of the Sun, when he was made Emperor of France.

In his 37th year he had the Horizon to the body of Jupiter, shewing the success he had over the Austrians; but the Horizon to the square of Mercury, Venus to the parallel of

Saturn and body of Mars, came up the same year (1805), and shew ill luck, which was verified in that grand victory of Lord Nelson. In the beginning of his 38th year, the Moon to the trine of Venus, and the Horizon to the body of Jupiter in the ecliptic, which point out his success in Prussia and Poland; but the latter end of the year the part of Fortune came to the square of Mercury and square of the Moon, and in the beginning of his 39th year, the Moon to the opposition of Mars; these point to his loss of the Danish fleet, and the emigration of the Portuguese to the Brazils: about the same time the Sun came to the trine of the Moon, and shews his victory over, and friendship with Russia. In his 46th year, viz. 1808 and 1809, Mercury to the sextile of Jupiter, Moon to the parallel of Venus, and Moon to the trine of the Sun; these point out great success, probably the downfall of the Turkish empire, and an end to the Roman Catholic religion.

In his 41st year Saturn and Mercury to the sextile of Venus, these also give him success, and raise his ambition to such an extravagant degree, that the eyes of Europe will be alarmed and no longer duped by his treachery; and

his 12d year, viz. the latter end of 1810 or beginning of 1811, the Sun, which becomes the parallel of the Moon to the parallel of Saturn, and to the sextile of Mars (triple affected). At this time I expect the world will be convinced that he has reigned too long, and his death will be sudden and violent, either by suffocation or drowning.

For the satisfaction of those who wish to be at the trouble of making these calculations, the planets, places, and latitudes are as follow:—  
 ♄ 23. 46. ☊ lat. 0. 3n. ♃ 15. 9 m. 0. 53n. ♌ 12. 32 m. 0. 58n. ☉ 22. 43 n. ♊ 7. 1 ☿ 3. 10s. ♋ 6. 20 n. 0. 30n. ♎ 28. 47. ♏ 2. 59n. Moon's ascending Node 20. 47 ♌. Right ascension of part of Fortune 8. 28. and the right ascension of the Meridian is 110. 30.

The method here taken admits of two kinds of aspects, viz. one in the ecliptic without latitude, and the other in mundo, with the planets' declination and a proportional part of the diurnal and nocturnal arches; and the Meridian and Horizon, as well as the planets, may be directed to both; the modern aspects, viz. semiquadrate, sesquiquadrate, &c. are rejected, because not mentioned by Ptolemy; the imperans and obediens, are equal distances from the tropics without latitude, and the measure of time (contrary to the method used by some of the moderns of reducing the distance by the geometric motion of the sun, but



perfectly agreeable to the doctrine of Ptolemy) is one degree of directional motion for one year. The mundane parallels are equal distances from the Meridian and Horizon; and because when the Sun and Moon are not qualified for being hyleg, Ptolemy takes that planet which has dignities in place of the Sun and Moon (even in case of life and death), I conclude that he directed all the planets for other purposes which were of less importance.

The Sun with Mercury in his own sign Leo, in the tenth house, viz. the house of honour and preferment, and near the cusp of the eleventh house (the house of friendship), shew that the native will arrive to the greatest degree of eminence, and that he will be very skilful and successful in his undertakings; but Mars in the eleventh, and near to the cusp of the twelfth (which is called the evil demon) shews that his successes arise chiefly through treachery. Venus near the cusp of the tenth, in trine to Jupiter in the second (the house of riches), shews that he will become very rich; but Saturn evilly affected, near the Meridian in opposition to the Moon, shews him to be tyrannical, cruel, revengeful, deceitful, ambitious, and destitute of every quality that may be called generous or honest. This position also shews that he will die a violent death, for Ptolemy says, "Saturn posited in most signs, configured to the Moon, will cause death by water, being suffocated and down-

ed;" and there are other testimonies to shew that he will die by slaughter, either civil, hostile, or by himself. As this account seems to agree with the disposition of Bonaparte, and the directions not only point at the time of the principal actions of his life, but also to the nature of those actions according to the rules of astrology; the author thinks that every person who has some knowledge in this science, and others who are impartial, will acknowledge, that there may be some truth in astrology. However, if any person would wish to convince him that there is no truth in it, he must first, as an introduction, deny the perturbations of the planets, and the influence of the Moon on the tides; he must then make calculations himself, and prove from those calculations their disagreement with the accidents of the native's life; and this must be done in several natiivities. But if any persons who do not understand this science pretend to determine the truth or falsehood of it, he thinks he has as much right to laugh at their determinations as much as they may be disposed to laugh at his pretensions who does understand it. And if some mistakes should be made in astrology, that is no reason why the whole should be rejected without a thorough examination; for surely physic is not to be given up because physicians are not always successful.

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## THE WIDOW OF ZEIRA.

AN EASTERN MORAL.

The Caliph, *Hackem*.  
Suleiman, Cadi of Zeira.  
The Widow, an old Woman.

### SCENE THE FIRST.

Suleiman, and the Widow, who is driving an ass.

Suleiman. Am I deceived! How is this, you are in tears! What is the matter, poor woman?

Widow. O! yes, poor woman! You are right to call me so. This ass, these cloaths, and this empty sack, are now all I possess. The Caliph has taken all the rest.

Suleiman. The Caliph?

Widow. Alas! Yes, the Caliph.

Suleiman. In what did your fortune consist?

Widow. It consisted of very little; but that little contented me. Do you see the remains of that farm; it was my inheritance, and had

been that of my parents, and also that of the parents of my husband. It is there that we both first saw the light, it is there that we first knew each other, and both grew up together. What spot witnessed our love and our and for fifteen years our happiness. It was there my husband died in my arms, and in his last moments ordered me never to part with it, but carefully to preserve it for our son, the only pledge of our affection.

Suleiman. But this son, where is he?

Widow. In the army, where he is fighting for the Caliph who has reduced us to this state of misery.

Suleiman. But for what cause then has the Caliph taken your farm?

Widow. To build upon the spot a country-house.

Suleiman. A country house!—(aside) Great

God! he who has so many others! he who has so many pieces of land to erect them on, has robbed this poor woman of the only asylum she possessed! and this merely to have another house!—(Aloud.) The Caliph has doubtless recompensed you for your loss?

*Widow.* Not at all. At first he offered me a small sum; but I refused it, because I would not sell my house, and seeing that he could not buy it, he has now taken it from me.

*Suleiman.* Did you not tell him your reasons? Did you not declare your poverty?

*Widow.* Yes, alas! I wept, I sobbed, I fell at his feet, which I bathed with my tears, and told him all that grief and despair could inspire; and—

*Suleiman.* He did not listen to you?

*Widow.* He did less, he repulsed me.

*Suleiman.* (Aside.) Great God! If thou dost not grant our prayers, thou listenest to them in silence: and he repulses the unfortunate who has claims on his justice and humanity!—Ah! Caliph! Caliph! I do not in this instance recognize the usual goodness of thine heart!—(Aloud.) Poor Woman! confide to my care, for a few moments, your ass and that sack; perhaps my representations may have a better effect than yours. The Caliph honours me with his protection, and I hope—but where is he at present?

*Widow.* On the very spot he has taken from me.

*Suleiman.* Enough.

*Widow.* But of what use will be the ass and the sack?

*Suleiman.* Leave that to me, I tell you. Follow me, but do not show yourself.

SCENE SECOND.

The Caliph, Suleiman, and the Widow, concealed behind the ruins of her Farm, which is demolished.

*Suleiman.* Illustrious father of the believers, you see before you the humblest of your slaves, who is come to kiss the dust of your feet.

*Caliph.* Is it you, Suleiman, you are welcome, I am glad to see you; it is a long time since I had that pleasure.

*Suleiman.* The slave is not deserving of so much kindness from the absolute master of his life and death.

*Caliph.* A man possessed of your talents and probity cannot be too much respected.—But what cause has brought you thither to-day?

*Suleiman.* The desire of paying my court to my sovereign, and—

*Caliph.* And some favour, doubtless to so-

licit; for you are never weary of asking—for others.

*Suleiman.* As your highness is never weary of granting.

*Caliph.* You may have chanced though, of having badly chosen your time to-day; for I am not in a good humour.

*Suleiman.* And what can have occurred to displease the father of the faithful?

*Caliph.* The ridiculous obstinacy of an old mad woman.

*Suleiman.* True, I have just met a poor woman, sinking beneath the weight of years. She wept so bitterly, and her complaints were so affecting, that I could not help taking a great interest in them. She calls herself the owner—

*Caliph.* Of this land, no doubt.

*Suleiman.* You have judged right.

*Caliph.* Suleiman, I prize your person, and I honour your virtues, but I beg you will not interfere in this affair.—I detest her! It is but just she should suffer for her disobedience. Those who do not choose to sell, deserve to lose all. Who then would be commander of the faithful, if the smallest of his wishes were to yield to the obstinacy of the lowest of his subjects, when he has the right of disposing of their riches and their lives.

*Suleiman.* Who doubts that the sovereign master of the world possesses universal sway over the earth; that every thing should be done to anticipate his smallest desires. But you forget that this poor woman asked you a favour, and not the sovereignty of your justice.

*Caliph.* And that favour she shall not obtain; this refusal will serve as a lesson to others. As she chose to refuse my offer, I may, very well, reject her entreaties.

*Suleiman.* True, powerful monarch; but not before having listened to her. She no longer requires the restitution of her habitation; she consents to yield it up to you as it is your wish: what she now asks is so little, that if you knew it, you would regret the time we have employed in speaking of it.

*Caliph.* Well, tell me what she wants?

*Suleiman.* That you would allow me to fill this sack with some of that rubbish, as a remembrance of what she lost.

*Caliph.* Fill a sack with rubbish!—Is it she or you who have lost their senses?

*Suleiman.* Perhaps both of us—only this sack full.

*Caliph.* Take ten, take a thousand, if it please you. There is enough to content you.

*Suleiman.* Many thanks, most gracious Caliph.

*Caliph.* I have determined that very soon this spot shall not be recognized. My palace, supported upon high pillars, shall rise here. That spot shall be occupied by an extensive piece of water which shall reflect all the surrounding objects. There noisy cascades shall fall majestically over an hundred steps of marble. Here a delightful garden shall offer all the riches of spring and autumn, and my eyes shall pleasantly wander over that Jullock, which will be converted into a park, planted with cedars and palm trees.

*Suliman.* (*Still occupied in filling the sack.*) Well! very well, mighty monarch, wonderfully well!

*Caliph.* Don't you think it will be a superb edifice?

*Suliman.* (*Still busy.*) Oh! most certainly, very beautiful—There exists in the empire more than one monument that attests the magnificence and delicacy of your taste—I have now filled my sack; I have only one little favour more to ask.

*Caliph.* Speak, explain yourself: what is it?

*Suliman.* It is that you would deign to assist me to raise this sack, that I may place it on the back of my ass.

*Caliph.* ( *Astonished.*) What! I?

*Suliman.* Yes, yourself, mighty Caliph.

*Caliph.* You are joking; that would scarcely become the least of my servants.

*Suliman.* But it is to me of importance that no one but yourself should render me this service, and I earnestly entreat you not to refuse me.

*Caliph.* It must first be possible; you may easily perceive that this sack is a great deal too heavy for me to lift.

*Suliman.* This sack a great deal too heavy for you, you say—What will it be then, my monarch, on the day when we shall all appear before our sovereign Judge?—What will it be then, when not only this sack, but all this land on which you are going to erect your palace, your gardens, your cascades, your park, and which will be bathed with the tears of the unfortunate, whom you have robbed of it—these will weigh heavier than all the valley of Kafa, whose circumference can contain the whole world?

*Caliph.* (*With severity.*) Suliman!

*Suliman.* I know the risk I run, and what you think—My life is in your hands; you may dispose of it—but then it will not only be the tears of the unhappy widow that will fall and accuse you, my blood will also cry out for vengeance. Now, act as you choose; a single word from your lips can make thousands miserable; yet a day will come when you will be on an equality with the least of them.

*Caliph.* The least of them?

*Suliman.* No, I am wrong; you will be distinguished by your punishments; for the more injustice you shall have committed, the more rigorous shall be your treatment. Each of your subjects will only have to give an account of their actions, whilst you will have to justify your own and all those of your people. If this duty which is imposed on them appears so terrifying, although it be confined within so narrow a circle, what must it appear to the eyes of a sovereign to whom two worlds are devoted?—Now, monarch, erect your palaces, plant your park, plan your gardens; in a word, enjoy yourself quietly, if you can, with the fruits of your oppression; for myself, I have performed my duty, I have spoken; the crime will fall on him who would not hearken to my words. Farewell, and may you forgive my sincerity!

*Caliph.* (*Strongly affected.*) I forgive you!—I should but really fulfil my duty.—First call the Widow, let her approach, and be re-established in all her rights, and to console her for what she has endured, let her instantly be paid double the value of the son, which I restore to her—As for yourself, I have also in my turn a favour to ask.

*Suliman.* My kind master, it is for you to command and your slave to obey.

*Caliph.* In that case I order you always to tell the truth, as you have done this day, and to accept as a recompence the post of my vizir. Alibek retains it no longer. It was he, the pernicious wretch who advised me to commit this act of injustice.

Happy the prince who may be convinced of his faults, but happier still is he who knows how to repair them!

M. T. O. • •

## CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

## THE COUNT D— TO LOUIS.

*Carp, near Mülburg, Sept. 1760.*

ONLY moments for the dear, dear cousin. Ferdinand Duke of Brunswick, and his nephew, the Hereditary Prince, give us such a breathing, that I resemble an Arab, who only knows how to attack, to conquer, or to run away. We are driven from the Rhine to the Weser, from the Weser to the Rhine; and what is the most extraordinary, we at the same time sing couplets in praise of the great king every morning and evening, and curse the man (you know to whom I allude) that compels us to face him at whose side we would much rather conquer. Be you quiet in your college and envy us not. Our whole business is to dance in summer to the infernal music of drums and cannons, and in winter to give balls in our quarters; while, in both instances, the miserable inhabitants are obliged to pay the piper.

That we are unable to tell why we are murdering each other here, is a trifle. Was the cause ever known in similar cases? Our calling is honour (good God), and in winter quarters pleasure; but which frequently appears to me to be another,—I had almost said a more cruel species of murder. You may however assure my excellent Risot, that I take no part in this moral murder, though I do not live like a saint of La Trappe. Men who for eight months have had death before and behind, above, beneath, and on each side of them, and have in prospect eight months more of the same description, wish, during the four winter months to be at least as intimate with pleasure. You peaceful citizens may raise the cup of joy to your lips, set it down again, slowly quaff copious draughts of intoxicating pleasure, and emphatically exclaim "What intemperance!" You may talk! but we—we are obliged to dash to the ground the exhilarating chalice.

But all this is nothing new. After two or three hundred thousand men have been massacred, the parties become tired of the war as they were of peace. At length peace is made, and every thing is again placed *in statu quo*, except a score or two of towns, and a hundred villages burned, and one hundred thousand families reduced to beggary.

I enjoy a good state of health, and as you see, practice the trade of slaughter with a kind

of gaiety; that is, I shut my eyes against its horrors that I may not die of disgust, just as children shut their eyes that they may not see the phantoms of which they are afraid. Meanwhile I sometimes ramble from the beaten track, and look for pleasure where no one else seeks it. Last spring I was quartered in a village near Marburg, and if I am not deceived in my hopes, I shall be there again this winter. I shall then write oftener to you, and concerning myself. A charming girl (her name is Buchner) will then be the subject of my observations and my letters. A love affair proceeds as slowly among the Germans as every thing else,—as the business of their diets. But, on the other hand, they always contract, as they say, a connection for life,—do you see?—and therefore the matter must be conducted with some degree of caution and consideration.

I entered the house, and having taken possession of my apartment, I ran down stairs to pay a visit to my landlady, who is a widow. With her I found this girl, her niece. I was astonished at the loveliness of the young creature, and said so. The niece blushed, and the aunt looked very grave. But what was worse, they avoided me. The devil! thought I, angrily, the people suppose that men of our profession have half a century to spare to establish an acquaintance. I even put this question to the aunt in the most serious manner, and told her that I was sure her niece was afraid of me. She gave me a smile of compassion, and replied in very good French: "as to dangerous, Count, that you certainly are not. We dislike only what you call your *air de pagé*, your *superiorité* in life."

"Do you perceive," said I, laughing, "that you are afraid of us?"

"Not exactly that, Count. What you term your *superiorité*, we Germans call rudeness.—If you would live with us you must conform to our manners."

"Very well!" I replied, "I will engage to live like a counsellor of the imperial court of Wetzlar; but the chamber must not confine herself to her room; otherwise, I tell you plainly, I shall break down the doors to get at her."

"You begin well, Count," said the aunt, laughing, and adding, seriously, "in future my niece shall eat with us; but the first liberty you take, she shall go to Cassel."

Thus, at length, the fair Henrietta again made her appearance, and I found myself quite mistaken with her; my wit, my idleness, my adorations—were all forgotten, of course, and would not pass current here. I wished to polish the girl, and she is worthy of it; but she very frankly acknowledged that she had to instruct me. “He,” said I, in great astonishment. “Yes, you,” she replied seriously. “You have a noble heart, Cleat, and you deserve to be a better man.” I laughed; but such an extraordinary blunder is rare—the girl began to put a cleat over my arm. The poet suggested the possibility of love to the girl, but he forgot his offer as I declared my love to be genuine, and as soon as it might be so, I laughed and cried to him, “But, Cleat,” said I, severely, “you are,” “how do I say?” I could imagine of love or Cleat.” She looked still more. “In Germany, Cleat,” I exclaimed, “you would share the love.”

"Why, yes," said she, with a long, long

the "flood" of cases as a threat to which to respond. The "flood" of cases is not a threat, but a symptom of a problem that is not being addressed. The "flood" of cases is a symptom of a problem that is not being addressed.

[illegible][illegible]

Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the *Agaricus bisporus* spores on the growth of *Aspergillus fumigatus* on the agar surface. The growth of *A. fumigatus* was measured by the diameter of the colonies (mm) after 7 days of incubation at 25°C. The concentration of the *Agaricus bisporus* spores was 10<sup>2</sup>, 10<sup>3</sup>, 10<sup>4</sup>, 10<sup>5</sup>, 10<sup>6</sup>, 10<sup>7</sup>, 10<sup>8</sup>, 10<sup>9</sup> and 10<sup>10</sup> spores/g of agar. The error bars represent the standard deviation of the mean.

[illegible]

In this way, I found we went on every day; Henrietta laughing, and I beguile to follow tremulously and I imagined that her affections were pre-engaged; but no! she was

Δ = ΔXΔYΔZ, 1967, 1971.

perfectly free. In spite of my efforts—and what did I have to do?—I could not gain an inch of ground. Sometimes I conceived my-  
self secure of victory, but, like a stupid blackbird, only subjected myself to fresh ridicule.

This passed two months, which appeared like an eternity, when we received orders to march into duty. My company broke up; my valet brought me my sword and hat; nothing was more unexpected. I went down stairs. "Honneur! What I enter'd the room, I rose up for tea," and said, with seeming gravity, "God bless, Good!"

"We must march," said Myching. "Tomorrow I shall be expected to another kind of march in that direction. I have expected."

"May you grow bolder and protect you, dear Count!" he exclaimed with fervor. "I burned publicly and to see how long her beauty would last."

"Well," said the mother, "and I, too, have  
 a wish to be on your side, you know  
 what I mean?"

"Yes, dear Cousin," said she, looking her brother's feelings in his eyes, "I reflect with pleasure on the days you are gone, but cannot find any shadow of consolation were I to be absent from you for a century, unless I heard that it was the duty for your life."

• When I finished, I was at a moment of complete total bliss, how could I not be?

So, if you're looking for a thrill, a roller coaster ride, a heart-thumping experience, then the games at the casino are the place to go. The games are designed to give you the most exciting and rewarding experience. So, if you're looking for a thrill, a roller coaster ride, a heart-thumping experience, then the games at the casino are the place to go. The games are designed to give you the most exciting and rewarding experience.

Since the 1970s, the world has been experiencing a period of rapid technological change. This has led to a significant increase in the demand for skilled labor, particularly in the fields of science, technology, engineering, and mathematics (STEM). As a result, many countries have implemented policies to encourage students to pursue careers in these fields. One such policy is the provision of financial incentives, such as scholarships and grants, to students who enroll in STEM programs. This paper examines the effectiveness of these incentives in increasing enrollment in STEM programs and discusses the challenges associated with their implementation.

The following are the names of the persons who have been appointed as members of the committee:

Mr. J. H. Smith, Mr. W. L. Jones, Mr. R. M. Brown, Mr. T. A. White, Mr. C. D. Green, Mr. F. G. Black, Mr. E. I. Red, Mr. S. K. Blue, Mr. P. Q. Yellow, Mr. U. V. Purple.

to have had a table

At the end of this trial used to be for cotton  
 (p. 100) that the country, at the  
 end of the trial, the other energy will  
 be the same, as still put to try, and

And he that is full of himself, as many are, shall  
know himself without me, by his behaviour, as  
I have seen many. Some are full of themselves,  
yet will not believe, and tremble at

And I thought I was in my power. I need only to report of it, and I behold the steeples of my village-church, and the trees upon the

4. 2

hill—death which I have more than once been seated by her side. This Henrietta, my friend, would be thought insipid at Paris! Alas! that we—wretched men of rank, are obliged to require more than a heart, understanding, and beauty!

Poh! dear cousin, don't be offended! So near the steep's, at the foot of which resides a charming girl, who melted into tears when a young fool was obliged to take the field: such a scene is so affecting that I shall never hear the last of your banter. In writing we introduce touches of nature before we are aware. These are the consequences of long letters. But so much is true, that in all France there is not a girl whose sensibility and the colour of heroic virtue would become more than Henrietta. With respect to me, you may think as you please; you may even consider me to be a love-sick fool; I shall not take the trouble to contradict you. Salute my mother, and inform her that the war is at an end for this year. Tell my good friend Risot, that my uncle lately proposed me to all the officers as a pattern of morality. He will rejoice at it. I was forced to fight a couple of duels to prove to my comrades that I was not quite such a saint as they supposed. What a stupid world, in which a man is obliged to fight because his morals are pure! The Chevalier—advised me, in order to preserve my character, to appear a few times in public with a *fille de joie*. Such things you see, are done a finger's breadth from the grave. Adieu. You shall soon hear from me again.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

O—, near Marburg, Dec. 1760

As you please, my good cousin. Every one follows his occupation, from the minister to the porter. Do you stick to yours, and insert your witticisms at my expense in the *Mercure*. But that you may know in what important business I am engaged, I will explain it clearly in three words. I am sitting beside Henrietta, and fastening gilded almonds and raisins to a large bush of box-tree, intended as a Christmas present to a little girl of her acquaintance. If this appears ludicrous to you, my very sapient cousin, just turn to our salfirists, and see whether they regard the blue ribbon and the marshal's *baton* which your ambition decrees me, as any thing superior to gilded almonds and raisins. The only difference consists in this, that a child sacrifices nothing at all for its pleasures, that they are not mottled by envy, and that their enjoyment is consequently more pure. Tell the minister, the Duc de —, and every one else

who wishes to know it, that in the humour in which I am at present, I could twist the blue ribbon round the box-bush without a moment's hesitation.

You may say what you will, but Henrietta is right; "woe to the heart which has never felt that all the ribbons, and all the dignities of the earth are of no value." But to proceed.—You wish to know what I am doing, and what I intend to do; for, in your opinion, my letter from O— does not afford room to expect much good. My dear friend, I should wish both of us to know on what footing we stand with each other. Therefore a word or two first on that subject. It would not be difficult for you to interrupt me here in my pleasures. You might cause me to be called home, and if I refused to comply, I need only be put under arrest. You might—I tremble when I reflect on all you might do. Now, you have a will of your own; and I, for my part, am firmly resolved to have one for myself. You shall be acquainted with what I am doing; but now, my dear cousin, let me renew you of our juvenile friendship. You, dear Louis, you I will employ to guard my felicity. On you I can rely. Could you disappoint my most solemn hopes?

I love Henrietta, and she loves me. But I beg of you to consider the word *love*, as signifying the most sacred passion of the human mind, an inexplicable sensation, an irresistible torrent of immortal life which rushes through the soul. I love the dear creature with an affection that appears surprising to myself. How shall I express myself that you may not laugh at me. But laugh as much as you please, I shall never be able to tell you what I feel.

I returned to O—, and she received me with sincere joy. But let me pass over the moments which my depraved heart could still profane! Now commenced a life—O! what may not man become, if he will be only a man! I was inseparable from the girl. When I approached nearer to the magic circle of her virtues—virtues so humble, so unobserved, and yet so sublime: when I first became acquainted with a heart which had never been accustomed to disguise, when I perceived the noble, independent, and delicate sentiments of her mind, which were gradually developed in our winter evenings' conversations, I no longer loved her as before; she was the first female that I respected, and from this respect proceeded, love. I now understood what she told me a year before: "in Germany they love." I loved her without telling her so; she loved me in re-

turn, and yet the word "love" has never escaped our lips.

My education has given me a twofold sense of honour. I am a Frenchman, and never will I bring disgrace upon that name. My mother and Rivot inspired my heart with an aversion to all low vices; I now thank them for it. They make me a good citizen; I hated vice. Henrietta has made me a man; she has taught me to love virtue. You will smile and smile again, but so it is.

What do I intend to do? This singular question I have already asked myself a hundred times without being able to answer it. If I do what I ought—but your concurrence I should expect in vain. Enough of that! The question has long since been answered in my heart, in nature. What I will do is already decided; what I shall, time will shew. Yet in a few months, perhaps, the ball of one of Henrietta's brave countrymen, or an English sabre, will resolve this question to the satisfaction of all; and—what may appear the most extraordinary to you, I frequently look forward with an ardent desire to such a solution of the great question. Meanwhile I am sitting here, preparing a Christmas present for the child; looking every hour at a dress of Brussels point, intended for Henrietta, and asking myself, will it likewise afford her pleasure?

If Henrietta should acquiesce in my intention, it shall be accomplished—do whatever you please. There are countries to which the omnipotent arm of the minister does not reach, and should it even pursue me thither; should persecution there destroy my happiness, still there is a region, beyond whose dark bourn the power of man cannot be extended. There will I seek a refuge. After one hour spent in Henrietta's arms, what then is death!—I write with tears in my eyes, and an irrevocable determination in my heart.

#### THE SAME TO THE SAME.

O—, January, 1761.

You ridicule my conversion, as you express yourself, and request me to include you in my prayers. Dear Louis, what then is this life? Imagine but for a moment the French throne overturned, the order of nobility annihilated; will not the man be still left? If no places, no ribbons, no honours, no governments existed, what would then constitute the felicity of men? The very object of your ridicule—love, domestic happiness. And if these constitute domestic felicity, are they deserving of ridicule? Are the wise men of all nations, the poets and philosophers, all without exception, impu-

dent liars, for having unanimously characterized conjugal and parental affection, innocence and virtue, as the happiness of mankind? Or, is the courtier the only philosopher, that knows wherein human happiness consists—he whose heart is constantly convulsed with envy and jealousy, ambition, and fear—he who has so often resorted to crimes, poison, and the dagger, to lust and servile adulation, as his weapons, and has made them the sources of his felicity?

Only answer these questions. But let me beg you to spare your common-place observations upon honour, family greatness, splendour, ancestry, &c. You charge me with delusion. Granting that it is but delusion, is your felicity any more? Place yourself with the blue ribbon, the marshal's baton, and the Bonbons for your ancestors, among the savages on the Ohio, and you would sigh for all your lofty pretensions for a handful of maize. But transport yourself with a beloved female to whatever clime you please, love will always remain love. If it be delusion, it is the illusion of nature, of heaven, and of my heart, its consequence is virtue, and its reward content. And what then is your greatness? A ribbon, a truncheon, a title, a list of names, to which your ambition and vanity attach an immense consequence. If I be deluded it shall be by nature, happiness, and virtue, because I am a man.

You cannot comprehend how I have been induced to change my principles! Good God! I had been educated in the prejudices of my rank: that is all. I was a young simpleton, a vain fool, who indulged in dreams of ambition, because I was unacquainted with the felicity that is bestowed on man—a blind creature, who had no idea of the light of heaven, and is now endowed with the gift of sight. I open my eyes to its magic influence, gaze around in astonishment, and sink down with transport; and one of my blind associates calls out to me—"Illusion! nothing but illusion!—Why have you abandoned your principles?"—"Because I learned to see."

"A sentimental beauty," you continue, "a pretty girl—fye, what a shame!—has converted you!" I smile. Be it as you say. A falling apple taught Newton the law which impels the worlds in their spheres. Shall we deny its truth because he was taught it by the fall of an apple, and not by the fall of a world? On which side is the truth? that is the only question. What is my intention? you again ask. I intreat you to ask me no more; for, let me tell you, only for the sake of giving you

an answer, I could resolve to do what I have left to time to accomplish. Let peace be made, and then I will reply. Meanwhile, farewell.

RISOT TO THE COUNT D—.

*Paris, Jan. 1761.*

Trembling I take up the pen, my dear Count. Your cousin has shewn me your letters, and has made me the umpire in your dispute; you have no common-place to fear from me; recollect that I educated you, that I loved you, and strove as much as possible to make you a man. You are right upon the whole, dear Count; there is no greater felicity than that which love, domestic pleasures, and virtue procure; and you are already acquainted with my sentiments concerning ancestry and honours. Here however the question does not relate to you, but to the female of whom you are enamoured. In spite of your family you intend to give your hand to the object of your affection; that cannot be done without difficulty, and is perhaps utterly impossible. You have resolved, too, very naturally to wait; but meanwhile you kindle in the heart of the girl a passion of a different nature from yours. Supposing, dear Count, what might easily happen, that while you are waiting, your passion should cool. The prejudices of your youth acquire new vigour, because they are juvenile prejudices: a prejudice which is forcibly suppressed, is not, on that account, extinguished. Believe this from a man who, for twenty years, has been struggling with the superstition of his infancy, without being able entirely to subdue it. As your love becomes colder, your ambition will gain strength. Your love has now gained the victory over your ambition; will not your ambition, then, in its turn, obtain the superiority over your love? You now find motives for silencing all the claims which your family, your country, and your own imagination prefer to you; and then you will not be at a loss for reasons for rejecting those of love and constancy. Believe me, the heart, even of the most virtuous man, is the most arrogant sophist. A man must not, if he can avoid it, undertake any duty which he is incapable of fulfilling; and this would be your case. You were educated in the ideas of ambition; the prejudices of your rank are impressed upon all your thoughts and all your sentiments. At present these prejudices are silent, but they will not always remain so. In this case, only cast your eyes on the girl: she was educated for love, for domestic happiness, and knows no other virtue, no other felicity, than constant affection; and indeed almost the whole sex is educated for

this virtue, this felicity. Examine the register of the unfortunate, who have lost their reason; ambition brought the men, and love reduced the women to that deplorable situation. This is perfectly natural; for, in women, love is the most powerful passion, and in men, ambition. If, therefore, your ambition should be roused; if you should find motives for deserting the girl, and the poor creature, who knows and requires nothing but love, should be obliged to sacrifice the only happiness of her life! O, dear Count! I hope—I know—you shudder at this idea.

I will point out the virtue which reason and humanity demand of you, and for which alone you have—you must have strength. Your passion is yet only in its infancy; you have not yet declared your love to the girl, and it still appears impossible to her that she should ever possess you. Leave her, she will shed tears, but she will not be unhappy; only deception in love is productive of unhappiness. She will forget you, and enjoy felicity on the bosom of a virtuous husband. In your arms she probably would not. Such is the virtue which I, with humility and reason require of you, and for which you must collect all your strength. This is in your power, but not that eternal love, that sacred constancy which this female's happiness would demand. Were you dependent only on yourself, dear Count, I would say to you, "give her your hand and be happy." But this, my dear pupil, is not the case; your ambition will again revive, and rend the heart of your mistress, which you may still save, if you have the courage to be virtuous. If now you possess not strength sufficient to overcome your passion, how will you be able to combat, during your whole life, your ambition, and the prejudices of rank, which will gain ground with each succeeding year? Listen, I intreat you, to the voice of one who loves you, who loves nothing in the world but you. O load not your conscience with the guilt of destroying what you considered the noblest object on earth, the heart, the happiness of this female. Yes, dear Count, I hope to see you. A letter from your mother requests leave of absence for you till the spring. Come to us, I implore you.

Your faithful

RISOT.

THE COUNT D— TO LOUIS.

*Brussels, April, 1761.*

Well, it is over! You have your will! Are you now satisfied? O, I could take the most abandoned prostitute from the street and marry her, to punish you for your cruelty and



myself—And myself! Here I am plunged into the most horrible abyss of misery. If you knew what you have done, as I know what I have done, instead of rejoicing, you would weep. Weep! I say. What had you then in view, with your execrable interference? You have dragged me to Brussels! Here I stop and survey the path I have traversed, dyed with blood, and moistened with tears. You have not yet got me to Paris. Do not triumph too soon!

Now bind the scarf of honour, for which I was obliged to break the most solemn oaths, around my wounded soul. Shall I not behold her sinking down, pale, and dying? Will not this sight for ever haunt me? Ah! my faithful Risot, why did you not say to me, you are a base, contemptible villain! That I am. Tell my mother so, Louis! To this state you have reduced me, I will inform you. It is horrible, horrible!

I received Risot's letter, was half convinced that he was right, and yet staid. I wavered to and fro, and my soul contrived the most detestable of crimes. I was not happy, and never shall be again. Even in the moments of the highest transport, I was not happy; the crime mingled its bitterest wormwood with my joys. Henrietta was mine. Upon my knees, I swore, with a tremulous voice, that she should be eternally mine—swore it by her tears, her affliction, her despair, and with a sincere heart. O how could I so horribly deceive such innocence, such celestial confidence! She pulled down my hair, which I had raised to invoke Heaven, and prayed to the Almighty not to hear my oaths. O, she suspected my crime, and still she loved me. Your letters arrived, and then my guilt commenced. They were soon followed by the letter of the King. My uncle sent for me, and painted in illusive colours the brilliant career into which I should be led by the most horrible perfidy. I threw myself at his feet, and implored him with tears to suffer me to keep my oath; told him that the beloved object was mine, and that I was united to her by a more sacred bond than the church could impose, by the bond of nature. Instead of answering, he read me the King's letter. Unfortunately I durst not oppose the desire of the King; though I had the horrible courage to renounce nature, virtue—to abandon my wife.

The scandalous business was settled. With a placid brow, and a black soul, I returned to Henrietta, and repeated the oath of fidelity, in order to deceive her, and the more securely to strike the death-blow against her open and unsuspecting heart. O infernal torture! those

eyes beaming innocence and confidence through their tars, I met disguised with deceit, falsehood, and affected love:—as a wicked spirit assumes the appearance of an angel of light, before a world replete with happiness and virtue, which he hopes to involve in universal desolation.

Ah, could I but—my mother form such a wish—but let me hasten over the abominable transaction. On the very day when I was to have given her my hand at the altar; on the very day when she had determined to make the most generous sacrifice, and renounce my hand, if she could not render me completely happy; at the very moment when she overwhelmed me with tenderness and magnanimity—while my heart was reat with torture and remorse—the door flew open. My uncle's attendant rushed in, demanded my sword, and informed me that I must instantly accompany him to the head-quarters. Virtue raised a last struggle in my heart: I made a motion to lead myself. La Fosse drew his sword, and the faithful Henrietta placed herself before me. As it had been previously agreed, I surrendered my sword, and with it resigned all sense of honour. My artifices were insufficient, my eyes betrayed my villainy, and my hands trembled. I had no longer the courage to look at Henrietta, but fixed my timid eyes on the floor.

She alternately regarded me and La Fosse. Both of us trembled: she remained composed, grasped my hand, and asked, with a tone that shook my very soul, "Are you deceiving me?" I threw myself down before her, and embraced her knees. She raised my face towards her, looked steadily at me, and abruptly exclaimed, "If I forgive me, God grant that you may never hear of me again!" I sprang up to press her to my heart, my blood now rushed impetuous through every vein, and all the faculties of my soul were endued with omnipotent force. La Fosse tore me from her, and six grenadiers dragged me without mercy into a coach. I heard Henrietta's shrieks; never will they cease to vibrate in my soul!

La Fosse returned my sword in the coach. I trampled upon it, saying with a horrible cessation, "Treason against nature has dishonoured me!"

I was brought with considerable difficulty to the head-quarters. There my uncle ridiculed my folly, and the Duc de — bestowed on me a smile of commiseration. In this manner they overthrew my resolution to return. I was carried like one in a profound sleep to Brussels. Woe to myself and to you!

Is it your wish to cheer, to console me? Is it with this view that you charge me with commissions from the King to the government of Brussels? Let me alone, I intreat you. Ridicule of my misery might easily impel me to seek death, which my soul ardently desires. I have written to the minister that I am not in a situation to accept of any employment. Shall I not lament the loss of my honour, of my virtue, and of Paradise? Is my family offended that I look with anxious solicitude towards that Eden, the entrance of which is closed by an infernal deed of your contrivance? O, smile! but permit the murderer seduced by you to perpetrate the deed,—permit him, at least, to shudder after the crime which he committed without shuddering! I fear a second crime will punish you for the first. My anguish thrusts the avenging sword deeper and deeper into my heart; it must at last reach the seat of my miserable life.

She is gone with her aunt to Cassel, writes La Fosse, who fetched my things from O—. Composed, he adds, and pledges his honour for it. Composed! O if I could believe that! See, Louis, if she were composed, if she were happy, then might misfortune and ignominy attend me the remainder of my life. Composed! Ah! I know her heart. You have murdered her, ye monsters! Murdered! I shudder. Every breeze wafts to me a dying groan, every ray of light appears to be her shade. I cover my pallid face with my hands whenever my door opens. I am afraid lest her spirit should enter, look me in the face, and kindle around me the flames of hell!

Farewell! O God! What have you done! What have I done! Farewell!

[To be concluded in our next.]

## THE MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

[Concluded from Page 225.]

"You can have no difficulty in guessing what this resolution was, as my friend came back to us. He acquainted me with some of the motives by which he was actuated, when he had finished his narrative. 'Shall I,' said he, 'of my own accord desert the second, as I was obliged against my will to forsake the first? Shall I desert this Theresa, if she can resolve to be mine.'

"Such a resolution," interrupted I with vehemence, 'she never can form.'

"Theresa," said he, 'hear me out. I have thoroughly examined my heart. It is love that I still feel for Frederica, but not such love as I must of necessity feel if Frederica was to be made happy through me. It is you, you that I must have for my wife and not her. She too,—depend upon it, for I know her well,—she too will soon learn to do without me, if she can but convince herself that it is not contempt which has withdrawn me from her; and this conviction she will obtain as soon as she reflects a little more calmly on the subject. Believe me, I know her; she will keep her word, be it yes or no. She is proud enough to reject me with obstinacy, if I were even desirous of sacrificing you to her. At any rate, therefore, she is no longer destined for me, and does not stand in the way of my love to you. But I stand in my own way, and

live only for you, Theresa; for without you life would be intolerable. You alone can reconcile me with myself and with my father. If you refuse me I shall abhor my existence, and shall make my exit from life by the first outlet that presents itself. With you I am confident that I shall be able to pacify Frederica; she will be your friend when she learns to know you, and forgive me for your sake. Ah, Theresa! if you would do something to merit heaven, accept my hand!

"He laid his open hand upon my lap, and looked in my face with a countenance from which I was obliged to turn away lest I should forget myself and all the world. I trembled as if ordered to prepare for instant death. I knew what reply I ought to have made, but my lips could not give it utterance. Love, compassion, anger, surprise followed each other with such rapidity in my heart, as to produce an uproar of contending sensations. I rose quite dizzy, and my friend remained sitting motionless as a statue, when his hand fell from my knee.

"Come," said I, 'and conduct me home; you see that I am scarcely able to stand, and cannot give you an answer now.'

"He rose, and with faltering step advanced to me. Again he offered me his hand. 'You cannot give me an answer?' said he; 'and

can you be so cruel as to let this hand fall again? Save me, Theresa, before we part.'

"We shall not part to-day," said I; "and now give me your hand not to act till you have heard all I have to say, in the same manner as I have listened to your story."

"I grasped his hand, took him by the arm, and exhausted as I was, rather drew him along with me than was conducted by him. My silence seemed to inspire him with hope; I allowed him to indulge this hope, little as I was inclined to fulfil it; and it was not till I was alone in my room that I was aware of the distance of the leap which I was now obliged to venture either to the one side or the other."

"Could I, whom my friend once denominated the more worthy, could I do less than the deserted Frederica, who gave way for me? Can I, said I to myself, can I behold an innocent sacrifice bleeding on the altar of my happiness? The happiness which I want, my friend should not only confer, but he should confer it with a willing and an innocent heart. But can I accept the gift of a wounded conscience? If my society takes off the acuteness of his feelings, ought that to satisfy me? And how long would this insensibility continue? He would soon awake; he would start from himself with horror; he would endeavour to conceal his sensations from me, and for this very reason he would be still more miserable. The sweetest enjoyment which I anticipated from a connection with him, the consciousness of the most intimate union of hearts, and the most unshaken confidence, would be irretrievably lost. He, to whom I was attached, he could no longer make me happy."

"Amid these reflections burning tears trickled down my cheeks. The conviction that I too could no longer make him happy, did not give me half so much pain."

"I now began to consider the other side of the subject. What was to become of me, if I renounced my friend, was my least concern; but what was to become of him?"

"Here all my thoughts were at a stand. I could not doubt his being capable of executing his threat against himself. His philosophy allowed him the right of taking away his life; we had often disputed on the subject. And if, through my hesitation, I should be the cause of his death—the very idea was enough to chill me with horror."

"I reflected again; but was totally at a loss what to do. All at once the maxim of the great King of Prussia came into my mind, and I exclaimed to myself, 'To gain time is to gain every thing.' I was filled with unusual resolution, and felt myself encouraged

to take the threads of fate into my own hands."

Incapable of immediately devising a method of setting my friend at ease, I seated myself beside him at supper with as much confidence as though I had discovered one. He paid great attention to all that I said or did. Unperceived I pressed his hand; and as soon as we rose from table I retired in haste to my room. I was too much exhausted to dissemble any longer, and by tears I was obliged to procure myself relief. Unable to close my eyes, I ruminated all night on the step I ought to take, and at length resolved to write to Frederica. For the execution of this design more time still was necessary."

"Next morning I invited my friend to take a turn with me in the garden. Every opportunity was afforded us of being alone together, because it was conjectured that we had quarreled and were desirous of effecting a reconciliation. I told him that his serious proposal would have come unexpectedly even if he had offered me a heart that was perfectly free; still less could I give him immediately a decisive answer, in the present situation of things: that he should give me time for consideration, which the most rigid fathers were not accustomed to refuse their refractory children; that to love a man and to have no objection to marry him, were not in my opinion one and the same thing, as most females were disposed to believe; that I, at least, could not make up my mind to marry any man who should not find through me that happiness which he sought and required."

"This address produced on his side protestations and asseverations which did not surprise me. I did not contradict him; but I took advantage of the opportunity to demand a convincing proof of his love; and this was, that he should spend at least a month with us without pressing me for a final answer. It was not without difficulty that I prevailed on him to agree to these terms. Having settled this point, I made farther enquiry respecting the family of Frederica, and learned what I wanted to know. Not with a light heart, but with the appearance of unanimity we rejoined the company."

"I shall not detain you with the particulars of my plan, the object of which was nothing less than to re-unite my friend with his Frederica. By a correspondence which I commenced with her, I became acquainted with one of the few whom I love in the strictest sense as my equal. I was flattered to think that even such a person would be obliged to yield the precedence to me, if my friend should

follow his own inclination; I persuaded myself, because I knew his attachment to all that was good and fair, that nothing could have induced him to forsake such a female but a passion which raised my image to a higher place in his imagination than it deserved to hold. The value of the sacrifice which he made for my sake was a precious proof of his love. This proof came very seasonably to raise my spirits; but I found myself unprovokedly called upon to make amends for an injustice which my friend had committed for my sake, so that there was no merit in the execution of my design. If I accepted my friend's hand, I should by so doing have degraded myself in his eyes from the eminence on which he had placed me above another whom he abandoned only because he had raised me so high: I was therefore obliged to renounce him, because he would be obliged to renounce me as soon as I should be his. All these motives for the resolution I had taken, I explained to Frederica. My friend never suspected that his forsaken mistress and I were disputing which of the two should relinquish her claim to the other. This dispute terminated in a compromise. We agreed, in order to punish him for his injustice, to us both, to make him be content as a bachelor with our friendship; but if one of us should die before the other, he should engage to offer his hand to the survivor, who should accept it without hesitation.

"When our treaty was concluded, I submitted it to my friend, together with the whole correspondence which had occasioned it. He stood as if petrified. I was obliged to read to him the passages relating to this subject; for he could not of himself come to the end of it from the letters. As soon as he had collected himself, he inundated me with such a torrent of eloquence, as I should have been unable to check, had I attempted to oppose my conclusions to his; but I left his objections unsuited, and apperched to my feelings. I told him, that if he refused to enter into the proposed agreement, and would not solemnly promise to comply with the terms prescribed in it, all the respect which I felt for him would be irretrievably lost. I had no occasion to adduce any arguments, to prove that I should cease to love whenever I ceased to respect him. He again sought excuses, but I refused to listen to any. At length he begged time to consider, and I gave him three days. At the expiration of these three days, which, with all their pangs, were some of the most delicious of my life, we renewed our dispute, each urg-

ing the old arguments over again. He absolutely refused to comply. I immediately assumed a different tone with him; as much cordiality and warmth of affection I had shown for him in these last three days, with much coldness, and perhaps contempt, did I now dismiss him. I was not afraid that in this state he would lay violent hands on himself. In four twelve hours had I paid his return, like a penitent, perfectly resigned to do whatever I should think fit to enjoin. I obliged him to take care to fulfil the conditions of our agreement.

"So far I had dangerously and successfully accomplished my business. My friend and Frederica, to whom I could not give the same implication, imagined that it was completed; but what a burrowing job would it then have been! a mere tissue of illusions, which would have dropped to pieces of itself. How could my friend, if he actually felt for me something more than the attachment of friendship, continue to see me so often and keep his word? And what should I have gained had Frederica, whose respect I would not have forfeited upon any account, beheld me in a capital other world? But I was able to keep the secret as the period of the fulfilment of my secret wishes? Once more I expected to myself that my friend never could be my husband, and have tried to complete the work I had begun."

"It happened, fortunately for the execution of my plans, that my cousin, of himself, conceived the idea of declaring me of age, though I was not quite twenty. I came, in consequence, into the world, but got rid of a name which was not in my favour. Through the medium of an acquaintance, I found no difficulty in borrowing, upon the security of my estates, a sum sufficient to maintain me as long as I lived. This money I turned by degrees into bills of exchange. While I was silently transacting this business, I was not less secretly engaged in trying the fidelity of the only person on whom I thought I could venture to rely. This was an old servant of my father's, by birth a Swiss, the same who now performs the office of porter at my gate, and would not change it for any more easy duty. I discovered that I could rely as firmly on his attachment as on his service. I easily brought him over to my interest, telling him that private reasons obliged me, unknown to my family or any other human creature, to make a journey alone into Switzerland, his native country. It never entered the head of any person in our house that I was preparing

for flight. My friend still remained with us, and hoped by his reiterated intreaties to procure his release from what he termed the most unnatural and bootless of all vows. Instead of an answer, I gave him unbidden proofs of my affection. I was desirous of feeling till the very last moment that he was mine.

“My faithful Swiss had contrived matters so well, that I could set off as soon as I pleased. I crept round the brink of the abyss which I had dug for myself, and when I had looked down it till I was dizzy, I clung to my friend to keep myself from falling. At length the letters which I intended to leave behind were written, and the carriage was appointed for my flight. The letters contained falsehoods; but truth had forsaken me when I had need of her assistance. I wished to persuade my friend and my family that I had drowned myself in the Danube. By this delusion, I hoped to restore the lover of two mistresses to the object of his first affection, to whom, conformably with his oath, he would after my death exclusively belong.

“It was a serene evening, in the month of August, I had not lost sight of my friend the whole day. For the first time, I made an appointment to meet him after supper in the park. He was transported with joy and surprise. My guardian was gone to town; and my brother, with an old aunt, formed the whole of the company besides ourselves. We separated as soon as we rose from table, my friend going as he said to take a turn in the park, while I went to my room. Here I found my old Swiss, to whom I delivered my jewel-box. Some indispensable articles of dress, and such papers, books, music, and other things as I wished to take with me for keep sakes, had been removed at different times by the same faithful attendant. The greatest part of my property I carried in bills in my pocket. I then laid the letters which I had written to leave behind me, on my desk, and hastened down stairs into the garden, where my friend was waiting for me.

“I embraced him for the last time. Had he known why my tears trickled upon his cheeks, he would not have paid such ready obedience to my commands when I bade him go, upon the pretext that we might not be seen to return together. I called after him, “Adieu.” He was coming back, but I beckoned to him to hasten to the house, and he disappeared.

“I ran down the terrace, threw my hat and pocket-handkerchief on the bank of the Danube, and then hurried breathless and half dead to the spot where the coach ordered by

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my Swiss from Augsburg, was waiting for me. I got into it: the coachman, who knew nothing of my name or residence, drove along at a rapid rate. My lot was decided, and I was now in the hands of fate.

“I shall say nothing more concerning my feelings on this occasion. I staid at Augsburg one day under an assumed name, and procured cash for some of my bills, in the name of a third fictitious person, to whom they would appear to have been paid away. My Swiss transacted all my business, so that I had no occasion to show myself. At Augsburg I took post horses, and proceeded with all possible expedition, first to Schaffhausen, and then through Switzerland to Geneva. Concealed by my black veil, I was nowhere recognized. At Geneva I was told by a maid whom I had hired at Augsburg, the history of an unfortunate girl, who had thrown herself into the Rhene, out of despair, because she had been forsaken by her lover, and had to her sorrow been rescued from a watery grave. She was poor, but as I was informed, possessed a superior understanding, and polished manners. I succeeded in forming an acquaintance with this girl, and in her I made the acquisition of my Leonora. Through her I maintained so much connection with the world as was necessary for purchasing this old mansion, which just then happened to be offered for sale. For two years I have been buried in this sequestered spot; and would you believe, that during these two years, I have not made one single attempt to obtain any intelligence of my friend, for fear of defeating the object of my seclusion? My Swiss, who will certainly not betray me, while I have him under my eye, might perhaps be of a different way of thinking, if he should again see any of my family. But I confess to you, that I can scarcely endure this state of uncertainty, which every day becomes more and more oppressive. I appear to myself like a ghost stalking over the tombs of the departed, and only live in hope that I shall soon be no more. Could I be persuaded that I had sacrificed myself like a romantic simpleton, without occasion or benefit, I should perhaps arrive earlier at the goal. But I cannot help thinking that there was something more than enthusiasm in what I did and in what I suffered.”

The recluse, fatigued with her narrative, sunk back in her chair. The stranger fell upon her neck, and both clasped each other in a cordial embrace.

“No,” exclaimed the stranger; “you must no longer live in hope that you shall soon be no more: you must indulge more pleasing

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expectations: you will again be happy, and so shall I with you."

The recluse raised herself, and exclaimed with emotion: "You with me! Are then our destinies united?"

"Our hearts at least are," replied the stranger, "and our destinies have been governed by our hearts. All that can be interesting to you in my history, you shall be made acquainted with. But for important reasons, I should not wish to break off my narrative; and before I can bring it to a conclusion, I must have a letter, which I am in daily expectation of receiving. I have already given orders for it to be forwarded to this place. Will you permit me to remain with you till then?"

"My friend," said the recluse, with an anxious look and significant tone—"My friend, you know me at least by name. Confess only that you know me, and intend—but no, it cannot be—O, if you should be capable of betraying me!"

The stranger turned away from her. "If I deserve such a suspicion, you will do well to send me from your house this very day."

Fresh protestations of confidence, and affection succeeded; but neither the recluse nor the stranger could conceal the uneasiness which they felt from that moment, whenever their eyes met each other. The stranger declared that the expected letter could not fail to arrive in a very few days, and the recluse was unable to comprehend why the mystery which this letter was to explain could not be mentioned as such, before its arrival.

In this manner two days passed away. They were just going to sit down to dinner, when a message was sent in that a coach and four had stopped at the gate, and a strange gentleman requested to speak with the mistress of the house.

The recluse turned her eyes flashing indignation towards the stranger. The latter sprang up, and triumphantly exclaimed, "It is he! It is he! My brother! My brother! Open the gate immediately! I will conduct him in!"

"Not so fast!" exclaimed the recluse, pale and trembling, and holding the stranger by the arm. "Have you a right to make this return for my hospitality?"

"Yes, that I have; a sacred, an incontestable right. We are happy; you my friend, and I with you—I, your sister, whom you have saved! Your Frederica!"

The stranger had scarcely uttered these words, when the recluse sunk senseless into her arms. The whole house was thrown into consternation: the stranger sent once more,

requesting to be admitted as soon as possible. Leonora, who had hastened to the room on the first alarm, ran with loud lamentations to seek the means of recovering her mistress. The domestics refused to obey Frederica's orders, till the recluse had so far come to herself as to be able to direct the gate to be opened for the stranger.

It was again Frederica, the same Frederica who had made so great a sacrifice in behalf of the recluse, who now supported her in her arms, when the stranger entered, and this stranger was no other than the oft-mentioned friend of the mistress of the mansion.

The recluse, scarcely breathing in the arms of her friend, was unable to comprehend his meaning, and could hardly trust her half-recovered senses, when she heard him call Frederica sister. "How is it possible?" was her only question, which we shall proceed to answer, for the satisfaction of the reader.

The father of Belmont, for so we shall call Theresa's friend, as his family name cannot be material to this history—had not, with all his pompous etiquette, been sufficiently master of himself to suppress an illicit passion for Frederica's mother. His unhappy love was returned, and Frederica was undoubtedly his daughter. Her face alone would have proved this, had not a resemblance, which, at first occasioned much conversation, been explained away by her mother as a family likeness; for Frederica's mother was the daughter of the great aunt of the man whom Frederica so strongly resembled. Whether the public was satisfied with this genealogical elucidation, we cannot decide. Belmont's father had resolved to leave behind him in writing, at his death, that secret, which while living he could never resolve to pronounce. It was contained in the packet which he once delivered to his son, from whom, on his recovery, he had again received it.

Theresa's flight, had, as every body but Theresa could have predicted, by no means answered the purpose she intended. It was but for a very short time that she was supposed to be dead. The statement of the merchant at Augsburg, of whom she had procured cash for her bills of exchange, induced her friend to seek her among the living; but false reports led him about two years to places where she was not to be found. For the recovery of his impaired health, he had gone to the Hieres islands, near Marseilles. Meanwhile, his father was attacked with a disease which proved fatal, and at his death bequeathed the important packet to Frederica. As soon as Frederica had recovered from the surprise,

which this piece of intelligence excited, she set out in company of her mother, in quest of Belmont. From Bern, where her mother resolved to rest herself, she proceeded alone with other servants who understood the French language, and assumed the name of Madame Friedberg, for fear Belmont should hear of her coming, and avoid her. When chance had united her with Theresa, she determined not to discover herself till her brother's arrival, lest the incredulous enthusiast should again tie the knot that was now unloosed: and besides, who would not wish in such cases to confer the joy of surprise?

That, after Belmont's arrival, the retreat of his Theresa contained two happy mortals,

who could scarcely have found their equals on the whole surface of the earth, is another of those facts which may be best described with a single stroke. Frederica's heart gradually ceased to bleed, she learned to bring her desires into subjection to the commands of nature. An ample gratuity requited the little hostess, whose officious kindness had accelerated the adjustment of so many disharmonies.

At Lyons, Belmont received at the altar the hand of his Theresa. Both continued a few months longer at the hermitage, and then returned to Germany to enjoy those realities on which they had so long feasted in imagination.

## THE PRINCE OF CARIZIME, AND THE PRINCESS OF GEORGIA.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

[Continued from Page 224.]

HAVING at length disengaged himself from the bonds by which he was confined, Razimir endeavoured to explore his dismal habitation. At first the darkness struck him with horror: but suddenly his eyes were dazzled by a light which seemed to approach him. Agitated between hope and fear, he stopped, and fancied he beheld at a distance a woman covered with a shroud, and holding a lighted taper in her hand. He instantly walked, or rather flew towards her, but the noise he made seemed to terrify the figure, who immediately let fall the taper, which went out, and he was once more buried in total darkness. "O, Heavens!" he exclaimed, "could I have been deceived? Could that light which just now struck my sight have been only an illusion? Alas! I fear it was, and that this faint hope was only the effect of my disturbed imagination, a hope which I must no longer entertain!"

Scarcely had he concluded, when he heard a voice at some distance, "What an unforeseen event! What have I heard? Has Heaven then taken pity on my misfortune? O you whose complaints have echoed through this gloomy vault, who are you? Who has sent you hither? Is it to save me from the most dreadful of deaths, or to aggravate my woes? A fate perhaps similar to your's, has driven me ashore on this island; and I am going to perish the unhappy victim of the barbarous customs of its inhabitants. The only son of the King of Carizime, I was born to inherit a

throne; but that fate which pursues me——"  
"You, son of the King of Carizime!" hastily interrupted the voice. "Oh, Prince! you know not what hope your words have given me. No, I can no longer doubt it; it is you who are destined to rescue me from that death which was about to suffer. It is to you that I shall owe my life. Guardian angel, what rights will you acquire to my everlasting gratitude. Alas! I have but one way of repaying you, and I will not hesitate to adopt it. Yes, Prince, I solemnly swear by Mahomet, that only the gift of my hand can recompence such a service: well, Prince, it is yours, and I again declare that I never will wed any other but the Prince of Carizime." "Madam," replied the Prince, somewhat astonished at so prompt a resolution, "you do me much honour, but you are rather hasty; reflect, if you please, that we have not yet beheld each other; that you know who I am, but that I am yet ignorant of your name, and that whatever hope you and I may have of leaving this place, and however painful it may be to be buried alive at seventeen, I cannot conceal from you, that if you resemble my late wife, who was daughter to the King of the Samsads, I would die a thousand deaths rather than wed you." "Oh, how this resolution charms me!" exclaimed the lady: "and how much it coincides with my own feelings. Be easy, Prince, I am not a Samsad: I have just completed my third lustre, and if I may believe what has perhaps but too often been repeated to me, the sight

of me will excite in your breast neither the dislike nor disgust which you experienced for your first wife." Whilst saying this, she drew from beneath her covering a little phial of phosphorus, by the assistance of which she lighted her taper, that had been extinguished when the Prince first rushed towards her. Razimir now looked up and beheld the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, and exclaimed with transport, "What divine charms! Surely Nature never before formed any thing half so lovely. What grace! what beauty! Am I awake, or am I under the influence of a dream? Kind Heaven, is it a favour which I owe to thy bounty, or an illusion which thou spreadest over my senses?" "No, Prince, nothing can be more real than my existence, and nothing would have been more dreadful than my fate, had I not met you. I am called Dilaram, and am daughter to the King of Georgia; you shall one day know by what accident I was cast on this island: you will for the present be satisfied with learning, that scarcely had I arrived in this abundant country, when a Prince of the blood royal fell desperately in love with me. I was just on the point of being devoured by the Samsards, when opposing their fury, he declared himself my defender; but as a recompence for the service he thought he had rendered me in preserving my life, he insisted that I should become his wife. At fifteen, we are very unwilling to leave the world! However terrific the appearance of my deliverer, and notwithstanding the horror with which his hideous figure filled my heart, yet secret presentiment, a hope that my destiny might in time prove happier, induced me to marry him. I spent but a short time under the laws of this unnatural union, as my husband was taken ill and died; and yesterday, according to the custom of this country, I followed him into the grave. But before my interment, I took the precaution of concealing beneath my shroud this phial of phosphorus, some matches, and a taper. Scarcely had I descended into the vault, and found that the entrance was closed, when I got out of my coffin, and lighted my taper. I cannot say that this dreadful spot inspired me with the horror you would have supposed; persuaded that Heaven would not allow me to perish, my heart was filled with a confidence, the cause of which I could not define. I explored carefully this inclosure, and under that vault which you may see at a distance, I discovered an enormous stone, I approached it. Judge of my surprise, when I perceived an inscription on it, in which my name was mentioned. Only come, Prince, read and be convinced

that Heaven has not forsaken us." The Prince approached, and read the following words:—"When the Prince of Carizime and the Princess of Georgia are here, let them raise this stone, descend the staircase which they will find, and pursue the path which terminates it."

"Alas! Madam," said the Prince, "an hundred men could not raise this stone, how then can we hope to succeed?" "Prince," replied the Princess, "doubtless a superior power protects us; let us obey, and leave the rest to him." Razimir now returned the taper to Dilaram, and endeavoured to raise the stone. His efforts were fruitless, but soon it rose of itself, and displayed to their sight the staircase which the inscription had announced. They were more than an hour in descending it; at length it terminated in another subterraneous vault of immense magnitude, and which led them to the entrance of a cave, whence they perceived an extensive country bounded by a rapid stream. Like good Mohammedans, their first care was to return thanks to Heaven for the protection they had experienced, and express the gratitude which they felt at once more beholding the light of day. Having arrived on the banks of the river, they found a small bark without oars, or sailors, but nevertheless they entered it with confidence.

"Come, come," interrupted the King of Persia, "you are going to send them again among the Samsards, this will not do."—"Pardon me, Sir," replied the vizir. "The boat glided gently with the current, and after a pleasant voyage, in which they experienced no dangers, it stopped beside some steep rocks. Here they went on shore, in hopes of finding a path by which they might enter the country, but after a long and fruitless search, were obliged to return, intending to re-embark, and to proceed further until the course of the stream should lead them to a better landing place; but to their astonishment, their boat had disappeared, and they vainly sought to catch a glimpse of her. They now began to lose all hope, and feeling the pangs of hunger, they regretted the bread they had left behind them in the subterraneous vault, in the island of the Samsards; but we cannot foresee all things. While they were abandoning themselves to these melancholy reflections, and death was in a manner staring them in the face, a slight noise made them raise their eyes, and they perceived a very large bird, of an unknown form, coming out of a hollow in the rock. The Prince's first impulse was to approach, and he found some line and nets which had



probably been left by fishermen. This discovery raised their sinking hopes; Razimir joined them together, and formed a kind of ladder, to which he fastened two grappling irons, which he had fortunately found in the boat, and threw it with all his strength to the top of the rock; it stuck fast, and our travellers reached the top with a little difficulty.

They now perceived an extensive plain, in the centre of which rose a palace of the most exquisite beauty: they approached it, and beheld on the door several hieroglyphics, with this Arabic inscription:—"O you who are desirous of entering this magnificent palace, stop, and learn that you cannot pass the threshold before you have immolated at the door an animal with eight feet."

"Aziz's fresh obstacles," exclaimed the weeping Deleghon. "Unhappily," replied the Prince, "it is one is of a nature which we cannot hope to overcome." "O my father!" rejoined Palarany, sighing deeply; "how must you reproach yourself?" "How is this?" inquired Razimir. "I will tell you, Prince," replied Palarany. "I was educated in the palace of the King of Georgia, with all the care and tenderness that a father can bestow on a beloved child, and in all the pomp and luxury befitting one of the most powerful monarchs on the earth. A young Prince who was related to our Lord, conceived for me a passion, which was inimical to his repose, and in which the frequent opportunities we had of seeing each other, caused me to take but too lively an interest for my happiness. He loved me, and I began to return his affection, when an ambassador from a neighbouring King arrived at my father's court, accompanied by a splendid retinue, to demand my hand for the King, his master. My father thought a refusal would not only be attended with danger, but that the state could not fail to derive many valuable advantages from this alliance: He accordingly consented, and ordered me to prepare to go back with the ambassador. The young Prince, my lover, was so much shocked at this resolution, that he was taken very ill, and expired before my departure. The grief I felt at his loss, gave rise to one reason to suppose that he had not been indifferent to me. We embarked for the harbour of my intended husband; but suddenly a furious tempest arose, which spread such consternation and dismay among our sailors, that finding all their efforts useless, they abandoned the ship to the mercy of the waves, which threw us on the island of the Samandis."

The noise of our arrival drew these monsters around us, and making the air echo with

their horrid howlings, they seized me and all my retinue. O, Prince! what horror took possession of me when I beheld the ambassador and all his suite devoured before me! I expected to experience a similar treatment, when a nobleman—"Stop, madam," said Razimir, hastily interrupting the Princess of Georgia, "do not move, I see a spider on your handkerchief." Palarany trembled, hastily arose; the spider fell to the ground, and Razimir crushed it with his foot.

The moment he had killed it a loud noise was heard from the palace, the door of which opened of itself. Astonished at this unexpected event, they looked at each other, and concluded that the spider must have had eight feet, and that it must be then, and whose sacrifice was ordered in the inscription. They now directed their steps towards the palace. It was surmounted with a dome of crystal; they entered, and traversed several chambers without meeting any one. At length they came to a magnificent apartment, where they beheld, reclining on a sofa, an old man, who had on his head a crown of emeralds. His white beard, which descended to his waist, was only composed of six long hairs placed at equal distance from each other; he had for mustaches three hairs on each side, which united round his chin, mixed with his beard; but what appeared no less extraordinary was, that his nails were at least a yard in length.

"We are," said Razimir, addressing him, "two unfortunate travellers who have been cruelly tormented by events which would be too tedious to relate to you"—"and so much the better," said the King of Persia, interrupting his vizir, "I was terribly afflicted he was going to give an account of all that we already know."

"I am," continued Razimir, "son to the King of Carizme, and this fair Princess who accompanies me, owes her birth to the King of Georgia; we implore you to grant us an asylum, at least for a few days, that we may be able to recover from our fatigues"—"Most willingly," replied the old man, "as you are the children of kings, and have a right to demand enough to penetrate into this palace, you are at liberty to remain in it for some time; but if you will settle here with me, you shall enjoy eternal happiness: and death, to which all mortals are subject, will respect you. These others, I have been a king in my time, and reigned over China. You may judge by my beard and the length of my nails that I was not born yesterday; for a long time I studied men, their vices, their propensities, their way of thinking, their morals, their hypocrisy,

their selfishness, and the little tendency they have to do good; I became weary of living among them, and still more so of governing them. One fine night I took it into my head to leave them, and came and fixed my residence here in this desert. I possessed the science of Melchisedech, and, as a magician, had several genii at my command. I ordered them to build this palace; for more than a thousand years I have inhabited it, and I propose to remain here to all eternity. Impertinence and envy can do nothing to offend me. I have but one enemy, which is *ennui*; but I take every precaution to overcome him, and I have hitherto but slightly felt his attacks."

The Prince and Princess received with much gratitude the old King's offer, and resolved to remain with him. He now asked them whether they would not take some refreshment, which they gladly accepted, and did not conceal from him that they had not taken any food for nearly two days, and were in the greatest want. The old King immediately took up a little instrument, which he had beside him, in the form of a rustic pipe, and began to play a lively air, which in any other situation would have afforded our travellers much entertainment. This was the manner the King of China used to call the genii who were at his service. Scarcely had he begun when the genii appeared and served up a most magnificent repast. The Prince and Princess amply made up for the fast they had been compelled to observe; the dishes were excellent, and the wine, which was served up in goblets of rock crystal, was excellent. The King, the length of whose nails would not allow him to make use of his hand, had nothing to do but to open his mouth; and two genii alternately, gave him meat and drink. When the repast was ended, the King asked his visitors whether they were married, and on hearing that they were not, he said, "you are young and amiable you cannot have travelled so far, and experienced together so many dangers, without having taken a liking to each other; by plighting your faith to one another you may insure yourselves the most agreeable destiny."

The Prince and Princess, who had already sworn to each other eternal affection, renewed their vows, and were married in the presence of his Chinese majesty, who was, so that their nuptials should be celebrated with all the pomp imaginable. Never before were such brilliant entertainments seen in any part of the world: the genii under the King of China's dominion multiplied them without end, and each day was productive of something new.

Nothing was now wanting to complete the

happiness of our royal pair, but an heir. Their wishes were, however, soon accomplished, for Dilaram in proper time became the mother of two beautiful little Princes; she resolved to nurse them herself, and brought them up with the utmost tenderness till they had reached their sixth year, when the King of China, who loved them as if he had been their father, selected from among his dependent genii, the one he thought most competent to finish their education.

One of the greatest misfortunes of men is, that they are never satisfied with the situation in which heaven has placed them: the desire of being where we are not, and possessing what we have not, is so strong that we are insensible to the advantages we enjoy and seek others which we cannot taste. We must, however, acknowledge that the motives which induced Dilaram to wish to abandon the delightful abode were deserving of praise, and your majesty will doubtless approve them. This princess, who had for some time appeared dejected, said one day to Razimir, "O, my friend! I can no longer conceal from you the *ennui* which incessantly pursues me in every part of this magnificent palace; however wonderful are the objects which surround us, yet their uniformity fatigues me; their enjoyment without any obstacle, divests them of every charm, satiety brings disgust; and when I reflect that all these comforts, which at first appeared to us so precious, are to last for ever, languor takes possession of my soul, I shudder, and must acknowledge that I experience the greatest disgust of every thing that would rob the happiness of any other mortal."

"Another wish," continued the Princess, "is also added to what I experience; I burn with the desire of seeing my father, notwithstanding the rigour with which he treated me, in sacrificing me to the interest of his state; yet I still love him with unabated affection; and it would be the summit of earthly felicity to me to see him once more, and to throw myself into his arms, if the grief of losing me has not deprived him of life."

"The good lady remembers this rather late I think" said the King of Persia, "but never mind; go on; for I see they are going to run into some other folly."

"My beloved Princess," replied Razimir, "I have found no other happiness in the immortality which is promised us, than the delight of being always with you, and of loving you to all eternity. My wish is as strong as yours to see my father the powerful King of Carizme, whose remembrance is so dear to my heart; and often causes my tears to flow. But how can

we return to Georgia? how announce our departure to this venerable and generous old man, who has received us with so much kindness, and loaded us with his bounty? habits at his age become a necessity: would not our leaving him be a mark of ingratitude?"

"Ah, my friend!" replied Dilaram, "do we owe nothing to those who gave us birth? Besides cannot we find some method of softening the grief which the good King of China may feel at our departure? Will it not be possible to persuade him that we only leave him for a

time, to perform a duty, and that we have no intention of quitting him for ever?" Razimir knew not how to resist the wishes of his adored wife. His too great compliance proved fatal. Surely an attachment, which is in other respects praise worthy, should not make us deaf to the laws of reason; a blind confidence placed in a beloved object, may often be productive of great misfortunes.

"This reflection was certainly very useless," said the Queen. "I pray proceed."

[To be closed in our next.]

## ANALYSIS

OF

## THE EARLY PART OF THE REIGN OF JAMES THE SECOND;

BY THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

THERE have been few works, for many years, which have excited greater curiosity than the present; a curiosity which arose, perhaps, more from the circumstances and character of its author, than from any thing of intrinsic interest in the subject chosen for his history.

In truth, the history of James the Second, neither required, nor perhaps admitted much of novelty or illustration.\* But it must be confessed that there was an interest universally excited, to observe Mr. Fox stepping upon the stage of literature in the character of an author; to admire the great champion of Whig politics in a new career, the most appropriate perhaps for the genius of a statesman and a political philosopher of any in the whole republic of letters.

The work before us, (exclusive of a chapter of Preface, by far the best executed part of the work) comprehends, in the way of strict history, little more than *five months* of the reign of James the Second.

Our purpose is not to give a formal criticism of the work, or to examine it with the leisure and gravity of a professed critic; we shall make an analysis of it, expound its plan and branches, and submit to our readers specimens of style and execution, borrowed from the most striking parts; at the same time

\* It was a subject upon which prejudice and faction had written their pens to the stumps, and on which history had said all that was worth saying.

candour obliges us to confess, that it is not a work which was expected from the genius and learning of Mr. Fox. It is the performance, at least such are its visible characteristics, of a man named in literature. It has neither a style nor dignity of narration suitable to history. The facts are doubtless sincere; and the merit of blunt truth it may perhaps be entitled to in spite of criticism; but to the more beautiful and useful parts of history, the abounding sagacity of political maxims, reflections drawn from the great drama of historical life, the ease and unlaboured conversation of style, the dexterity of method and arrangement; to none of these recommendations, in which our historical classics have so conspicuously excelled, can the present work aspire.

Before we proceed to the analysis of that portion of this volume which proceeded from the pen of Mr. Fox, our readers will not be displeased if we first call their attention to the Preface, in which his nephew, Lord Eglarland, has given many interesting particulars respecting the origin and progress of this performance; and the literary pursuits in general of his distinguished relative.

"The precise period," says his lordship, "at which Mr. Fox first formed the design of writing a history, cannot now be ascertained. In the year 1797, he publicly announced his intention of 'devoting a greater portion of his time to his private pursuits.' He was even on the point of relinquishing his seat in parliament, and retiring altogether from public

life, a plan which he had formed many years before, and to the execution of which he always looked forward with the greatest delight. The remonstrances, however, of those friends for whose judgment he had the greatest deference, ultimately prevailed. He consequently confined his scheme of retreat to a more uninterrupted residence in the country than he had hitherto permitted himself to enjoy. During his retirement, that love of literature, and fondness for poetry, which neither pleasure nor business had ever extinguished, revived with an ardour, such as few in the eagerness of youth, or in the pursuit of fame or advantage, are capable of feeling. For some time, however, his studies were not directed to any particular object. Such was the happy disposition of his mind, that his own reflections, whether supplied by conversation, desultory reading, or the common occurrences of a life in the country, were always sufficient to call forth the vigour and exertion of his faculties. Intercourse with the world had so little deadened in him the sense of the simplest enjoyments, that even in the hours of apparent leisure and inactivity, he retained that keen relish of existence which, after the first impressions of life, is so rarely excited but by great interests and strong passions. Here it was that in the interval between his active attendance in parliament and the undertaking of his history, he never felt the tedium of a vacant day. A verse in Cowper, which he frequently repeated,

"How various his employments whom the world

"Calls idle!"

was an accurate description of the life he was then leading; and I am persuaded that if he had consulted his own gratifications only, it would have continued to be so.

"His notion of engaging in some literary undertaking was adopted during his retirement, and with the prospect of long and uninterrupted leisure before him. When he had determined upon employing some part of it in writing, he was, no doubt, actuated by a variety of considerations, in the choice of the task he should undertake. His philosophy had never rendered him insensible to the gratification which the hope of posthumous fame so often produces in great minds; and though criticism might be more congenial to the habits and amusements of his retreat, an historical work seemed more of a piece with the tenor of his former life, and might prove of greater benefit to the public and to posterity. These motives, together with his intimate

knowledge of the English constitution, naturally led him to prefer the history of his own country, and to select a period favourable to the illustration of the great general principles of freedom on which it is founded.

"With these views, it was almost impossible that he should not fix on the Revolution of 1688. According to the first crude conceptions of the work, it would, as far as I recollect, have begun at the Revolution; but he altered his mind, after a careful perusal of the latter part of Mr. Hume's history. An apprehension of the false impressions which that great historian's partiality might have left on the minds of his readers, induced him to go back to the accession of King James the Second, and even to prefix an introductory chapter on the character and leading events of the times immediately preceding.

"From the moment his labour commenced he generally spoke of his plan as extending no farther than the settlement at the Revolution. His friends, however, were not without hopes, that the habit of composition might engage him more deeply in literary undertakings, or that the different views which his inquiries would open, might ultimately allure him on farther in the history of his country. Some casual expressions both in conversation and correspondence seemed to imply that the possibility of such a result was not entirely out of his own contemplation. As his work advanced, his allusions to various literary projects, such as an edition of Dryden, a Defence of Racine and the French Stage, Essay on the Beauties of Euripides, &c. &c. became more frequent and even more confidently expressed. In a letter written to me in 1803, after observing that a modern writer did not sufficiently admire Racine, he adds, 'It puts me quite in a passion. *Je veux contre eux faire un jour un gros livre*, as Voltaire says. Even Dryden, who speaks with proper respect of Corneille, *vilipends*\* Racine. If ever I publish my edition of his works, I will give it him for it, you may depend. Oh! how I wish I could make up my mind to think it right to devote all the remaining part of my life to such subjects, and such only!"

"About the same time he talked of writing either in the form of a Dedication or Dialogue, a Treatise on the Three Arts of Poetry, History, and Oratory; which, to my surprise, he classed in the order I have related. The plan of such a work seemed, in a great measure, to be digested in his head, and from the sketch

\* Mr. Fox often used this word in ridicule of pedantic expressions.

he drew of his design to me, it would, if completed, have been an invaluable monument of the great originality of thought, and singular philosophical acuteness, with which he was accustomed to treat of such subjects in his most careless conversations. But though variety of literary projects might occasionally come across him, he was very cautious of promising too much; for he was aware, that whatever he undertook, his progress in it would necessarily be extremely slow. He could not but foresee that, as new events arose, his friends would urge him to return to politics; and though his own inclinations might enable him to resist their entreaties, the very discussion on the propriety of yielding would produce an attention to the state of public affairs, and divert him in some degree from the pursuit in which he was engaged. But it was yet more difficult to fortify himself against the seduction of his own inclination, which was continually drawing him off from his historical researches to critical inquiries, to the study of the classics, and to works of imagination and poetry. Abundant proofs exist of the effect of these interruptions, both on his labours and on his mind. His letters are filled with complaints of such as arose from politics, while he speaks with delight and complacency of whole days devoted to Euripides and Virgil."

The following letter is given as a specimen of his familiar correspondence, and affords an idea of the nature of the researches in which his mind was accustomed to unbend itself:—

"DEAR GREY,

"In defence of my opinion about the nightingales, I find Chaucer, who of all poets seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a *merry* note; and though Theocritus mentions nightingales six or seven times, he never mentions their note as plaintive or melancholy. It is true, he does not call it any where merry, as Chaucer does; but by mentioning it with the song of the black-bird, and as answering it, he seems to imply that it was a cheerful note. Sophocles is against us; but even he says, lamenting *Itys*, and the comparison of her to Electra, is rather as to perseverance day and night, than as to sorrow. At all events a tragic poet is not half so good authority in this question, as Theocritus and Chaucer. I cannot light upon the passage in the *Odyssey*, where Penelope's restlessness is compared to the nightingale, but I am sure that it is only as to restlessness and watchfulness that he makes the comparison. If you will read the last twelve books of the

*Odyssey*, you will certainly find it, and I am sure you will be paid for your hunt, whether you find it or not. The passage in Chaucer is in the *Flower and Leaf*, p. 99. The one I particularly allude to in Theocritus, is in his *Epigrams*, I think in the fourth. Dryden has transferred the word *merry* to the goldfinch, in the *Flower and the Leaf*, in deference, may be, to the vulgar error; but pray read his description of the nightingale there: it is quite delightful. I am afraid I like these researches as much better than those that relate to Shaftesbury, Sunderland, &c. as I do those better than attending the House of Commons.—Yours affectionately.

"C. J. Fox."

Having occasion to mention the Letter addressed by Mr. Fox to the Electors of Westminster, and his Speech on the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Holland takes this opportunity of observing that, with the exception of the 14th, 16th, and perhaps a few other numbers of a periodical publication in 1779, called *The Englishman*, and an Epitaph on the late Bishop of Downe, the above are the only pieces of prose he ever printed, unless, indeed, one were to reckon his Advertisements to the Electors, and the Parliamentary Papers which he may have drawn up. His Lordship adds, that there are several specimens of his poetical compositions, in different languages; but the Lines on Mrs. Crewe, and those to Mrs. Fox, on her birth-day, are, as far as he recollects, all that have been printed. An Ode to Poetry, and an Epigram on Gibbon, though very generally attributed to him, are certainly not his compositions.

It is well known that one of the principal inducements of Mr. Fox for visiting Paris in 1802, was the desire to avail himself, if possible, of the documents relating to that period of English history of which he proposed a treat, which had been deposited in the Scotch College at Paris; or at least to ascertain the fate of those papers, if they were no longer in existence. For the succinct and interesting statement of the result of his researches on this subject, given in his own words, we must refer the inquisitive reader to the work itself.

We shall add one more extract to those which we have made from the Preface, and which though they exceed the length to which we designed them to extend, will not, we are sure, be thought tedious or frivolous. To the contemporaries of a man who attracted so large a portion of public notice as Mr. Fox, the minutest particulars can scarcely prove uninteresting.

C. J.

"The manuscript book from which this work has been printed, is for the most part in the hand-writing of Mrs. Fox. It was written out under the inspection of Mr. Fox, and is occasionally corrected by him. His habit was seldom or ever to be alone, when employed in composition. He was accustomed to write on covers of letters, or scraps of paper, sentences which he in all probability had turned in his mind, and in some degree formed in the course of his walks, or during his hours of leisure. These he read over to Mrs. Fox; she wrote them out in a fair hand in the book, and before he destroyed the original paper, he examined and approved of the copy. In the course of thus dictating from his own writing, he often altered the language and even the construction of the sentence. Though he generally tore the scraps of paper as soon as the passages were entered in the book, several have been preserved, and it is plain from the erasures and alterations in them, that they had undergone much revision and correction before they were read to his amanuensis."

We now come to the consideration of Mr. Fox's work itself, which is divided into three chapters. In the first of these, as introductory to the other two, the author takes a rapid view of English history from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of Charles II.; but it is only respecting the events subsequent to the year 1640, that he enters into any details, his observations on the preceding portion of the period included in this chapter being confined to four pages. The second and third chapters are wholly occupied with the transactions of the first five months of the reign of James II. That monarch ascended the throne on the 6th of February, 1685, and the history closes with the execution of the Duke of Monmouth on the 15th of July in the same year.

The principal events of the interval embraced in this work, must be too familiar to every person who is at all conversant with the history of the country, to need recapitulation. From the principles which Mr. Fox professed, it is easy to imagine that he should differ in opinion on certain points from the historians who have preceded him, on whom he accordingly now and then animadvert with considerable freedom. Hume, in particular, he thus characterizes:—"He was an excellent man, and of great powers of mind, but his partiality to kings and princes is intolerable. Nay, it is in my opinion quite ridiculous, and is more like the foolish admiration which women and children sometimes have for kings, than the opinion, right or wrong, of a philosopher." In his reflections on the execution of Russell and

Sidney, accused of a participation in what was denominated the Rye-house plot, Mr. Fox is particularly severe upon this historian, who observes, that if the King had pardoned them, though such an interference might have been an act of heroic generosity, it could not be regarded as an indispensable duty. "I never reflect on Mr. Hume's statement of this matter," says Mr. Fox, "but with the deepest regret. Widely as I differ from him upon many other occasions, this appears to me to be the most reprehensible passage of this whole work. A spirit of adulation towards deceased princes, though in a good measure free from the imputation of interested meanness which is justly attached to flattery, when applied to living monarchs; yet as it is less intelligible with respect to its motives than the other, so is it in its consequences still more pernicious to the general interests of mankind. Fear of censure from contemporaries will seldom have much effect upon men in situations of unlimited authority; they will too often flatter themselves that the same power which enables them to commit the crime, will secure them from reproach. The dread of posthumous infamy, therefore, being the only restraint, their consciences excepted, upon the passions of such persons, it is lamentable that this last defence (feeble enough at best) should in any degree be impaired; and impaired it must be, if not totally destroyed, when tyrants can hope to find in a man like Hume, no less eminent for the integrity and benevolence of his heart, than for the depth and soundness of his understanding, an apologist for even their foulest murders."

This paragraph will be sufficient to give an idea of the manly spirit of freedom which pervades the work before us, and which is, perhaps, its chief recommendation.

In that small portion of the history of James the Second, which Mr. Fox lived to complete, he seems to have laboured to prove that absolute power, and not, as all other writers have hitherto advanced, the establishment of popery was the favourite object of that monarch's ambition. In this notion, however, he does not appear to be warranted by the documents which he has introduced by way of appendix. These consist chiefly of the letters which passed between Barillon, the French Ambassador at the Court of London and Louis XIV. The appendix contains also the correspondence between the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary of State, and the Bishop of Oxford, respecting the expulsion of Mr. Locke from the University, which will not be perused without particular interest; the bill for the

preservation of the person and government of King James the Second; and an account of Richard Rumbold, a companion of the Earl of Argyle, in his descent in Scotland, and accused of being an accomplice in the Rye-house plot, taken from Lord Fountainhall's manuscript memoirs.—The appendix occupies about one-third of the volume.

We shall now subjoin an extract or two, in order to enable the reader to form a judgment of the style and manner of the historian. The first we shall select is the character of Charles II. with which he concludes the introductory chapter.

“With respect to the character of this Prince, upon the delineation of which so much pains have been employed, by the various writers who treat of the history of his time, it must be confessed that the facts which have been noticed in the foregoing pages, furnish but too many illustrations of the more unfavourable parts of it. From these we may collect, that his ambition was directed solely against his subjects, while he was completely indifferent concerning the figure which he or they might make in the general affairs of Europe; and that his desire of power was more unmingled with the love of glory than that of any other man whom history has recorded; that he was unprincipled, ungrateful, mean, and treacherous, to which may be added vindictive, and remorseless. For Burnet, in refusing to him the praise of clemency and forgiveness, seems to be perfectly justifiable, nor is it conceivable upon what pretence his partisans have taken this ground of panegyric. I doubt whether a single instance can be produced, of his having spared the life of any one whom motives, either of policy or revenge, prompted him to destroy. To alledge that of Monmouth, as it would be an affront to human nature, so would it likewise imply the most severe of all satires against the monarch himself, and we may add too an undeserved one. For in order to consider it as an act of meritorious forbearance on his part, that he did not follow the example of Constantine, and Philip the Second, by habruing his hands in the blood of his son, we must first suppose him to have been wholly void of every natural affection, which does not appear to have been the case. His declaration, that he would have pardoned Essex, being made when that nobleman was dead, and not followed by any act evincing its sincerity, can surely obtain no credit from men of sense. If he had really had the intention, he ought not to have made such a declaration, unless he accompanied it with some mark of kindness to the relations, or

with some act of mercy to the friends of the deceased. Considering it as a mere piece of hypocrisy, we cannot help looking upon it as one of the most odious passages of his life. This ill timed boast of his intended mercy, and the brutal taunt with which he accompanied his mitigation, (if so it may be called) of Russell's sentence, show his insensibility and hardness to have been such, that in questions where right and feelings were concerned, his good sense, and even the good taste for which he has been so much extolled, seemed wholly to desert him.

“On the other hand, it would be want of candour to maintain, that Charles was entirely destitute of good qualities; nor was the propriety of Burnet's comparison between him and Tiberius ever felt, I imagine, by any one but its author. He was gay and affable, and, if incapable of the sentiments belonging to pride of a laudable sort, he was at least free from haughtiness and insolence. The praise of politeness, which the stoicks are not perhaps wrong in classing among the moral virtues, provided they admit it to be one of the lowest order, has never been denied him, and he had in an eminent degree that facility of temper which, though considered by some moralists as nearly allied to vice, yet, inasmuch as it contributes greatly to the happiness of those around us, is, in itself, not only an engaging, but an estimable quality. His support of the Queen during the heats raised by the Popish plot, ought to be taken rather as a proof that he was not a monster, than to be ascribed to him as a merit; but his steadiness to his brother, though it may and ought, in a great measure, to be accounted for upon selfish principles, had at least a strong resemblance to virtue.

“The best part of this Prince's character seems to have been his kindness towards his mistresses, and his affection for his children, and others nearly connected to him by the ties of blood. His recommendation of the Duchess of Portsmouth and Mrs. Gwyn, upon his death-bed, to his successor, is much to his honour; and they who censure it, seem, in their zeal to show themselves strict moralists, to have suffered their notions of vice and virtue to have fallen into strange confusion. Charles's connection with those ladies might be vicious, but at a moment when that connection was upon the point of being finally, and irrevocably dissolved, to concern himself about their future welfare, and to recommend them to his brother with earnest tenderness, was virtue. It is not for the interest of morality that the good and evil actions, even of bad

men, should be confounded. His affection for the Duke of Gloucester, and for the Duchess of Orleans, seems to have been sincere and cordial. To attribute, as some have done, his grief for the loss of the first to political considerations, founded upon an intended balance of power between his two brothers, would be an absurd refinement, whatever were his general disposition; but when we reflect upon that carelessness which, especially in his youth, was a conspicuous feature of his character, the absurdity becomes still more striking. And though Burnet more covertly, and Ludlow more openly, insinuate that his fondness for his sister was of a criminal nature, I never could find that there was any ground whatever for such a suspicion; nor does the little that remains of their epistolary correspondence give it the smallest countenance. Upon the whole, Charles the Second was a bad man, and a bad king: let us not palliate his crimes; but neither let us adopt false or doubtful imputations, for the purpose of making him a monster."

On the delineation of the character of the Earl of Argyle, who was taken in arms against James II. in Scotland, and executed at Edinburgh, as well as the account of his conduct during the last moments of his life, the author seems to have bestowed more than usual pains. A remarkable incident which is recorded to have happened just before the execution of this unfortunate nobleman, is thus related. —

"Before he left the Castle (at Edinburgh) he had his dinner at the usual hour, at which he discoursed, not only calmly, but even cheerfully with Mr. Charteris (the clergyman who attended him) and others. After dinner he retired, as was his custom, to his bed-chamber, where, it is recorded, he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came and intimated to the attendants a desire to speak with him: upon being told that the Earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the manager disbelieved the account, which he considered as a device to avoid further questionings. To satisfy him, the door of the bed-chamber was half opened, and he then beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber, the man, who by the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the space of two short hours! Struck with the sight, he hurried out of the room, quitted the castle with the utmost precipitation, and hid himself in the lodgings of an acquaintance who lived near, where he flung himself upon the first bed that presented itself, and had every ap-

pearance of a man suffering the most excruciating torture. His friend, who had been apprized by the servant of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded that he was ill, offered him some wine. He refused, saying, 'No, no, that will not help me; I have been in at Argyle, and saw him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did, within an hour of eternity. But as for me——'"

For our last specimen we shall take the execution of the Duke of Monmouth, which closes the work.

"At ten o'clock on the 15th (July 1685), Monmouth proceeded in a carriage of the Lieutenant of the Tower, to Tower-Hill, the place destined for his execution. The two bishops were in the carriage with him, and one of them took that opportunity of informing him, that their controversial altercations were not yet at an end; and that upon the scaffold he would again be pressed for more explicit and satisfactory declarations of repentance. When arrived at the bar, which had been put up for the purpose of keeping out the multitude, Monmouth descended from the carriage, and mounted the scaffold, with a firm step, attended by his spiritual assistants. The sheriffs and executioners were already there. The concourse of spectators was innumerable, and if we are to credit traditional accounts, never was the general compassion more affectingly expressed. The tears, sighs, and groans, which the first sight of this heart-rending spectacle produced, were soon succeeded by an universal and awful silence; a respectful attention, and affectionate anxiety to hear every syllable that should pass the lips of the sufferer. The Duke began by saying he should speak little; he came to die, and he should die a Protestant of the church of England. Here he was interrupted by the assistants, and told, that, if he was of the church of England, he must acknowledge the doctrine of non-resistance to be true. In vain did he reply that if he acknowledged the doctrine of the church in general, it included all; they insisted he should own *that* doctrine particularly with respect to his case, and urged much more concerning their favourite point, upon which, however they obtained nothing but a repetition in substance of former answers. He was then proceeding to speak of Lady Harriet Wentworth, of his high esteem for her, and of his confirmed opinion that their connection was innocent in the sight of God; when Goslin, the sheriff, asked him with all the unfeeling bluntness of a vulgar mind, whether he was ever married to her. The Duke refusing to answer, the same magistrate,



in the like strain, though changing his subject, said he hoped to have heard of his repentance for the treason and bloodshed which had been committed; to which the prisoner replied with great mildness, that he died very penitent. Here the churchmen again interposed, and renewing their demand of particular penitence and public acknowledgement upon public affairs, Monmouth referred them to the following paper which he had signed that morning:

‘I declare, that the title of King was forced upon me; and that it was very much contrary to my opinion when I was proclaimed. For the satisfaction of the world, I do declare, that the late King told me, he was never married to my mother. Having declared this, I hope the King, who is now, will not let my children suffer on this account. And to this I put my hand, this fifteenth day of July, 1685.

MONMOUTH

“There was nothing, they said, in that paper about resistance; nor, though Monmouth, quite worn out with their importunities, said to one of them, ‘I am to die,—Pray my Lord,—I refer to my paper,’ would these men think it consistent with their duty to desist. There were only a few words they desired on one point. The substance of these applications on one hand, and answers on the other, was repeated over and over again, in a manner that could not be believed, if the facts were not attested by the signature of the persons principally concerned. If the Duke, in declaring his sorrow for what had passed, used the word *invasion*, ‘give it the true name,’ said they, ‘and call it *rebellion*.’ ‘What name you please,’ replied the mild tempered Monmouth. He was sure he was going to everlasting happiness, and considered the serenity of his mind in the present circumstances, as a certain earnest of the favour of his creator. His repentance, he said, must be true, for he had no fear of dying, he should die like a lamb. ‘Much may come from natural courage,’ was the unfeeling and stupid reply of one of the assistants. Monmouth, with that modesty inseparable from true bravery, denied that he was in general less fearful than other men, maintaining that his present courage was owing to his consciousness that God had forgiven him for his past transgressions, of all which generally he repented with all his soul.

“At last the reverend assistants consented to join with him in prayer, but no sooner were they risen from their kneeling posture, than they returned to their charge. Not satisfied with what had passed, they exhorted him to a true and thorough repentance; would he not pray for the King? and send a dutiful message to his majesty, to recommend the Duchess and his children? ‘Any you please,’ was the reply, ‘I pray for him and for all men.’ He now spoke to the executioner, desiring that he might have no cap over his eyes, and began undressing. One would have thought that in this last sad ceremony, the poor prisoner might have been unmolested, and that the divines would have been satisfied that prayer was the only part of their function for which their duty now called upon them. They judged differently, and one of them had the fortitude to request the Duke, even in this stage of the business, that he would address himself to the soldiers then present, to tell them he stood a sad example of rebellion, and entreat the people to be loyal and obedient to the King. ‘I have said I will make no speeches,’ repeated Monmouth, in a tone more peremptory than he had before been provoked to; ‘I will make no speeches. I come to die.’ ‘My Lord, ten words will be enough,’ said the persevering divine; to which the Duke made no answer, but turning to the executioner, expressed a hope that he would do his work better now than in the case of Lord Russell. He then felt the axe, which he apprehended was not sharp enough, but being assured that it was of proper sharpness and weight, he laid down his head. In the mean time, many fervent ejaculations were used by the reverend assistants, who, it must be observed, even in these moments of horror, showed themselves not unmindful of the points upon which they had been disputing; praying God to accept his imperfect and general repentance.

“The executioner now struck the blow, but so feebly or unskilfully, that Monmouth being but slightly wounded, lifted up his head, and looked him in the face as if to upbraid him, but said nothing. The two following strokes were as ineffectual as the first, and the headsman in a fit of horror, declared he could not finish his work. The sheriffs threatened him; he was forced again to make a further trial, and in two more strokes separated the head from the body.”

## POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

### ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1808.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

NOT with more joy, when, gathering round,  
Dark mists the face of Heaven deform:  
When howls the wind with sound,  
    Preluding to the rising storm;  
We through the severing clouds descry  
Of cheering light a golden gleam,  
And hail awhile the clearing sky,  
    And feel awhile the genial beam;  
Than now, when spreading wide and far,  
Roars the tremendous peal of war,  
We bless of peace and joy the ray,  
That gilds the happy hours of George's natal day.

Frost regions wrapp'd in endless snow,  
Eternal Winter's drear domain,  
To where Sol's fervid asles glow  
Incessant o'er the arid plain,  
The Muses look with anxious eye,  
To see the clouds of discord fly,  
That the loud clarion's warlike sound,  
    Which awes a trembling world, may cease,  
And all their tuneful choir around  
May strike the lyre to notes of Peace:  
The scenes of horror and of death be o'er,  
And fell Ambition grasp her iron rod no more.

Vain are their hopes, their vows are vain;  
War still protracts his bloody reign;  
And when these halcyon hours are past  
Thine! idly awhile the stormy blast,  
The Muse again in martial lays,  
Must bid her voice the Song of Battle raise;  
Must shew that all the joys that smile  
On Britain's Heaven-protected isle,  
Call on her sons with tenfold might  
To stem the threatening waves of light,  
Whelm in the ensanguin'd tide their country's  
foes,  
And guard with giant arm the blessings Heaven bestows.

### ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, WHAT IS LOVE?

'Tis the delightful passion that we feel,  
Which painters cannot paint, or words reveal,  
Nor any art we know of can conceal.  
Canst thou describe the sunbeams to the blind,  
Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?

So neither can we, by description, show  
This first of all felicities below.

When happy Love pours magic o'er thy soul,  
And all our thoughts in sweet delirium roll;  
When contemplation spreads its rainbow wings,  
And every flutter some new rapture brings;  
How sweetly then our moments glide away—  
And dreams repeat the rapture of the day!  
We live in ecstasy—to all things kind;  
For Love can teach a moral to the mind.

But are there not some other marks to prove,  
What is this wonder of the soul call'd Love?

O yes! there are; but of a different kind—  
The dreadful horrors of a dismal mind;  
Some jealous fury throws her poison'd dart,  
And rends in pieces the distracted heart.

When Love's a tyrant, and the soul a slave,  
No hope remains to thought but in the grave;  
In that dark den it sees an end to grief,  
And what was once its dread, becomes relief.

What are the iron chains that hands have wrought?

The hardest chains to break are those of thought!

Think well of this, ye Lovers, and be kind—  
Nor play with torture, or a tortur'd mind.

### A RECEIPT

#### FOR A MODERN ROMANCE.

In the dreary recess of a thick-planted wood,  
Imagine a castle for ages has stood;  
Suppose, too, a pale bleeding spectre in white,  
Stalking round its rude walls in the dead of the night;

Make some hero (in courage a match for the devil)

March forth in determined pursuit of the evil  
That keeps the whole place in perpetual af-  
fright,

From the closing of day till the dawning of light:

Make some heroine a close-winding passage explore,

Which (most wondrous) has never been found  
out before;

While the rain beats in torrents, the winds  
howl around,

And a deep sullen murmur breaks forth from  
the ground;

Let her lamp be extinguished, let one feeble ray  
Of the moon thro' a chink in the wall find its  
way,

As it just for an instant escapes from a cloud;  
Then let darkness, deep darkness, its visage  
• enshroud.

Having grop'd in this horrible place for a while,  
• Let her find out a room in this half ruined pile,  
Where murders most foul were committed of  
gl';

In due form and order the tale to unfold,  
Let a worm-eaten trunk the apartment adorn,  
(Containing some manuscripts mouldy and  
torn),

An old table and chair, thickly cover'd with  
dust,

A deep batter'd helmet, a cuirass all rust:  
Let a dagger, with three drops of blood on the  
blade,

At a few inches distance be skilfully laid.  
On her turning a key, let the spectre appear,  
While the heroine displays not a symptom of  
fear:

At this solemn time, let her lover attain,  
By a track which till now he has sought for in  
vain,

The mysterious abode—be surprised with the  
maid,

By the Lord of the castle pursued and betray'd.  
Let the trumpet be sounded, the drum beat to  
arms,

And the place be assail'd. In the midst of  
alarms,

Let the Baron be slain, yet confess ere he fall,  
The dire fact brought to light, to the wonder of  
all:

Let the clock at this critical moment strike  
one,

Set the pile in a blaze, and the business is done.

## A DIALOGUE

*Between an Amateur Actor and a Hair-dresser, delivered as a Prologue, at the Theatricals, at Bryn-y-pys, on Thursday, January 7, 1809.—Written by W. A. Madocks, Esq. M.P.*

SCENE.—*Eagles Inn, Wrexham.*—PROLOGUE  
discovers with a large wig, under the hands of  
the HAIR-DRESSER.

PROLOGUE (*advancing.*)

“FASHION in ev'ry thing bears sov'reign  
sway,”

And plays and perriwigs have now their day.  
A modish man, I burn with stage-struck pas-  
sion,

And for my wig—'Tis in the fullest fashion.

(*Shakes his wig.*)

HAIR-DRESSER seizes PROLOGUE.

H. D. Sit down, good Sir! indeed I cannot  
stop,

I've twenty people waiting in my shop.

P. (*sits down, then starting forward in a theo-  
tical reverie*) “The gorgeous palaces.”—

H. D. He's off, egad!

What, Sir? King George's palaces! he's mad.  
(*Aside.*)

P. “The solemn temples”—

H. D. What can thus perplex him?

Solomon's temples, Sir!—why you're at Wrex-  
ham.

Pray Sir, be quiet—there, Sir—there, sit  
steady—

(*Sets PROLOGUE and dresses his wig.*  
Now turn your head—

P. Why, a'n't it turned already?

H. D. Egad it is;—and I begin to doubt,  
If being turn'd so oft, it a'n't worn out.

P. (*advancing*) Fashion's the thing—A man  
as well may be,

If not in fashion's throne—a Cherokee;

Then sure it is the luckiest thing on earth—

When fashion sanctions unoffending mirth.

Yes! happy they, who (in this blood-stain'd age,  
When havoc, death, and ruin are the rage),

Confine their mania, in such tragio days,

To wearing *killing wigs*—and *murdering* plays.

Hail! harmless heroes, hail! with pride I greet

Such crouds of *killing wigs* in every street;

All shapes, and colours, brown, red, black,  
and fair;

All sorts, and all quite new—except the hair.

See tender misses, mount the fiercest Brutus,

Aim at our hearts, and with hair-triggers shoot  
us.

While cruel beaux (with perukes cur'd so  
clever)

Think to destroy a lady's peace for ever.

Judges wear *killing wigs*—and ev'n Jack-catch

Plays not his part, but in a *killing* scratch.

In crouds as numerous, and as dangerous too,

Our bon ton actors execution do.

You amateur there—to the stage but raise him,  
He'll murder Richard, before Richmond slays  
him.

Thus Thespis reigns, and every where prevails,

In England, Scotland, Ireland, and in Wales;

From Bedlam's precincts, quite to Snowdon  
peak,

At every mile you'll hear some Roscius squeak.

How oft you'll see, unshaken by alarm,

Macbeths and Banquos bounding arm in arm;

Romeos in Pond-street, steering a barouche,

And Juliets breaking from a hackney-coach;

Hotspurs in Rotten-row, astide the crupper,

And Hamlets landing their mammies to sup-  
per.

See Jaques too, no longer in the vapours,  
Dance down Tekeli with a thousand capers.  
See town-bred Rosalinds leave love for riches  
And wedded Violas still wear the breeches;  
Here great Glendowr (who was but an attorney).

*Aside.*

Again on circuit rides his usual journey,  
There "the Welch paragon" offers "sweet Anne Page"

His "seese and putter," in the Greenwich stage;

While merry wives from city counters fill  
The well cramm'd coach, to roll down Greenwich hill.

See christian Shylocks, very generous follow  
See smock-fac'd Cannibals, and white Othellos;  
See Castle Spectres on fat venison fed,  
And Denmark's royal ghost go drunk to bed.

*H. D.* Oh, Sir, have done, I pray, to night  
I've made

Fifty appointments for the Masquerade.  
I've got to dress an old and modern beau,  
Two mercuries, three blue devils, and a crow,  
A Mother Goose, some hermits, and dervises—  
*P.* Where is the Masquerader?

*H. D.* ————At Mr. Price's;  
Who is (to all so gen'rously behaved)  
As good a gentleman as ever shaved.  
O, happy land! when thus its youth delight  
To keep their household gods in merry plight;  
Who let their rents regain their tenant's door,  
And make the rich the bankers of the poor;  
Next week he gives a play.

*P.* "A play, my friend [*They embrace.*]  
"Oh for a muse of fire, that would ascend!"—  
"My kingdom for a horse!"—to draw my gig—  
"Heat me those irons hot,"—to curl my wig.  
By all the theatres in Rome and Greece,  
I'll widge immediately to Bryn-y-pys.  
Here! bring my doublet, and my scarlet hose,  
My rapier, ruff, my small—no! my little  
cloaths;

My Lingo's caxon, and my square-toed shoes,  
And all the trappings of the comic muse.  
And hark! add Falstaff's dress. Go! go! I  
tell ye.

*H. D.* Lord Sir! the whiskey won't hold  
half your belly!

*P.* Let Mr. Jones then hire the Wrexham  
waggon,

And, in that case, pop in my new green dragon;  
My witch's broomstick, hump and magic train;  
A pound of lightning, and a peck of rain;  
For tho' go tempests now the scene deform,  
Perhaps next winter we may want a storm.

[*Going.*

(*Returns very forward.*)

And may next winter, and another still,  
Smile, like a summer, on this happy hill;  
Disperse the clouds that hang on sorrow's  
brow,

And dry all tears, but what from laughter flow.  
May mirth delight again to hover here,  
And bless the coming of the new-born year.  
May mask, dance, song, pandean pipes, and  
all,

But, chiefly, your sweet smiles, ye Fair, "keep  
up the ball."

### "ON A BLIGHTED ROSEBUD.

*Written by Miss Caroline Symmons, in her 11th  
year, who died in 1804, aged 14. The Lines  
are inscribed on her Tomb.*

SCARCE had thy velvet lips imbib'd the dew,  
And Nature hail'd thee infant Queen of May;  
Scarce saw thine opening bloom the Sun's  
broad ray,

And to the air thy tender fragrance threw:  
When the north wind enamour'd of thee grew,  
And by his cold rude kiss thy charms decay.  
Now droops thine head, now fades thy blushing  
hue;

No more the Queen of Flowers, no longer  
gay.  
So blooms a maid, her guardian's health and  
joy,

Her mind array'd in innocence's vest;  
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,  
Death clasps the virgin to his iron breast,  
She fades—the parent, sister, friend deplore  
The charms and budding virtues now no more.

### IMPROMPTU,

*Addressed by a Water Drinker to a Lady, who,  
when the wine was plac'd on the table, asked  
him whet'er he would have red or white.*

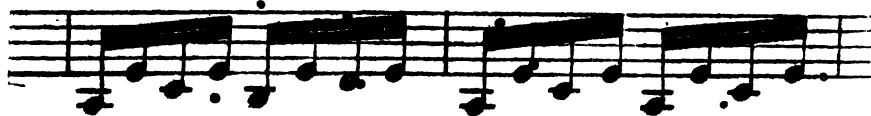
GIVE me both!—The blushing rose  
Enlivens the pale lily's hue:  
Both your lovely cheeks disclose,  
I would have them both in you.

While that ruby lip I press,  
What like red can give delight?  
On that bosom could I rest,  
What would I exchange for white?

Only with that Work.



From his true Mai - dens breast,



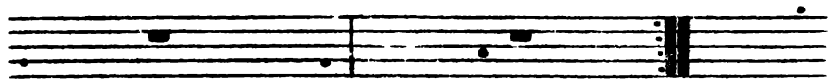
high, Sounds the far bil - low,

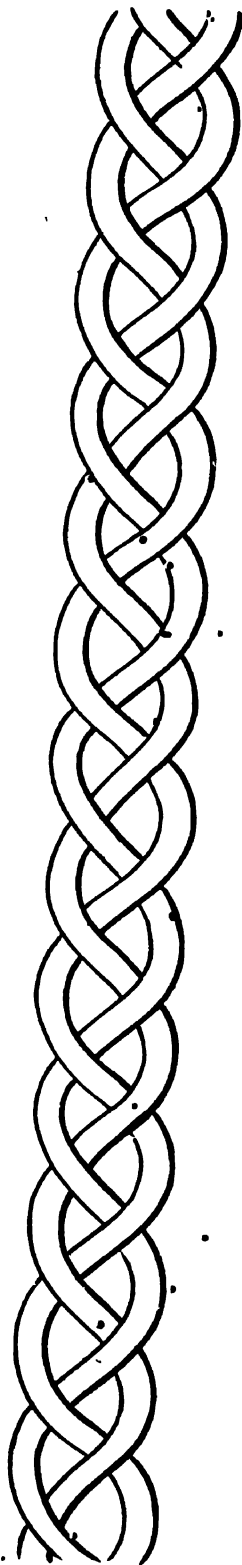


**Espressivo**



Soft      shall   be   his











*Lupron and Bell, London. Published by J. Bell, York.*



# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

## F A S H I O N S

'For JULY, 1808.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

#### ENGLISH COSTUME.

##### No. 1.—EXPLANATION OF LADY CHOLMONDELEY'S COURT-DRESS.

A bright primrose coloured sarsnet petticoat trimmed full round the bottom with point lace, and a rich drapery of the same, most tastefully fastened with diamond chains, and ostrich feathers in form of the Prince's plume reversed. Body and train of primrose sarsnet; the latter trimmed with lace, and the former ornamented with a most splendid diamond wreath to represent the oak leaf and fruit, placed obliquely across the front of the bust; the sleeves finished to correspond, and the bottom of the waist confined with a diamond cestas. Head-dress, court lappets of point; a diamond bandeau and rich coronet, with four ostrich feathers of unequal lengths, most tastefully disposed. Splendid earrings of the oval form; necklace and bracelets also of brilliants. Gloves of French kid, considerably above the elbow. Shoes of white satin with silver trimming.

##### No. 2.

A plain cambric or jaconet muslin dress, with basted fronts and long sleeve, scooped at the feet. A canonical scarf of pea-green muslin, or figured sarsnet. A puckered bonnet, of the small poke form, composed of the same material, and ornamented in front with a bunch of corn-flowers. Silver filigree earrings. Green kid shoes, checked with black. A Chinese parasol of shaded lilac sarsnet, with correspondent tassels. Gloves, pea-green kid, or York tan.

##### No. 3.

A white round robe, made a walking length; with round or wrap bosom; a plain, wide back, and short frock sleeves; ornamented at each extremity with an elegant coloured border in tambour. A Grecian honey-comb tippet of

XXXII. Vol. IV.

rose, or yellow muslin, with rich silk tassels of the cone form, twisted fancifully across the figure. A village hat of fine moss straw, with a simple flower in front of the hair. A white silk parasol, with variegated fringe and tassels. Limerick gloves, much above the elbow. Shoes of olive jean, lilac, or lemon-coloured kid.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

#### FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON;

TOGETHER WITH A LIST OF COURT-DRESSES,  
AS WORN ON THE 4TH OF JUNE.

As this department for the present Number of our work will necessarily include much of the British day costume, we shall surprise our general remarks in as short a space as the nature of our subject will admit. For though this species of attire is of too high an order to be generally adopted, yet from the style and substance of the several articles which compose it, our fair Correspondents may gather information to direct their choice of what will be considered most elegant and select for a fashionable full dress, during the season. As we shall give a progressive list of Court costume, we shall conclude, this branch of our subject with observing, that the waist is now generally increased in length, and that colours (particularly various shades of yellow) are more fashionable than we have for a long time remembered them. That amidst the splendid throng of well-dressed females present at Court, the elegant and tasteful habits of the Princess of Wales, Duchess of York, Princess Mary, Duchess of Rutland, Countesses Selkirk and Cholmondeley, were particularly distinguished.

We now proceed with our usual observations:—Though still puzzled with the variety

R r

which continues to prevail in personal decoration, yet as fashion has of late assumed a few features of a more determined character, we shall be able to give a more striking delineation than is at all times in our power.

The loose robe pelisse of coloured muslin, crape, sarsnet, or leno; the mantle of various fanciful constructions, and French tippets, composed of these materials; together with white leno, with coloured spots, or borders, are amidst the animating variety which distinguish both the walking and carriage costume. With these articles are worn either the Grecian poke, or village bonnet, of moss, or plain wove straw, with a full flower to correspond with the pelisse, or tippet; but we observe also small French, or antique bonnets, composed of the same materials as the mantle, to be equally genteel. The divers shades which pervade this species of attire give to the general scene a most lively and gay effect; but as an individual habit, in interest, neatness, and elegance, the white robe will ever obtain our suffrage; and indeed these unobtrusive garments can never be entirely laid aside for the most brilliant glow of colour, however attractive, is overpowering, bold, and repellent, without a due portion of this purifying shade. How gross and vulgar is a full rose, bright yellow, or a deep-blue pelisse, if not recommended and relieved, by the simple under garment of white muslin. Ye English women! already far advanced in taste, let your dress serve as an index to your minds! Let animation reign without intemperance, and delicacy without affectation or formality. Remember, in your present rage for brilliancy of colours, that while the full rose will attract by its splendour and perfume, it is the sweet and modest jessamine which most forcibly interests our senses. The tasteful female will ever be nice in the appropriation and union of her colours. The transparent pelisse, or mantle of coloured muslin, or sarsnet, has a very lively and pleasing effect, if the whole of the remaining costume be white; but if any other colour is suffered to obtrude, how vulgar; how gaudy the appearance; and how unfavourable the impression it makes on the beholder. We greatly admire the Roman hood and mantle, of present fashionable distinction. It is formed of Paris net, and trimmed entirely round with antique lace; the hood is thrown over the hair, which is seen underneath, dressed in the Grecian, or Indian style. This elegant article is a most becoming appendage to the coloured dress: with the pea-green muslin robe, it has a most beautiful effect; and it greatly softens the full pink, and bright yellow, which is now

seen, not only in round dresses, but forming at the same time a covering for the head.—Flowers were never more fashionable, or more tastefully chosen. The moss-rose, jessamine, white crocus, violets in clusters, snow-drops, jonquille, and sweet pea-flower, are most in request; and we are pleased to see the bouquet become rather more general of late in evening parties. No ring dresses are, as usual, worn high in the neck; and needle-work, lace, or coloured borders in embroidery, are introduced in various fanciful directions, both in the morning and evening costume.

Shaw hats and bonnets, are now confined entirely to this last mentioned style; for the Roman hood, little French caps, or crown turbans, of sarsnet, with flowers, and short veils, compose generally the evening head-dress; while some ladies wear only the hair ornamented with a simple comb or flower, over which they tie a fine half handkerchief, or veil. Gowns are still generally, without trains, edged at the feet, and otherwise ornamented with scalloped lace, or Chinese silk trimming; and in full dress, with gold or silver wreaths of flowers. The high ruff, though still but partially adopted, has made some little progress of late in the fashionable world; and with those females whose countenances will bear the Nell Gwyn cap, and whose figure is commanding, this article gives additional dignity and grace.

Trinkets have undergone no material change since our last communication, except by the introduction of a pretty simple article in pearl. Silver filigree ornaments are now very generally adopted. We see them not only forming decorations for the hair, but composing also the neck-chains, bracelets, brooches, and earrings. They have rather a poor, insipid, and tin-like effect. Their extreme neatness may, however, render them an acceptable change, and softening ornament for coloured dresses. Shoes seem to vie with the robes, in diversity of shades, and are more conspicuous than advantageous. Parasols are equally various: the most fashionable colours are pea-green, full pink, jonquille, and lilac; although blue, primrose, and plush, occasionally diversify the scene.

#### LADIES' DRESSES ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

*Her Majesty.*—A yellow and silver tissue train, trimmed with blond lace, and the petticoat yellow and silver tissue, covered with blond, and draperies of diamonds; sleeves and body to correspond.

*The Princess of Wales.*—Displayed the ele-

gance of her taste in a superb Court train and petticoat of pink and silver tissue, the train richly embroidered with beautiful coloured foil border, and silver bullion, forming vine leaves, corn flowers, and silver shells, interspersed with rich coloured stones; the petticoat fancifully embroidered with foil and silver in wreaths and shells to correspond; the drapery of Brussels point lace, looped up with diamonds, forming rosettes and stars; the body and sleeves ornamented with point lace and diamonds. The head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

*Duchess of York.*—A white crape petticoat, most richly embroidered in Arabic stripes of gold and silver, the ground richly covered with bunches of wheat: the train of rich gold tissue, embroidered in silver; sleeves trimmed with beautiful point lace, and looped up with diamonds; head-dress, a handsome plume of feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

*Princess Elizabeth.*—An amber coloured sarsnet petticoat, completely covered with a rich silver net, ornamented with antique chains of massy silver, interspersed with double yellow narcissus, and wreaths of silver oak and cypress; train of amber and silver tissue; head-dress of diamonds and white feathers.

*Princess Augusta.*—A white crape petticoat, with an elegant border of lilies and cocoa shells, fanciful drapery on the right side, formed of rings and melons; the left side exactly the same; the middle of silver foiled stripes with spangles; silver border of pine-apples, ornamented with rich silver tassels.

*Princess Mary.*—A superb dress of silver tissue, richly embroidered with the same. The ground-work of the dress white crape over satin, studded with large silver rings, and terminated with a handsome vermicell border, with bouquets of garden grass, and Guinesey lilies; the right side of the dress a magnificent drapery of silver tissue, with a massy border of foil shells, fossils, and stones, studded in festoons, from which bunches of oak and acorns were interwoven, and suspended: light drapery tastefully arranged, with handsome borders in scallop; shells formed the *coup d'oeil* of this truly elegant and magnificent dress; the whole furnished with handsome cords and tassels. Robe silver tissue, trimmed with silver vandykes, point lace, and diamonds.

*Princess Amelia.*—A white satin petticoat, richly striped with gold India embroidery; the draperies on the right side richly embroidered with silver, and tastefully ornamented with wreaths of the wings of India flies, supported with sprigs of diamonds: the left side a square drapery to correspond; the bottom of the pet-

ticoat richly ornamented with real gold fringe; the whole supported and relieved with red gold cord and tassels; train of white satin, with a border of tissue and gold fringe. Head dress, a superb turban, in gold, with diamonds and feathers.

*Princess Sophia of Gloucester.*—A white sarsnet petticoat richly embroidered with silver, and elegantly ornamented with wreaths of ivy and silver tassels; white sarsnet train, superbly embroidered with silver fringe and wreaths of ivy; head dress, diamonds and feathers.

*Duchess of Northumberland.*—A white crape petticoat and train, elegantly ornamented with a rich Chinese fringe of purple colour and silver.

*Duchess of Dorset.*—A rich embroidered silver petticoat, and train to correspond.

*Three Ladies Percy, daughters of Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland.*—White satin petticoats, with net draperies; richly embroidered in lamé, and fastened up with massy gold tulips; the trains of rich lamé embroidery, ornamented with a superb gold chain *a la Faugue*.

*Duchess Dowager of Leeds.*—Petticoat of lilac, richly embroidered in silver, body and train to correspond; head-dress, an elegant plume of ostrich feathers, with a profusion of diamonds.

*Marchioness Cornwallis.*—A dress of violet crape over white satin, richly embroidered in wreaths of silver vines, draperies looped up with rich bullion rope, supported by silver doves.

*Dowager Marchioness of Bath.*—A beautiful white and silver embroidered dress and drapery; the drapery bordered with vine leaves and olive branches, tied up with rich cords and tassels; body and train brown and silver.

*Dowager Countess of Pembroke.*—A white crape petticoat, spangled in silver, a lilac border, richly embroidered with silver, draperies of lilac crape, embroidered in an elegant scroll; train of white crape, trimmed with silver.

*Countess of Clare.*—White lace petticoat, thrown over yellow sarsnet, gracefully drawn up in draperies, and supported with bunches of liburnum; at the bottom a wreath to correspond; body and train of the same, trimmed with Brussels point; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Countess of Selkirk.*—Petticoat of white and silver tissue, with draperies of lilac net, very beautifully appliqued with a nouvelle border of shells and sea-weed; on the left side a sash,

fastened up with a large cluster, of the same, from which was suspended a massy chain and tassels, at the bottom a border corresponding with the drapery; train and body of blue net, trimmed with very fine point, and finished by a border of shells; head dress, feathers and a profusion of diamonds.

*Countess of Poulett*.—White sarsnet petticoat, superbly embroidered border, elegant drapery of lilac and silver gauze, tastefully ornamented with tassels; lilac and silver train, richly trimmed with silver.

*Countess of Wilton*.—A superb petticoat of pea-green oriental silk, richly embroidered in silver; head-dress and train to correspond.

*Countess Dowager of Essex*.—Petticoat and train of pale blue, draperies of fine lace; head-dress to correspond.

*Countess of Belmont*.—A white crape dress, trimmed with blond, white silk rope and tassels.

*Countess of Arlinton*.—A dress of lavender, covered with point lace, and ornamented with pearls; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Countess of Glasgow*.—A handsome dress of primrose satin, and white lilac, covered with point lace; body and train to correspond.

*Countess of Cardigan*.—A dress of lilac sarsnet, covered with lace, and tied up with bunches of flowers.

*Countess of Meathorough*.—A superb dress of Jamé work on white crape, richly ornamented with gold doves and bullion rope; body and train to correspond.

*Countess of Essex*.—White petticoat, with drapery of silver gauze, trimmed with fine blond lace, looped up with bunches of purple corn flowers, and mignonette; the body and sleeves trimmed with silver blond, and flowers to correspond; train of white sarsnet, edged with purple; head dress a penache of purple and white feathers, with a profusion of jewels.

*Countess of Dartmouth*.—A superb petticoat of grey crape, richly embroidered in sprigs of silver, the draperies with handsome borders, festooned with silver chain; train to correspond; head-dress, plume of feathers and diamonds.

*Countess of Chester*.—A petticoat of white satin, ornamented at the bottom with blue

and silver gossamer, hooped with wreaths of silver roses, edged with vandykes of silver, draperies of the same, festooned with bunches of silver grapes, terminated with beads and tassels; train of blue and silver, trimmed with Brussels; head-dress, silver bandeaux, diamonds, and feathers.

*Countess of Lonsdale*.—A dress of pearl coloured crape over white satin, richly embroidered with borders of silver, ornamented with silver doves, and chains of silver beads.

*Countess St. Martin De Front*.—A dress of pale blue crape, ornamented with draperies of black lace and beads, handsome bead tassels, &c.; robe, pale blue sarsnet, trimmed with point lace; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*The Lady Mayors*.—A rich dress of pink crape, embroidered with silver, festooned with silver bullion rope, and tassels.

*Lady Abdy*.—A white crape petticoat and draperies, elegantly ornamented with patent pearls; train of white crape, ornamented with patent pearls.

*Lady Milman*.—A petticoat of white crape, with blue and silver draperies; body and train to correspond; head-dress to correspond, blue and white ostrich feathers, with a brilliant tiara of diamonds.

*Lady C. Forrester*.—A white crape petticoat, richly ornamented with patent pearls and fine Brussels point lace, and a pink crape drapery; train of pink crape, trimmed with point lace, and vandyked ribbons.

*Lady Louisa Petty*.—A petticoat of white satin; body and sleeves of the same, trimmed with Brussels lace; train of lace, festooned to form a drapery, and elegantly trimmed with Brussels lace and Roman pearls, finished at the corners with bunches of white flowers; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*Lady Hawkesbury*.—A most elegant petticoat of real gold embroidery, tastefully looped up with bunches of gold flowers; train of white satin, embroidered with gold; point lace sleeves; head-dress, a plume of feathers, and profusion of diamonds.

*Hon. Mrs Wyndham*.—White satin petticoat, trimmed with scalloped lace; drapery of yellow crape, elegantly drawn up with wreaths of yellow and pink flowers.

SUPPLEMENT  
TO  
*LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE*;  
OR,  
Bell's  
COURT AND FASHIONABLE  
MAGAZINE,  
FOR THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

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THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZED SOCIETY.

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|---|--|--|
| <p>1. VICTORY AT OLYMPIA.</p> <p>2. ELYSIUM, OR STATE OF FINAL RETRIBUTION.</p> |  | <p>3. THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE, IN THE ADELPHI.</p> |
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LONDON: •

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN BELL, PROPRIETOR OF THE WEEKLY MESSENGER,  
SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND.  
1808.

MR. BELL, having been honoured with permission to make Outline Engravings from Mr. Barry's celebrate suite of Pictures, entitled "*The Progress of Civilized Society*," has introduced them to the public in the present Number. These Works have long been esteemed one of the greatest ornaments of the Art of Painting in this Country; and it has been a subject of regret that they have never hitherto been engraven. Mr. Bell is proud to say, that the Outline Specimen which is given of them, is not inferior in fidelity and perspicuity to the most finished works of the Graver.

These Pictures, being Six in Number, and containing infinite work and variety of character, the three leading ones only are given in this Number; the remaining three will be included in the THREE NEXT succeeding Numbers of the Magazine.

No. 32, the usual monthly Number of "*La Belle Assemblée*," published together with this Supplement on the first of July, contains a most exquisite Engraving of the KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN, taken from a medallion lent, for the express purpose, by his Excellency the Swedish Ambassador; and which, for its fidelity and beauty, is perfectly unique—a Design for a Temple and Bridge, by that celebrated architect, Gandy, R. A.—a Lady of Fashion in the last Birth-day Court-dress, beautifully coloured,—a Plate of Female Figures in the most elegant Fashions for the month,—a Song composed by Mr. Hook, from the words in Scott's *MARMION*, "*Where shall the lover rest*,"—and two entirely novel Patterns for Needle-Work. The Literary Miscellany as usual.

Nos. 26, and 27, contain a complete suite of the CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL, Seven in number, in the Royal Collection at Hampton Court.



# SUPPLEMENT

TO THE FOURTH VOLUME OF

Bell's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

LIFE OF JAMES BARRY, R. A.

MR. BARRY was born in the year 1738-9. He was an Irishman by birth, and his parents were settled at Cork, in Ireland.—The original destination of his life was to the Roman Catholic church; but Barry rejected, without much difficulty, the promises of popery for those of the pencil.

In the 25th year of his age, he left his native country upon one of the usual campaigns of a sanguine genius,—a trip to the British metropolis.—Here, he reasonably imagined, if any where, the pencil was secure of patronage and employment.—As an Irishman, and a man of genius, he obtained an introduction to the celebrated Edmund Burke, whose patronage and friendship he secured in the best shape in which they could be bestowed upon him: we scarcely need mention that Burke was the avenue to his acquaintance with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who domesticated him in his family, and gave every encouragement to his promising talents.

At the table of Reynolds Barry much distinguished himself by a strength of original thought, and an uncommon fire and intrepidity of genius; for, at no part of his life was it the custom of Barry to be very diffident of his abilities, or to under-rate himself in his art. In order to abate his vanity, and expand his taste and judgment, Burke procured him a supply of money for the purpose of foreign travel.

He visited Italy, we believe, in the year 1765. He was not, however, much qualified for a student; his methods of study were capricious and irrational; his self-confidence led him to false measures of

himself; his temper was not conformable to the instructions of masters and professors; he was indocile, hot-headed, and stubborn; his time in Italy was divided between slothfulness and quarrels with cotemporary students, and what knowledge he did acquire, and assuredly he brought back much, was by sudden spurts of industry, and occasional irruptions into the province of science, begun with ardour, and too soon checked by habitual indolence.

He returned in the year 1770 to England. We may not perhaps be exactly correct in dates; nor is it of importance. The patronage of Burke and Reynolds was again extended to him; the former laboured most assiduously in his cause, and introduced him to a wide circle of friends. His first celebrated painting, after his return from Italy, was "*Venus rising from the Sea*." It was this work that brought him into notice; and we do not give our opinion rashly, when we pronounce it to be his best. It was in the true taste of ancient simplicity: it was executed with a chastity which would have done honour to the schools of Greece.

He was now elected an Academician; but for any situation that required a character that should possess some associating elements, and a disposition towards acting in concert, Barry was wholly unfit. He was of a turn of temper rebellious and uncontrollable; his notions of independence were those of a savage; he was fierce, proud, and overbearing; and detested all that the forms of the society, and the regulations of his own little platoon, required to be put over him.

At this time Sir Joshua Reynolds was President, and Barry, of whose genius both Burke and himself augured auspiciously, was appointed Professor of Painting upon the vacancy of Mr. Renny. In this situation he was, as usual, indolent, neglectful, and indisposed to all subordination and order: he was five years Professor before he read a single lecture; the Academy was disgusted; he bred a spirit of rebellion among the students, and was very near destroying the establishment. It was at length resolved to get rid of him by expulsion, and peace was once more restored to the society.

His general misconduct lost him the patronage of Sir Joshua and Mr. Burke, and poor Barry, with a discredit brought upon him by his want of prudence, was turned loose upon society to shift for himself.

It is not our intention to give a regular account of his professional life. It has not much interest, though it is not without anecdote.—We shall now only dwell upon those productions which have given him celebrity in his profession.

The world has generally agreed that his master-pieces are the paintings which are exhibited at the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures. The origin of these works is said to have been produced by a suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, in the times of their intimacy, proposed that Barry should employ his pencil to adorn the walls of St. Paul's Cathedral. To this there was an objection, from a suspicion in the minds of some people of great purity of conscience and delicacy in every thing that related to religion, that the proposed paintings would accord ill with that simplicity and rejection of exterior ornament which the Protestant church required.—Barry, whether convinced or not by these arguments, was obliged to drop his intention, and accordingly he undertook to paint for the Society of Arts in the Adelphi the celebrated pictures exhibiting the "Progress of Civilization."

These paintings are certainly the indications of a very strong and original genius.—There is something very bold and sublime in the conception, and the strong and manly parts are finished with much art and industry. They are, indeed, occasionally

depraved by a kind of eccentricity, a sort of tortuosity of mind, which infected his whole character; his greatness is not without extravagance; his sublimity is sometimes rather the fury than the perfection of invention.—However, of the more lofty and decided parts of these works, we may venture to pronounce, that the excellence is so uncommon and original, and the defects comparatively so rare and minute, that they must ever distinguish the name of Barry among the British artists.—We must not, however, acquit these pieces with praise, even qualified as this is: justice compels us to say, that in the minor, and what we would call the subsidiary parts of these pictures, there is a want of delicacy of pencil, of grace, of cultivated and refined taste, and likewise of that *indescribable something*, which, in painting, as in every other art, is the true inspiration and real mystery of genius.

The general character of this painter is to be collected from the above remarks. He was a painter who did not want genius, but industry to make him a master of his art. His strength lay in conceiving originally, and with manliness and good sense; but he wanted science and labour to execute as well as he thought; and, above all, he wanted humility; for he left a lasting complaint impressed on every one of his pictures, that he was too soon satisfied with himself.

He was chiefly famous for a manly coarseness and a vigour of imagination; but his science was depraved by eccentricity; his imagination was distempered by a rage of invention which produced quaintness rather than novelty.

In respect to the moral character of Barry, it was not amiable. His temper was uncertain, and occasionally brutal; his oddities rendered it unsafe to mix with him; and they were so offensive, that they could not be submitted to, for the sake of his genius. In his person he was dirty and indifferent; in his deportment a savage; in his opinions fierce and obstinate; in his general conduct various; always unpleasant, harsh, and repulsive.

Barry died on the 22d of February, 1806, at the house of a friend, Mr. Bonomi, of Titchfield-street.





THE SOCIETY FOR THE EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE EMBELLISHMENTS.

A DESCRIPTION  
OF THE  
SERIES OF CELEBRATED PICTURES,

PAINTED BY

JAMES BARRY, R. A.

*And preserved in the Great Room of the Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Adelphi.*

MR. BARRY, the artist to whose exertions the world is indebted for this valuable effort, had in the execution of it the patriotic intention of offering to the public a practical illustration of the arguments he had occasion to adduce against opinions generally received, and highly derogatory to the honour and genius of the British nation.

The opinions of such men as the Abbé du Bos, the President Montesquieu, and the Abbé Winkelman, could not fail to make a deep impression upon the public mind; and it unfortunately happened that these philosophical investigators of the human capacity, the art, and its history, have followed each other in assigning limits to our national genius; they ascribe to it a certain character of heaviness and sterility of fancy, and affect to deduce them from physical causes; but they have wilfully taken advantage, or have been ignorant of, and deceived by certain impediments which have happened casually to retard or prevent us from keeping pace with other nations in the acquisition of some of the fine arts, and have laid it down as a position, from the same mode of reasoning, that the thing is impossible, from the supposition that we are naturally incapacitated by the cloudiness of our atmosphere, our soil, our food, and the very frame of our nerves. They assert, that we have no imagination, no taste, no sensibi-

lity: that we are cold and unsocial to the powers of music; that we succeed in nothing in which genius is requisite; and that if we ever merit admiration, it is for the hand and execution of the workman, not for the design of the artist; that we partake so much of the distempers of our climate, as to distelish every thing, even life itself; that our poets are devoid of true taste and true imagery; that they make a great noise, but present nothing to the mind; and that our natural capacity for the fine arts amounts to very little, or nothing at all.

Such is the unjust and illiberal picture of British genius, with respect to the fine arts, as drawn by the mistaken, though respectable authors above mentioned; to refute which, Mr. Barry published his "Inquiry into the real and imaginary Obstructions to the Acquisition of the Fine Arts in England: and in the performance of the magnificent work now before us, it appears, as well from his own account of the pictures as from his letter to the Dilettanti Society, that it was his intention to effect the great desideratum of art, viz. the union or association of the Grecian style and character of design, with all those lesser accomplishments which the moderns have so happily achieved. Such an undertaking, so bold, so singular, and so unprecedented, reflects the highest honour upon the artist; but the public

opinion, and future ages, must decide upon the success or failure of this very grand and laborious attempt.

The series consists of six pictures, on dignified and important subjects, so connected as to illustrate this great maxim of moral truth,—that the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral, which are so well calculated to lead human nature to its true rank, and the glorious designation assigned for it by providence.

To illustrate this doctrine, the first picture exhibits mankind in a savage state, exposed to all the inconvenience, and misery of neglected culture; the second represents a Harvest-Home, or Thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus; the third, the Victors at Olympia; the fourth, Navigation, or the Triumph of the Thames; the fifth, the Distribution of Rewards by the Society; and the sixth, Elysium, or the State of final Retribution. Three of these subjects are truly poetical, the others historical.

The pictures are all of the same height, viz. eleven feet ten inches: and the first, second, fourth, and fifth, are fifteen feet two inches long; the third and sixth, which occupy the whole breadth of the room, at the north and south ends, are each forty-two feet long.

### FIRST PICTURE.

#### ORPHEUS.

THE scenery of this picture exhibits a view of the mountainous and desert country of Thracæ; near the centre of the piece is Orpheus, in an action of great energy, enthusiastically singing his divine poems, his right hand rapturously stretched towards heaven; and for the harmonious accompaniment of his instructive song, the several fingers of his left hand are employed upon the various strings of the lyre suspended from his shoulder, representing him according to his own assumption, as the inspired messenger and founder of the Grecian Theology.

The story of Orpheus has exercised the pencils of many painters, who, by realizing the poetical metaphor, have overlooked every thing valuable in it; but Mr. Barry, instead of surrounding him with such auditors as trees, birds, and wild beasts, has united in his character the legislator, the divine, and the philosopher as well as the musician, and has placed him in a wild and savage country, surrounded by people as uncultivated as the land they inhabit, depending upon the chase for their subsistence; whilst he, as a messenger from the Gods, to whose mansions he seems pointing, is pouring forth songs of instruction, which he accompanies with the music of his lyre.

By the action of Orpheus, the song appears the principal, and the music an accessory part, as it should always be where utility and instruction are intended. His hearers, who are represented in what is called a state of nature, are most of them armed with clubs, and clad in the spoils of wild beasts; in allusion to their being possessed of courage and strength to subdue lions and tigers, but wanting wisdom and skill to prevent retaliation on themselves or their feeble offspring. This latter circumstance, is finely illustrated, by a woman at some distance, on the other side of a river, milking a goat, her two children sitting near her, at the entrance of her habitation, a cave, where they are ill secured against a lion, who discovers them as he is prowling about for prey: still further in the distance, are seen two horses, one of which is run down by a tiger; by this incident it is clearly pointed out, that the want of human culture is an evil which extends beyond our own species, to all animals intended for domestication, and which have no other defence than the wisdom and industry of man.

It is a circumstance often observed by travellers, that the value and estimation of women increases according to the growth and cultivation of society, and that among savage nations their merits are disregarded, and they are in a condition little better than beasts of burden; all offices of fatigue and labour, war and hunting excepted, being reserved for them. It is to prove the truth of this observation, that



S. van der Meer









A woman is leaning on her male companion, and carrying a dead fawn upon her shoulder. As Orpheus is said to have taught the use of letters, the theology or generation of the gods, and the worship due to them, there is placed near him, on his right hand, a scroll of mythological matters respecting the cosmogony and the mundane egg, &c. which is respectfully inspected by two admiring savages behind; and in the advanced part of the fore ground are, a lamb bound, a fire kindled, and other preparations for sacrifice.

The countenances and actions of the several hearers are happily contrasted, and well exhibit the effect of those lessons on the various dispositions in the sensibility and pious resignation so peculiarly characteristic of female nature, as well as in the various impressions of contemplation and reflexion in the other sex, one of whom, contemplating his hands, and the various uses to which they are convertible, appears as if, for the first time, struck with the grand idea that knowledge is power. About the fore-ground are scattered fragments of the Chæonian mast, or acorns, the miserable subsistence derived from spontaneous uncultivated nature. The whole of this picture shows, with peculiar energy, the effect of those benefits which accrue to mankind from religion and philosophy, and the absolute necessity of substituting the love and pursuit of truth, justice, order, and social virtue, in lieu of the fraud, violence, and disorder of the savage state.

## SECOND PICTURE.

### A GRECIAN HARVEST-HOME.

THE warm glow of colouring spread over this picture, and the elegance of the figures in the more conspicuous parts of it, form a striking and beautiful contrast to the picture already described. The season is, as the title expresses, that of harvest; and as most of the persons represented are employed in rural sports, the evening is chosen, as the most proper time for such relaxation from the labours of the field.

In the fore-ground is a double terminal figure of Sylvanus and Pan, with their proper attributes; round which young men and women, in beautiful forms, and lightly habited, are dancing to the music of a rural pipe and tabor, and seem, in the language of the poet, to

“ ——— trip it as they go  
“ On the light fantastic toe.”

Behind them are oxen with a load of corn, and other characteristic marks of the season of the year. On one side of this happy group appears the father, with a fillet round his head, and in his hand a staff: his aged wife entering to behold and partake of the festivity of the scene.

In the opposite corner of the picture are some rustics sitting, in drunken disorder, with the fruits of the earth and implements of husbandry near them; these might serve as a foil, if any foil were necessary, to the beautiful dancing figures already described.

The distant parts of this pleasing picture exhibit a view of a fertile cultivated country, with a farm-house, near which are men wrestling, and engaged in other manly exercises which strengthen the body and elevate the mind to heroic actions; aged men are sitting and lying along, discoursing, and enjoying a view of those athletic sports, in which they can no longer engage. Here also are seen the various employments of a country life, as binding corn, tending bees, courtship, and every where a number of children. A marriage procession is advancing from a distant temple; and the joy of the accompanying figures expresses the happiness arising on such occasions, the labourers even suspending their work to hail the happy pair; in short, whatever can best point out a state of happiness, simplicity, and security, in which, though not attended with much *éclat*, the duty we owe to God, our neighbour, and ourselves, is perhaps much better attended to than in any other state of life. Still further to embellish this picture, the artist has introduced, sitting on a pent-house, a peacock in fine plumage; and at the top of the picture Ceres, Bacchus, Pan, &c. are looking down on the innocent festivity of their happy votaries; behind

them is a limb of the Zodiac, with the signs Leo, Virgo, and Libra, which mark the season of the year.

### THIRD PICTURE.

#### THE VICTORY AT OLYMPIA.

IN this superb picture the artist has happily chosen that point of time when the victors in the several games are passing in procession before the Hellanodicks, or judges, where they are crowned with olive, in the presence of all the Greeks. At the right hand corner of the piece, the three judges are seated on a throne, ornamented with medallions of Solon, Lycurgus, and other legislators, and with trophies of the victories of Salamis, Marathon, and Thermopylae. Near the foot of the throne is a table, at which the scribe appears writing, in the Olympic records of noble deeds, the name, family, and country of the conqueror; near this table, a victor in the foot-race, having already received a branch of palm, which he holds in his hand, is crowning by an inferior Hellanodick; next him is a foot-racer, who ran armed with a helmet, spear, and shield. Close following is seen a manly group, formed of two young athletic figures, bearing on their shoulders their aged father; one of these represents a Pancratiast, the other the victor at the Cestus. The old man is Diagoras of Rhodes, who, having in his youth been celebrated for his victories in the games, has, in his advanced age, the additional felicity of enjoying the fruit of the virtuous education he had given his sons, amidst the acclamations of the people of Greece; some of whom are strewing flowers round the old man's head, while one of his friends is grasping his right hand, and supposed to be making the celebrated speech recorded on this occasion,—“Now, Diagoras die, for thou canst not be made a God.”

The climax of this domestic felicity is well pointed out by a child holding the arm of one of the victors, and looking up with joy in his countenance at the honours conferred on his grandfather. Near this

beautiful group are seen a number of persons, the chief of whom represents Pericles, speaking to Cymon. Socrates, Euripides, and Sophocles are earnestly attending to what is said by Pericles, whilst the malignant buffoon Aristophanes is ridiculously laughing, and pointing to the deformity of the cranium of the speaker, which was unusually long. The painter has, in the person of Pericles, introduced the likeness of the late Earl of Chatham. Next appears, in the front of the picture, a horse-racer; and close to him, a chariot drawn by four horses, in which is represented, in basso-relievo, the triumph of Minerva over Neptune, emblematic of the advantages of peace. In the chariot is Hiero of Syracuse; and round the chariot are several persons with musical instruments, accompanied by many youths, forming a chorus, which is led by Pindar, singing one of his odes, which he accompanies with his lyre.

As, at one end of the picture, there is represented a statue of Minerva; so at the other is that of Hercules trampling on Envy; which are comprehensive exemplars of that strength of body and strength of mind, which are the great objects of Grecian education. On the base of the statue of Hercules, the artist has introduced his own portrait, in the character of Timanthes, holding in his hand a picture of the Cyclops and Satyrs, as related by ancient writers.

Behind the stadium, at a distance, is a view of the beautiful Grecian Temple of Jupiter Olympus in the Altis, the town of Elis, and the river Alpheus, as truly characteristic of the spot on which the ceremony that forms the subject of the picture may be supposed to have been performed.

The procession approaching the distant Temple with a sacrifice, leads the mind to contemplate the numberless blessing, which society derives, and can only derive from the exercise of religious worship, and the happy opportunity it affords on such solemn occasions, of pacifying the mind of a belligerent people, so composed as were the different states of Greece.





Center

THE TOWN

Bar. Road

## FOURTH PICTURE.

## THE THAMES.

THE practice of personifying rivers, and representing them by a Genius, adapted to their peculiar circumstances, is as ancient as the arts of painting and sculpture; and, in conformity to this practice, the ingenious artist has in this picture represented the Thames, of a venerable, majestic, and gracious aspect, sitting on the waters in a triumphal car, steering himself with one hand, and holding in the other the mariner's compass, by the use of which, modern navigation connects places the most remote, and has arrived at a certainty, importance, and magnitude unknown to the ancient world. The car is borne along by our great navigators, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sebastian Cabot, and the late Captain Cook. In the front of the car, and apparently in the act of meeting it, are four figures, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, ready to lay their several productions in the lap of the Thames.

Sir John Denham, in his celebrated eulogium on this river, has expressed this circumstance very happily:

"Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,  
 "But free and common, as the sea or wind,  
 "When he, to boast, or so dispose his stores,  
 "Full of the tribute of his grateful shores,  
 "Visits the world, and, in his dying hours,  
 "Brings home to us, and makes both ladies  
 "Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it  
 "wants;  
 "Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.  
 "So that to us no thing, no place is strange;  
 "While his fair bosom is the world's ex-  
 "change."

The supplicating action of the poor negro slave, or more properly of enslaved Africa, the cord round his neck, the tear on his cheek, the iron manacles, and attached heavy chain on his wrists, with his hands clasped and stretched out for mercy, denote the agonies of his soul, and the feelings of the artist were thus expressed, before the abolition of slavery became the subject of public investigation.

Over head is Mercury, the emblem of commerce, summoning the nations toge-

ther; and following the car are Nereids carrying several articles of the principal manufactures of Great Britain. The sportive appearance of some of these Nereids, gives a variety to the picture, and is intended to show, that an extensive commerce is sometimes found subversive of the foundation of virtue.

In this scene of triumph and joy, the artist has introduced music, and, for this reason, has placed among the sea-nymphs his friend Dr. Burney, whose abilities in that line are universally acknowledged.

In the distance is a view of the chalky cliffs on the English coast, with ships sailing, highly characteristic of the commerce of this country, which the picture is intended to record. In the end of this picture, next the chimney, there is a naval pillar, mausoleum, observatory, lighthouse, or all of these, they being all comprehended in the same structure, and which by a flight of imagination no less classically happy than singularly original, the Tritons, or Sea Gods, themselves appear to have erected as a compliment to the first naval power. In this important object, so magnificently produced by the Sea Gods, we have at last obtained the happy concurrence and union of so many important desiderata in that opportunity of convenient inspection of all the sculptured commemorations, the want of which had been so deeply regretted by all who had seen the Trojan and Antonine columns, and other celebrated remains of antiquity.

## FIFTH PICTURE.

## THE SOCIETY.

This picture represents the distribution of the rewards in the Society, founded for the noble purpose of introducing and perfecting the useful arts in this country, for which we were formerly obliged to have recourse to other nations. Not far advanced from the left side of the picture, stands the late Lord Romney, then President of the Society, habited, as all the other noblemen are, in the robes of his dignity: near the President stands his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and sitting at the corner of the picture, hold-

ing in his hand the instrument of the Institution, is Mr. William Shipley, whose pious spirit gave rise to the Society.— One of the fairer, who are producing specimens of grace to the President, is Arthur Young, Esq. Near him is Mr. Moore, the late Secretary, distinguishable by the pen he holds. On the right hand of the late Lord Romney, stands the present Lord Romney, V. P. and on the left, the late Owen Salusbury Briereton, Esq. V. P. Towards the centre of the picture is seen that distinguished example of female excellence, Mrs. Montague, who long honoured the Society with her name and subscription. Her example has been imitated by the late Duchess of Northumberland, and other Ladies; and probably would have been followed by greater numbers, if it had been more generally known that the fair sex may become members of this institution, and that many of its objects are peculiarly adapted to female accomplishments. Mrs. Montague appears here recommending the ingenuity and industry of a young female, whose work she is producing. Near her are placed the late Duchess of Northumberland, the present Duke of Northumberland, V. P. the late Joshua Steele, Esq. V. P. the late Sir George Savile, Bart. V. P. Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, Soame Jennings, and James Harris, Esqrs. and the two Duchesses of Rutland and Devonshire: between these Ladies, the late Dr. Samuel Johnson seems pointing out this example of Mrs. Montague to their Graces' attention and imitation.

Farther advanced is his Grace the Duke of Richmond, V. P. and near him the late Edmund Burke, Esq. Still nearer the right-hand side of the picture, is the late Edward Hooper, Esq. V. P. and the late Keane Fitz Gerald, Esq. V. P. His Grace the late Duke of Northumberland, V. P. the Earl of Radnor, V. P. William Locke, Esq. and Dr. William Hunter, are examining some drawings by a youth, to whom a premium has been adjudged: behind him is another youth, in whose countenance the dejection he feels at being disappointed in his expectation of a reward, is finely expressed. Near the right side of the piece are seen, the late Lord Vis-

count Folkstone, first President of the Society, his son the late Earl of Radnor, V. P. and Dr. Stephen Hales, V. P.

In the back ground appear part of the water-front of Somerset House, St. Paul's, and other objects in the vicinity and view of this Society, as instituted at London. And, as a very large part of the rewards bestowed by the Society have been distributed to promote the polite arts of painting and sculpture, the artist has also most judiciously introduced a picture and statue: the subject of the picture is the Fall of Lucifer, designed by Mr. Barry, when the Royal Academy had selected six of the members to paint pictures for St. Paul's Cathedral; the statue is that of the Grecian Mother dying, and in those moments attentive only to the safety of her child. In the corners of the picture are represented many articles which have been invented or improved by the encouragement of this Society. In the lower corner of this picture, next the chimney, are introduced two large models intended by Mr. Barry as improvements of medals and coins.

### SIXTH PICTURE.

#### ELYSIUM, OR THE STATE OF FINAL RETRIBUTION.

In this sublime picture, which occupies the whole length of the room, the artist has, with wonderful sagacity, and without any of those anachronisms which tarnish the lustre of other very celebrated performances, brought together those great and good men of all ages and nations, who have acted as the cultivators and benefactors of mankind. This picture is separated from that of the Society distributing its rewards, by palm-trees; near which, on a pedestal, sits a Pelican, feeding its young with its own blood; a happy type of those personages represented in the picture, who had worn themselves out in the service of mankind. Behind the palms, near the top of the picture, are indistinctly seen, as immersed and lost in the great blaze of light, Cherubim veiled with their wings, in the act of adoration, and offering incense to that invisible and incomprehensible Power which is above them, and out of the





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With love to all  
 Yours truly  
 Wm. Lloyd Garrison



picture, whence proceed the light and glory which are diffused over the whole piece. By thus introducing the idea of the divine essence, by effect, rather than by form, the absurdity committed by many painters is happily avoided, and the mind of every intelligent spectator is filled with awe and reverence. The group of female figures, which appear at a further distance absorbed in glory, are those characters of female excellence, whose social conduct, benevolence, affectionate friendship, and regular discharge of domestic duties, soften the cares of human life, and diffuse happiness around them. In the more advanced part, just bordering on this blaze of light (where the female figures are almost absorbed) is introduced a group of poor native West Indian females in the act of adoration, preceded by angels, burning incense, and followed by their good bishop; his face partly concealed by that energetic hand which holds his crozier or pastoral staff may, notwithstanding by the word *Chiapa*, inscribed on the front of his mitre, be identified with the glorious Friar Bartolomeo de las Casas, bishop of that place. This matter of friendly intercourse, continued beyond life, is pushed still further in the more advanced part of the same group by the male adoring Americans, and some Dominican friars, where the very graceful incident occurs of one of these Dominicans directing the attention of an astonished Caribb to some circumstance of that beatitude, the enjoyment of which he had promised to his Caribb friend. The first group below on your left hand, in this picture, consists of Roger Bacon, Archimedes, Descartes, and Thales; behind them stand Sir Francis Bacon, Copernicus, Gallileo, and Sir Isaac Newton, regarding with awe and admiration a solar system, which two angels are unveiling and explaining to them; near the inferior angel, who is holding the veil, is Columbus, with a chart of his voyage; and close to him, Epaminondas with his shield, Socrates, Cato the younger, the elder Brutus, and Sir Thomas More; a Sextumvirate, to which, Swift says, all ages have not been able to add a seventh. Behind Marcus Brutus is William Molyneux, holding his

book of the Case of Ireland; near Columbus is Lord Shaftesbury, John Locke, Zeno, Aristotle, and Plato; and in the opening between this group and the next, are Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and the Honourable Robert Boyle. The next group are legislators, where King Alfred the Great is leaning on the shoulder of William Penn, who is shewing his tolerant, pacific Code of Equal Laws to Lycurgus; standing around them are Minos, Trajan, Antoninus, Peter the Great of Russia, Edward the Black Prince, Henry the Fourth of France, and Andrea Doria of Genoa. Here too are introduced those patrons of genius, Lorenzo de Medicis, Louis the Fourteenth, Alexander the Great, Charles the First, Colbert, Leo the Tenth, Francis the First, the Earl of Arundel, and the illustrious Monk Cassiodorus, no less admirable and exemplary as the Secretary of State than as the Friar in his Convent at Viviers, the plan of which he holds in his hand. Just before this group, on the rocks which separate Elysium from the infernal Regions, are placed the Angelic Guards (see Milton, book iv. verse 519); and in the most advanced part an Arch-Angel, weighing attentively the virtues and vices of mankind, whose raised hand and expressive countenance denote great concern at the preponderancy of evil: behind this figure is another Angel, explaining to Pascal and Bishop Butler the apology between Nature and revealed Religion. The figure behind Pascal and Butler, with his arms stretched out, and advancing with so much energy, is that ornament of our later ages, the graceful, the sublime Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux. The unting tendency of the paper he holds in that hand, resting on the shoulder of Origen, would well comport with those pacific views of the amiable Grotius, for healing those discordant evils which are sapping the foundation of Christianity amongst the nations of Europe, where in other respects it would be, and even is, so happily and so well established. Behind Francis the First and Lord Arundel, are Hugo Grotius, Father Paul, and Pope Adrian.

Towards the top of the picture, and near

the centre, sits Homer; on his right hand, Milton; next him, Shakspeare, Spencer, Chaucer, and Sappho. Behind Sappho sits Alceus, who is talking with Ossian; near him are Menander, Moliere, Congreve, Bruma, Confucius, Mango Capac, &c. Next to Homer, on the other side, is the Archbishop of Combray, with Virgil leaning on his shoulder; and near them, Tasso, Ariosto, and Danté. Behind Danté, are Petrarch, Laura, Giovanni, Boccaccio. In the second range of figures, over toward the Black Prince and Peter the Great, are Swift, Erasmus, Cervantes; near them, Pope, Dryden, Addison, Richardson, Moses Mendelssohn, and Hogarth. Behind Dryden and Pope, are Sterne, Gray, Goldsmith, Thomson, and Fielding; and near Richardson, Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Vandyke. Next Vandyke is Rubens, with his hand on the shoulder of Le Sueur; and behind him is Le Brun; next to these are Julio Romano, Dominichino, and Annibal Caracci, who are in conversation with Phidias, behind whom is Giles Hussey. Nicholas Poussin and the Sicyonian Maid are near them, with Callimachus and Pamphilus; near Apelles is Corregio; behind Raphael stand Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci; and behind them, Ghiberti, Donatello, Massaccio, Brunaleschi, Albert Durer, Giotto, and Cimabue.

In the top of this part of the picture, the painter has happily glanced at what is called by astronomers the system of systems, where the fixed stars, considered as so many suns, each with his several planets, are revolving round the great cause of all things; and, representing every thing as effected by intelligence, has shewn each system carried along in its revolution by an angel. Though only a small portion of this circle can be seen, yet enough is shewn to manifest the sublimity of the idea.

In the other corner of the picture the artist has represented Tartarus, where, among cataracts of fire and clouds of smoke, two large hands are seen, one of them holding a fire-fork, the other pulling down a number of figures bound together by serpents, representing War, Gluttony, Extravagance, Detraction, Parsimony, and Ambition; and floating down the fiery gulph, are Tyranny, Hypocrisy, and Cruelty, with their proper attributes: the whole of this excellent picture proving, in the most forcible manner, the truth of that great maxim, which has been already quoted, but cannot be too often inculcated:—

That the attainment of man's true rank in the creation, and his present and future happiness, individual as well as public, depend on the cultivation and proper direction of the human faculties.



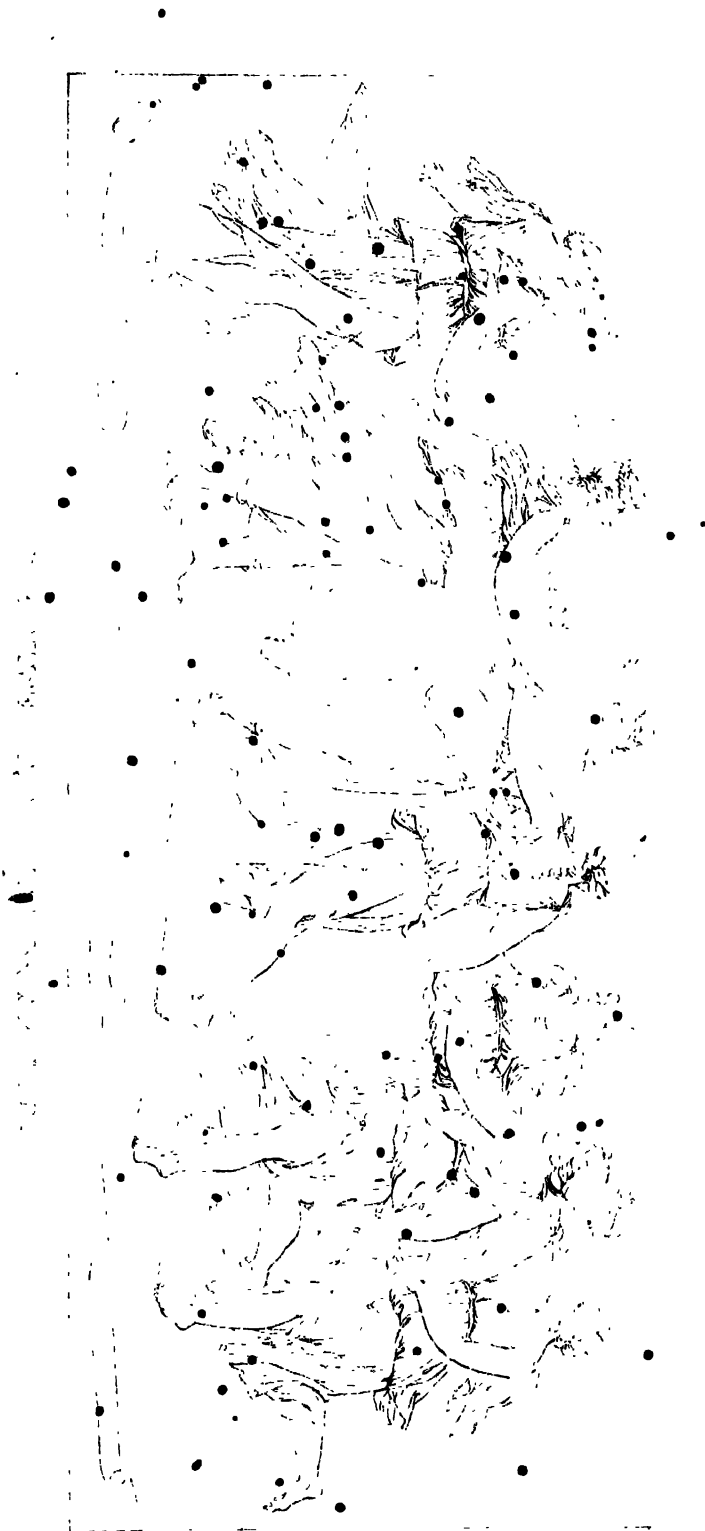
THE SACRIFICE OF ISAC













A CORRECT CATALOGUE  
OF  
THE WORKS OF BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

In a former Number we promised a correct catalogue of all the works of Mr. West, which we now submit to our readers, with the various sizes of the pictures, the persons for whom they have been painted, and in whose possession they now are.

*Pictures painted for, and in possession of his Majesty.—Queen's House.*

Regulus.

Hannibal.

Epaminondas.

Bayard.

Wolfe, the second picture.

Cyrus and the King of Armenia with his family, captives.

Germanicus and Segestus with his daughter, captives.

The apotheosis of Prince Alfred and Octavius.

The picture of the Damsel accusing Peter.

*In the King's Closet at St. James's; all whole lengths.*

The Queen with the Princess Royal (Queen of Württemberg), in one picture.

The Prince of Wales and Duke of York, in one picture.

Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex; Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, and Mary, in one picture.

Dukes of Clarence and Kent, in one picture.

Prince Octavius (dead).

*Now at Hampton-Court.*

The whole length portrait of his Majesty in regimentals, with Lord Amherst and the Marquis of Lothian on horseback in the back ground.

Its companion—The Queen, whole length, with the fourteen Royal Children in the back ground.

*In Windsor Castle.*

The whole length portrait of her Majesty with the fourteen Royal Children.

The same repeated.

*In the King's Audience-room in Windsor Castle.*

The Battle of Cressy, when Edward III. embraced his son—9 feet by 16.

*Supplement.—Vol. II.*

The battle of Poitiers, when John King of France is brought prisoner to the Prince—9 feet by 16.

The Institution of the Order of the Garter—do.

The Battle of Nevil's Cross—6 feet by 4.

The Burgesses of Calais before Edward III.—do.

Edward III. crossing the Somme—5 feet by 6.

Edward III. crowning Ribemont at Calais—5 feet by 4.

St. George destroying the Dragon—8 feet by 6.

The design of our Saviour's Resurrection, painted in colours, with the Women going to the Sepulchre; also Peter and John—12 feet by 8.

The Cartoon from the above design, for the east window, painted in the Collegiate Church of Windsor, on glass—36 feet high by 28 wide.

The design of our Saviour's Crucifixion, painted in colours—8 feet by 10.

The Cartoon from the above design, for the west window in the Collegiate Church, painted on glass—36 feet high by 28.

The Cartoon of the Angels appearing to the Shepherds, ditto for ditto—9 feet by 16.

The Cartoon of the Nativity of our Saviour, ditto for ditto—do.

The Cartoon of the Kings presenting Gifts to our Saviour, ditto for ditto—do.

*In his Majesty's possession at Windsor; all 8 feet by 10.*

The picture, in water colours, representing Hymen leading and dancing with the Hours before Peace and Plenty.

The picture, in water colours, of Boys with the Insignia of Riches.

The Companion with Boys, and the Insignia of the Fine Arts.—All painted for the Marble Gallery in Windsor Castle.

*Designs, from which the Ceiling in the Queen's Lodge was done; all 3 feet by 4.*

Genius calling forth the Fine Arts to adorn Manufactures and Commerce, and recording the names of eminent men in those pursuits.

Husbandry aided by Arts and Commerce. Peace and Riches cherishing the Fine Arts.

C

Manufacture giving support to Industry in Boys and Girls.

Marine and Inland Navigation enriching Britannia.

Printing aided by the Fine Arts.

Astronomy making new discoveries in the Heavens.

The Four Quarters of the World bringing Treasures to the lap of Britannia.

Civil and Military Architecture defending and adorning Empire.

*Pictures painted for his Majesty's Chapel in the Castle of Windsor, explanatory of revealed Religion, from the four Dispensations.—Antediluvian Dispensation.*

The Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise.

The Deluge.

*The Patriarchal Dispensation.*

Noah sacrificing.

Abraham and his Son Isaac going to Sacrifice.

The Birth of Jacob and Esau.

The Death of Jacob in Egypt, surrounded by his twelve Sons.

*Mosaical Dispensation.*

Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh; their rods turned into Serpents—10 feet by 14.

Pharaoh and his Host lost in the Red Sea, while Moses stretches his Rod over them—do.

Moses receiving the law on Mount Sinai—do.

Moses consecrating Aaron and his Sons to the Priesthood—do.

Moses sheweth the Brazen Serpent to the People to be healed—do.

Moses shewn the promised Land from the top of Mount Pisga—6 feet by 10.

Joshua crossing the River Jordan with the Ark—do.

The Twelve Tribes drawing Lots for the Lands of their Inheritance—do.

The Call of Isaiah and Jeremiah—each 5 feet by 14.

David anointed King—6 feet by 10.

*The Gospel Dispensation.*

Christ's Birth—6 feet by 12.

The naming of John; or, the Prophecies of Zacharias—6 feet by 12.

The Kings bringing Presents to Christ—6 feet by 12.

Christ among the Doctors—6 feet by 10.

The Descent of the Holy Ghost on our Saviour at the River Jordan—10 feet by 14.

Christ healing the Sick in the Temple—do.

Christ's last Supper—6 feet by 10.

Christ's Crucifixion—28 feet by 36.

Christ's Ascension—12 feet by 18.

The Inspiration of St. Peter—10 feet by 14.

Paul and Barnabas rejecting the Jews and receiving the Gentiles—do.

*The Revelation Dispensation.*

John called to write the Revelations—6 feet by 10.

Saints prostrating themselves before the throne of God—do.

The Opening of the Seven Seals; or Death on the Pale Horse—do.

The Overthrow of the old Beast and false Prophet—do.

The Last Judgment—do.

The New Jerusalem—do.

*Painted for, and in the possession of William Beckford, Esq. of Bath.*

The picture of St. Michael and his Angels fighting and casting out the Red Dragon and his Angels.

Do. of the Women clothed in the Sun.

Do. of John called to write the Revelations

Do. of the Beast rising out of the Sea.

Do. of the mighty Angel, one foot upon Sea, and the other on Earth.

Do. of St. Antony of Padua.

Do. of the Madre-dolorosa.

Do. of Simeon with the Child in his arms.

Do. of a small Landscape, with a Hunt passing in the back-ground.

Do. of Abraham and Isaac going to Sacrifice—6 feet by 10.

Do. of a whole length Figure of Thomas à Becket, larger than life.

Do. of the Angel in the Sun assembling the Birds of the air, before the destruction of the old Beast.

Four half lengths.

The small picture of the Order of the Garter, differing in composition from the great picture at Windsor.

*In the possession of the Earl of Grosvenor—all 3 feet by 7.*

The picture of the Shunamite's Son raised to life by the Prophet Elisha.

Do. of Jacob blessing Joseph's Sons.

Do. of the Death of Wolfe (orig. picture).

Do. of the Battle of La Hogue.

Do. of the Boyne.

Do. of the Restoration of Charles II.

Do. of Cromwell dissolving the long Parliament.

A small portrait of Gen. Wolfe when a boy.

The picture of the Golden Age.

*In different Churches.*

The picture of St. Michael chaining the Dragon, in Trinity College, Cambridge—15 feet by 8.

Ditto of the Angels announcing the Birth of our Saviour, in the Cathedral Church of Rochester—10 feet by 6.

Do. of the Death of St. Stephen, in the Church of St. Stephen, Walbrook—10 by 18.

Do. of the Raising of Lazarus, in the Cathedral of Winchester—10 feet by 14.

Do. of St. Paul shaking the Viper off his finger, in the Chapel at Greenwich—27 by 13.

The Supper, over the Communion-table in the Collegiate Church of Windsor—4 by 13.

The Resurrection of our Saviour, in the east window of ditto—28 feet by 32.

The Crucifixion, in the window of ditto—28 feet by 36.

The Angel announcing our Saviour's Birth, in ditto—19 feet by 14.

The Birth of our Saviour, in ditto—9 by 16.

The Kings presenting Gifts to our Saviour, in ditto—do.

The picture of Peter denying our Saviour, in the Chapel of Lord Newark.

The Resurrection of our Saviour, in the church at Barbadoes—10 feet by 6.

The picture of Moses with the Law, and John the Baptist, in ditto—as large as life.

*In the Collection of Henry Hope, Esq.—first painted for the late Bishop of Exeter*

**DRAWINGS.**

Faith,	St. Matthias,	St. Bartholomew,
Hope,	St. Thomas,	St. James the Mi-
Charity,	St. Jude,	nor Apostle,
Innocence,	St. Simeon,	Malachi,
St. Matthew,	St. John the Major,	Micah,
St. Mark,	St. Philip,	Zachariah,
St. Luke,	St. Peter,	and
St. John,	St. Andrew,	Daniel.

**COMPOSITIONS.**

Paul shaking the Viper from his finger.  
 Paul preaching at Athens.  
 Elymas the Sorcerer struck blind.  
 Cornelius and the Angel.  
 Peter delivered from Prison.  
 The Conversion of St. Paul.  
 Paul before Felix.

Two whole lengths of the late Archbishop of York's two eldest Sons.

A whole length portrait of the late Lord Grosvenor.

The picture of Jacob drawing water at the Well for Rachel and her flock; in the possession of Mrs. Evans.

*In the Historical Gallery, Pall-Mall.*

The picture of the Citizens of London offering the Crown to William the Conqueror

The Queen Mother soliciting the King to pardon her son John

Three of the children of the late Archbishop of York, with the portrait of the Archbishop, half lengths; in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Drummond.

The family picture, half lengths, of Mrs. Cartwright's Children.

Do. of Sir Edmund Bacon's Nephew and Niece, half lengths.

Do. of — Lane, Esq.'s Children, half lengths.

A Lady leading three Children of Virtue to the Temple

A picture of Madera.

*In various Collections.*

The picture of the late Lord Clive receiving the Poem from the Great Mogul, for Lord Clive.

Christ receiving the Sick and Lame in the Temple; in the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia—11 feet by 18.

The picture of Pylades and Orestes; for Sir George Beaumont.

The original sketch of Cicero at the Tomb of Archimedes; for ditto.

The picture of Leonidas ordering Cleombrotas into banishment with his Wife and Children; W. Smith, Esq. first painted for W. Locke, Esq.

Do. of the Martyrs at the Sepulchre; ditto.

Do. of Alexander and the Physician; for General Sturt.

Do. of Julius Caesar reading the Life of Alexander; ditto.

Do. of the Return of the Prodigal Son; for Sir James Esdaile.

Do. of the Death of Adonis; Mr. Knight, Portland-place.

Do. of the Continence of Scipio; ditto.

Do. of Venus and Cupid, oval; Mr. Stiers, Temple, now Mr. Acermans, Bristol.

Do. of Alfred dividing his Loaf; presented to Stationers' hall by Alderman Boydel—8 feet by 11.

Do. of Helen brought to Paris; in the possession of a family in Kent, name not ascertained.

A small sketch of the Shunamite's Son restored, &c.; Rev. — Hand, painted for Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol.

Cupid stung by a Bee, oval; — Wysey, Esq. in Ireland.

Agrippina surrounded by her Children, and

- Picture of Cupid complaining to Venus of a Bee having stung his finger.  
 Do. of the Deluge.  
 Do. of Queen Elizabeth's Procession to St. Paul's.  
 Do. of Christ's shewing a little Child as the emblem of Heaven.  
 Do. of Harvest Home.  
 Do. of a View from the east-end of Windsor Castle looking over Datchet.  
 Do. of washing of Sheep.  
 Do. of St. Paul shaking the Serpent from his finger.  
 Do. of the Sun setting behind a group of trees on the banks of the Thames at Twickenham.  
 Do. of the driving of Sheep and Cows to water.  
 Do. of Cattle drinking at a watering-place in the Great Park, Windsor, with Mr. West drawing.  
 Do. of Pharaoh and his Host drowned in the Red Sea.  
 Do. of Calypso and Telemachus on the seashore—second picture.  
 Do. of Gentlemen fishing at Dagenham Beach waters.  
 Do. of Moses consecrating Aaron and his Sons to the Priesthood.  
 Do. of the View of Windsor Castle from Snow Hill, in the Great Park.  
 Do. of a Mother inviting her little Boy to come to her through a small stream of water.  
 Do. of the naming of Samuel, and the prophesying of Zacharias.  
 Do. of the Ascension of our Saviour.  
 Do. of the Birth of Jacob and Esau.  
 Do. of the Brewer's Porter and Hod carrier drinking porter at the door of an Ale-house.  
 Do. of Venus attended by the Graces.  
 Do. of Samuel when a Boy presented to Eli.  
 Do. of Christ's Last Supper (in brown colour).  
 Do. of the Reaping of Harvest, with Windsor in the back ground.  
 Do. of Adonis and his dog going to the Chase.  
 Do. of Christ among the Doctors in the Temple.  
 Do. of Moses shewing the Promised Land.  
 Do. of Joshua crossing the River Jordan with the Ark.  
 Do. of Christ's Nativity.  
 Do. of Mothers with their Children, in water.  
 Do. of Cranford Bridge.  
 Do. the sketch of Pyrrhus, when a child, before King Glaucus.  
 Do. of the Traveller laying his piece of Bread on the Bridle of the dead Ass.—From Sterne.  
 The Captive—from do.  
 The picture of Cupid letting loose two Pigeons; now in possession of Captain Agar.  
 Do. of Cupid asleep.  
 Do. of Children eating Cherries.  
 Sketch of a Mother and her Child on her lap.  
 The small picture of the Eagle bringing the Cup to Psyche.  
 The picture of St. Antony of Padua and the Child.  
 Do. of Jacob, and Laban with his two Daughters.  
 Do. of the Women looking into the Sepulchre, and beholding two Angels where the Lord lay.  
 Do. of the Angel loosening the chains of St. Peter in prison.  
 Do. of the Death of Sir Philip Sidney.  
 Do. of the Death of Epaminondas.  
 Do. of the Death of Bayard.  
 The small sketch of Christ's Ascension.  
 The sketch of a group of Legendary Saints, in imitation of Rubens.  
 The picture of Kosciusko on a couch, as he appeared in London in 1797.  
 Do. of the Death of Cephalus.  
 Do. of Abraham and Isaac—"Here is the wood and fire, but where is the lamb to sacrifice."  
 The sketch of the Pard—from Gay.  
 Do. of the pardoning of John by his brother King Richard the First, at the solicitation of the Queen-Mother.  
 Do. of St. George and the Dragon.  
 The picture of Eponina with her Children giving bread to her Husband when in concealment.  
 The sketch, on Paper, of Christ's Last Supper.  
 The picture of the pardoning of John, at his Mother's solicitation.  
 Do. of the Death of Lord Chatham.  
 Do. of the presentation of the Crown to William the Conqueror.  
 Do. of Europa crowning the Bull with flowers.  
 The picture of Mr. West's Garden, Gallery, and Painting-room.  
 Do. of the Cave of Despair—from Spenser.  
 Do. of Christ's Resurrection.  
 The sketch of the Destruction of the Spanish Armada.  
 The picture of Arethusa bathing.  
 The sketch of Priam soliciting of Achilles the body of Hector.  
 The picture of Moonlight (small)



The small sketch of Cupid shewing Venus his finger stung by a Bee.

*Drawings and Sketches on Paper, in the Gallery.*

The Drawings of the two sides of the intended Chapel at Windsor, with the arrangement of the Pictures, &c.

The Drawing of St. Matthew, with the Angel.

Do. of Alcibiades, and Timon of Athens.

Do. of Penn's Treaty.

Do. of Regulus, his departure from Rome.

Do. of Mark Antony shewing the Robe and Will of Caesar.

Do. of the birth of Jacob and Esau.

Do. of the death of Dido.

The large sketch, in oil, (on paper) of Moses receiving the Laws on Mount Sinai.

The large drawing of the death of Hippolytus.

The large sketch, in oil, of the landing of Agrippina on paper.

Do. of Leonidas ordering Cleombrotus into Banishment, on paper.

The drawing of the death of Epaminondas.

The sketch, in oil, of the death of Aaron, on paper.

The drawing of the death of Sir Philip Sidney.

The sketch, in oil, on paper, of David prostrate, whilst the destroying Angel sheathes the Sword.

The drawing of the Woman looking into the Sepulchre.

Do. of St. John preaching.

Do. of the Golden Age.

Do. of Antiochus and Stratonice.

Do. of the death of Demosthenes.

The large sketch, in oil, on paper, of Death on the Pale Horse.

The drawing of King John and the Barons with Magna Charta.

Do. of La Hogue.

Do. of Jacob and Laban.

The large do. of the Destruction of the Assyrian Camp by the destroying Angel.

The large sketch, in oil, on paper, of Christ raising the Widow's Son.

Do. in do. on paper, of the Water gushin from the Rock when struck by Moses.

The drawing of the death of Socrates.

Do. of the battle of the Boyne.

Do. of the death of Eustace St. Celine.

The sketch, in oil, on paper, of the Procession of Agrippina with her Children and the Roman Ladies through the Roman camp when in mutiny.

The drawing of the Rescue of Alexander III. of Scotland from the fury of a Stag.

The drawing of the death of Wolfe.

The sketch, in oil, of King Alfred dividing his loaf with a Pilgrim.

Do. of the Raising of Lazarus.

The small whole length of Thomas à Becket, in oil, on canvass.

The small picture of the death of the Stag.

The drawing of do.

Do. of Nathan and David.

Do. of Joseph making himself known to his Brethren.

Do. of Narcissus at the Fountain.

Do. in small of the Duannie received by Lord Clive.

Do. of the Continuance of Scipio.

Do. of the Last Judgment, and the Sea giving up its dead.

Do. of the Bard—from Gay.

Do. of Belisarius and his family.

The sketch, in oil, of Aaron standing between the dead and living to stop the Plague.

Do. on paper, of the Messenger announcing to Samuel the loss of the battle.

The drawing of Sir Philip Sidney ordering the water to be given to the wounded Soldier.

The large drawing of the giving of the Duannie to Lord Clive.

The large picture of King Lear in the storm at the hovel on the heath; painted for the Shakespear Gallery, but now in the Academy at Philadelphia.—Its companion, Ophelia before the King and Queen; in ditto.

Mr. West painting the portrait of Mrs. West, in one picture, half figures, large as life; in ditto.

The half length portrait of R. Falton, Esq. in ditto.

Hagar and Ishmael, figures as large as life; painted for Lord Cremorne, but now in the possession of a nobleman in Ireland.

Theirs bringing the armour from Vulcan to her son Achilles; painted for Thomas Hope, Esq.

Iris bearing Jove's command to King Priam, to go and solicit the body of his son Hector; painted for ditto.

William of Dolbeny presenting his three Daughters to King Alfred III. to make choice of one for his wife; painted for the late Duke of Rutland, and now at Belvoir Castle.

Christ among the Doctors—Its companion, Christ blessing little Children; both painted for the late Duke of Rutland, and at Belvoir Castle.

The Grecian Daughter defending her father from the Tyrant—Its companion, the Couch scene of King Lear and his Daughter; painted for Mr. Bowles of Wanstead.

The small picture of Thetis bringing the armour to Achilles in which the Myrmidons are introduced. Two sketches of the same subject without the Myrmidons—one in colours the other in *claro-scuro*; in the possession of Mr. West.

The Victory off Trafalgar, or the death of Lord Nelson, a large composition; in the possession of Mr. West.

The death of Lord Nelson in the cockpit of the ship Victory; painted for John M<sup>r</sup> Arthur, Esq.

Victory bearing the body of Lord Nelson to the arms of Britannia; painted for ditto

A small picture of the Resurrection of our Saviour; in the possession of Mr. West.

The drawing of Prince Bladud contemplating the medicinal virtues of the Bath waters by observing their effect on Swine.

A view of Bath from the high ground eastward of Prior Park House.

A view of the Rocks at Bristol Wells.

A view in Prior Park, near Bath.

A view on the river Avon, at Bath.

These drawings are in the possession of Mr. West.

## ON TASTE.

### THE ORIGIN OF THAT NAME AS APPLIED TO THE ARTS.

ALL human works are imperfect, and if any are esteemed as perfect, it is because we do not know their defects. Human perfection is but a similitude or a shadow of true perfection, and for that reason, the word Taste is used in painting, to signify that a work can have the taste of perfection, without being truly perfect. This taste in painting, is in part like that of the palate, because the one touches the mouth, and tongue, and the other moves the eye and the intellect. In both, taste has many gradations, which are all comprehended under the same denomination; and since many things are of a sweet, bitter, or sour taste, without the bitter, sour, and sweet being of equal strength, this is also in painting, the great, the delicate, and the forcible, and each of these in different and distinct degrees.

### EXPLANATION OF TASTE.

All that which does not touch or move man, cannot please him; and no food is agreeable unless it has some distinguishable flavour. In the same manner in painting it is likewise necessary that every thing that the eye beholds should touch and affect the nerves in order to be pleasing.

Taste is variable in every one, as much as style and manners, with this only difference, that it is found, in general, either

good or bad, and is judged according as it is; so that taste might be praise-worthy when it is no ways perfect; and since we call many things sweet or sour, which savour very little of that flavour, thus, also, a painting might be of good taste, although it partakes very little of perfection. The taste of painting can also be of good or bad habitude, as well as that of the flavour, since the eye becomes habituated as well as the palate. Strong food, and liquors, destroy the taste, but that which is light preserves the most delicate flavour.—Thus it is likewise in painting; those pieces which are forced or overcharged, destroy the taste of the art, but the simply beautiful works accustom the eye to a more delicate sense. The taste of those who like heavy and gaudy pieces, arises from a low and vulgar mind; whereas, those who like only the cool and tender subjects, have, in general, a taste very refined; and this diversity is not only found in the amateurs, but in the professors of the art.

### DETERMINATIONS, AND RULES FOR TASTE.

The best taste which nature can give, is that of the medium, since it pleases mankind in general. Taste is that which determines painters in their choice, and from that choice we judge and know if their taste be good or bad. Good, and the best, is that taste which is between the two extremes, and each extreme is bad.

The paintings which are commonly praised, and esteemed of good taste, are those in which one sees well expressed the principal objects, with a certain ease which hides all labour and art. Both these styles are pleasing, and give great credit to the author, whom one believes to have had great judgment in choosing so well the principal things, and must have had great talents to have performed his work with such facility.

The grandeur of taste consists in the choice of parts superior to the common, as well in man as in nature, and in hiding subordinate and trivial parts, which are not absolutely necessary.

Meanness in taste, is that which expresses the great and the inferior in the same manner; from whence the whole sinks below mediocrity, and is almost without taste.

Beautiful taste is, finally, that which expresses the most beautiful parts of nature. This, therefore, is superior to mediocrity, and is sublime in comparison to that which expresses but the inferior and ugly parts of nature. In the same manner are the pleasing and significant tastes, with many others one might mention.

Taste is that which, in painting, produces and determines a principal scope, and causes one to choose or reject that which is conformable or contrary to the same. Hence it is that when we see a work in which the whole is expressed without distinction and variety, we pronounce the author to have been void of taste; because he has not distinguished himself by any thing particular; and such works remain, if we may so say, without any expression. The works of every painter succeed according to the choice he makes, in which is to be understood, the colouring, clare-obscure, drapery, and every other thing relative to painting. If he chooses the parts most beautiful and grand, he will produce works of the best taste. All that is beautiful discovers the good quality of a thing, and the reverse is that which shows only the bad parts. Painters, therefore, consider the necessary perfection of any thing which they behold, and make choice of those things which best agree with their desires, since these must be beautiful. On

the other hand, they reject that which they would wish to be otherwise than it is, since such must be void of beauty.

From the consideration of the quality of a thing arises the expression; as every thing has expression according to its quality. Generally such is good as is grateful and pleasing to our senses, and the reverse is that which offends the eye and the intellect, and shows itself contrary to the same. All that which is not conformable to its cause and its destination, is such as is contrary to its office, or of whose existence one cannot comprehend the motive, and one knows not why this, or that form has offended the intellect. Also, that is offensive to the eye which distends too much its nerves and the lesser parts; hence it proceeds, that some colours, as well as the clare-obscure, when they are too high and too vivid, tire and fatigue, and the livid and too bright colours are disgusting, because they transport the eye with too great celerity from one sentiment to the other, and produce by that an effort, and a precipitate extension of the nerves which gives pain to the eye. And from the same motive is harmony so pleasing, since it always discovers things in the medium. It is necessary besides to reflect, that from painting being composed of such diversity, there never has been a professor who has had a taste equally good in all its parts; but often in one part he has known how to choose well enough, and in another very indifferently; and in some without either skill or knowledge. This precision forms the distinction of taste amongst the most celebrated professors, as we shall further explain.

#### HOW TASTE AGREES WITH IMITATION.

Imitation is the first part of painting, and of course the most necessary, although not the most beautiful. That which is necessary is never the most ornamented, nor the most elegant; because necessity shows poverty, and ornaments are signs of abundance; and since painting, generally speaking, is sought after more for ornament than for necessity, and as every thing is esteemed according as its first cause is good or bad, thus it is that we prefer in painting ornaments to necessity. And for that reason are also more estimable those painters who

have much invention, than those who possess only mere imitation. The arts being therefore composed of both these parts, he will be the greatest master who possesses both. These two parts belong the one to the other, and unite in the following manner; that is, idea, which is the parent of taste, is as the soul whose imitation forms the body. This soul, or reason, ought to choose from the whole range of nature, those parts, which according to the human idea are the most beautiful; but ought not to create new parts which are not to be found in nature; for by that, the art would be enfeebled, and lose, as one might say, its body, and from whence its beauty would become obscure to men. By this idea I do not mean more than the good choice one makes of natural things, and not that of an invention of new things. If therefore a painting be executed in such a manner that it discovers the most beautiful parts of nature, and that in each part appears natural truth, one shall perceive in the whole good taste, without prejudice to the part of imitation.

Here it is necessary to make another reflection, which is of the difference between taste and style. Taste, as I have many times said, consists in choice; style, however, is a kind of imposition, or fiction, and is of two kinds; that is, one which is produced by omitting many parts, and the other which creates and invents many new parts. There are many examples of the one and of the other. Those who have sought greatness, have sometimes omitted such parts that the essential one of the object itself has remained changed and destroyed. Others, likewise, have wished to meliorate, and correct the things of their choice, making the great greater, and the little less, thus violating nature, as well in form and design, as in colouring and clear-obscurity, and in all the parts of the art. True taste, which arrives nearest to perfection, is that which chooses of the best and most useful parts of nature, rejecting the useless, and preserving the essential part of any thing. Then the whole is true and of the highest taste; for in such a case nature is improved, but not changed as happens in style.

#### HISTORY OF TASTE.

Since all human things are imperfect, and of the good nothing remains but the will of choice; all the success of our operations depends on choice, and the true grandeur of it; and he is truly great, who knows the value of every thing, and of course distinguishes what is more or less great, and what is most estimable, so as to begin from that, and to apply the genius, and fix the desires upon the execution of things worthy and great. In this mode of thinking and acting, the most celebrated and enlightened artists have distinguished themselves, even from the ancient Greeks to the present time. The greater part have known that which is most worthy in nature, and upon which they have fixed all their study, and employed all their diligence and industry. The inferior geniuses, because they are attached to mediocrity, believe that in this consists all the art; and the lowest description of artists remain enchanted at beholding the minutiae of little works, taking them for principal things; inasmuch as human ignorance has passed from the trifling to the useless, from the useless to the ugly, and from the ugly to the false and chimerical. The first of those who possessed great taste were the Grecians; I do not intend to speak of the first inventors of the art, but only of those who have carried it to the highest degree of beauty and good taste. They knew that the arts were invented for men; that mankind love nothing so much as themselves, and for that reason man ought to be the most worthy object of the arts; on which account they employed the greatest diligence to that part of nature. Man being of himself more worthy in his natural figure than when decorated with clothing, they depicted, and formed him, in general naked, excepting only the female sex, which decency and modesty permitted not to appear in this state. They considered man to be the work most worthy of nature, for the commodiousness and symmetry of his formation which is derived from his aspect, and from the highest disposition and ordination of his members; hence they were the first to apply themselves principally to proportion. They observed finally,

that the strength of man consists in two principal motions, which are the retracting of his members towards the body which forms the centre, and of distending them from the body, or its centre; and these observations opened them the way to the study of anatomy, and discovered to them the first ideas of significance and expression. Their customs and amusements were very useful to such observations. Their public diversions gave birth to reflection, and from this reflection they attained to the knowledge of the cause of what they saw. Hence they were elevated to their Deity, and took from human nature those parts which most agreed with the imaginary quality of their God; and in that manner they began their choice.— They rejected at first, in forming these figurative Gods, all those parts which characterize human weakness; hence they made them of human figure, the most perfect in all nature, but not of human quality and defects. This is the derivation of beauty. At last they found the degree of medium between the Deity and humanity; they united these two parts, and thus invented the form of their heroes.— Then it was that the art arrived at its acme, because by that union, divine and human, they came to the knowledge of all the proper significations of the good and bad, in figure and aspect.

Besides the end here mentioned, they had also occasion, by means of their customs, to exercise themselves in accidental things, such as clothing, drapery, animals, &c. but these parts were only esteemed according to their merits, since the art remained only among the powerful and elevated geniuses. So that, therefore, when men of meaner talents undertook the art, and the judgment of works was not pronounced by wise men and philosophers, but by the wealthy and great, the art decayed by degrees, and at last degenerated to that trifling minuteness above expressed; so that in those times they produced things the most shocking, absurd, and unjust. In this manner, for instance, have they introduced grotesque, and other works. Since that time the art has no longer been subject to reason, but has been abandoned only to chance. If there were

any rich person of good taste, he contented himself by encouraging some artists to the imitation of those, which even at that time they called ancients; and the beauty of their works were no longer guided by reason, but only by appearance. They worked after the manner of the ancients, without comprehending, or availing themselves of their designs. The great difference which thence arises, in works is, that things produced from pure imitation remain always unequal in themselves, and it appears at times that one part is done by some great man, and the other by some ignorant person.

It is therefore necessary that painters who are imitators, seek not only to imitate the work, but also the motive of its model. When there were successively intelligent persons in the polite arts, which happened under some Roman Emperors, one presently beheld some lights, which however were extinguished as soon as they were deprived of aliment. In this manner the art, and its taste, have increased and diminished till at last it has been almost destroyed, because artists have begun to work for want, after the manner of mechanics and journeymen. Thus the art itself has fallen into discredit, not less among the learned and great men, but among all people, and has remained deprived of the means of raising itself, because it was not founded on human necessity, as are the other arts and sciences; being rather the mark of opulence and wisdom than necessity, and for that reason ought of course to have rested in oblivion in those barbarous ages, in which all the world, and principally Europe, were inundated by wars, and in which men occupied themselves chiefly in devastation and reciprocal oppressions.

When finally the world awakened from that horrible lethargy, and began to replace itself in the appearance of good order, the arts also revived, as one may say, from their state of extinction. Some artists, the miserable remains of oppressed Greece, who only had a tincture of painting, because the images were in use in the Catholic church, brought the art into Italy, but so deformed and imperfect, that one distinguishes in it only the good will or

desire of painting, and their poverty, followed by disregard, did not permit them to advance it.

When painting began to meet with the genius of the Italians, who were then rich and powerful, it was raised in some degree from darkness by different men of genius, among whom is principally distinguished Giotto. But since choice cannot need knowledge, thus it is that all these who were before Raphael, Correggio, and Titian, sought only pure imitation; and thus in that time there was no taste, and a painting was in a certain manner a chaos. Some wished to imitate nature, and could not; others, who were able to imitate it, did not; but only chose without knowing how they had chosen. Lastly, in the time of the three great luminaries of painting, which is of the said Raphael, Correggio, and Titian, painting as well as sculpture became exalted, but with choice, and from that choice was produced the taste of the art. Art being therefore an imitation of all nature, it is too extensive for the human understanding, and will be always imperfect among men. Such were the painters before the time of these great men of whom we speak; they chose imperfectly, and rejected from ignorance, one essential part or another. But these three masters chose each a peculiar part, to bestow upon that all his application, and if we may so say, to make all the art consist in that part.

Raphael chose expression, which he found in composition and design; Correggio sought the pleasing part, which he found in certain forms, principally, however, in clear-obscure; and, lastly, Titian embraced the appearance of truth, which he found in the highest degree of colouring. The greatest was naturally he who possessed the most important part, and expression being no doubt the most useful, and the most important part of painting, Raphael undoubtedly is the greatest of the three. After him follows Correggio, because to delight is the second important part of painting; and since truth is rather a duty than an ornament, Titian is only the third of the order; but all the three are great, because each was in possession of a principal part of painting. All those who

have come after them have had only a portion of that respective part, which they possessed; so that their taste remained inferior. The ideal part being therefore the first and the greatest part of all the art, the ancient Greeks have been greater than all the rest, because the choice of their taste comprehended all the sensible perfections.

Thus, according to my opinion, they arrived to such a degree of perfection, first, because they did not attempt to cultivate a field too extensive, so that they could with a talent equal to that of the moderns, rise higher than they, and approach, as we may say, nearer to the centre of perfection. Secondly, because among them ignorant people did not judge of their works, as often happens among us, but this judgment was reserved for learned men and philosophers, as we have already said in another place. Then, as a wise man always judges of the works of another with moderation and discretion, on the contrary the foolish and ignorant seek only to slander and depreciate, and only make pastime to another's prejudice. The ancients, for that reason, seeking true perfection more than we, took a separate part of the art; they began with the most necessary, and endeavoured rather to improve that, than to undertake much, and to remain imperfect. We, on the contrary, content ourselves in appearing perfect to the eyes of the simple and ignorant, whose money delights more than all the applauses of wisdom, which bestows not money; and the study of pleasing the amateurs prevails over reason and the rules of the art. We are indebted for beauty in the arts to these people, among whom not riches, but reason and wisdom determined the greatness and esteem of a man, where a philosopher was called the greatest man of the city, and skilful artists were distinguished as a philosopher. In such countries and nations, the arts arrive to greatness; but it will be difficult in our time for them to return to that degree of elevation. However, if any artists of the present time would wish, notwithstanding the universal evil, to seek good taste in painting, we will advise him what ways and means he should pursue, otherwise it appears to me impos-

sible that he can arrive, at this time, to perfection in the art.

#### INSTRUCTIONS TO PAINTERS IN ORDER TO OBTAIN A GOOD TASTE.

There are two ways by which good taste can be attained, when reason is our guide. The one which is the most difficult, is that of choosing from nature itself what is most useful and beautiful; the other more easy, is to be learnt from the works in which the choice is already made.

For the first, the ancients arrived at perfection; that is to say, in beauty and in good taste. The major part of the moderns, therefore, after the three aforesaid great luminaries, Raphael, &c. have attained it by secondary means. The three above-mentioned great men have built not only the first foundation, but also another in medium, between nature and imitation.

The difficulty of obtaining a good taste by following nature is great, because there ought to be discernment, and what is called spiritual philosophy to distinguish among the complex things of nature, the good, the better, and the best.

In imitation it is more easy to make such a distinction, since one knows and comprehends the works of men more easily than those of nature. To arrive therefore to the true manner of imitation, it requires not to make an abuse of it, and to study well the works of great masters, as much as they have studied nature, otherwise one might ever remain superficial and never comprehend well their beauties. Since infants in their tender years ought to be fed after the manner which agrees with the weakness of their digestion, until by increase of age the fibres become capable of sustaining food more gross and substantial; thus ought also to proceed the weakness of intellect in a youth who is a beginner in the art. One must not give him directly great undertakings, that is to say, accustom him in the beginning to difficult things, and great ideas; for by such his understanding would become erroneous, and confounded; besides it would give him presumption and pride, the young beginners being often carried away by the vanity of thinking they know all that which their masters would teach them. A pupil

in the beginning ought therefore to be fed with the most pure and simple aliment of the art; that is, he should be given the most perfect works of the most celebrated professors; and how to judge of, and distinguish these we shall show hereafter.

The principal point is, that he should never see, nor much less imitate in the beginning, ugly and imperfect works. He ought only to imitate the beautiful, and to imitate it exactly without entering into the cause of its beauty. By this method he will acquire a precision and justness of the eye, which is the instrument and most necessary requisite of all the art. When he is arrived to that point, he will begin to reflect with wisdom and discernment on the works of great professors, searching diligently their ideas and motives; which he will do in the following manner: for example, he will review all the works of Raphael, Correggio, and Titian, examining whatever he finds beautiful in each painting; and when he sees in the works of each of them some parts and things always well executed and perfected, it will be a proof that such parts have been the principal object and choice of that professor. The other parts which he sees executed and perfected in an inferior degree, will show, that those parts have not been their principal object; therefore one ought not to look for taste, or the cause of beauty in them. There are therefore in painting two principal parts which denote beauty, which are form and colour, and to the first also belongs the clear-obscure.

By the form, one defines all the expressions of the different human passions, and by colour, all the qualities of things; that is, the hard and soft, the humid and dry, &c. Raphael possesses expression in the most perfect degree, which is the cause of the beauty of his works; and which is to be found in the whole, as well in the most beautiful as the inferior.

He has also coloured his clear-obscure sometimes well enough, and at other times very competently; but this kind of beauty appears not in his works as studied, but only by way of imitation of nature; for which reason it is only necessary to seek and learn from him the part of expression. Expression is perfect, if for instance, in an

historical painting, a man cholepic, jocose, melancholy, or of other such passions, is represented with such respectively, and which are expressed in that proportion and measure which the subject it represents requires; so that we may know the history from the figures, without being compelled to explain the history of those figures. If in the same manner one reviews the works of Correggio, one shall observe much more attraction than in any other painter.

It is necessary therefore to know in what consists this attraction. Painting becomes attractive by means of the eyes, and these find their pleasure in repose. To procure them therefore this repose, and that attraction, nothing in painting is better adapted than clear-obscure and harmony. These requisites form the principal part of Correggio. If a person observes all his works, he finds in the whole these parts. In the mean time that he seeks to repose and please the eye, he finds also grandeur of features, and because all little parts are more fastidious to the eye than those which are great, this therefore is the cause of his beauty. Titian lastly sought truth, but not after the same manner as Raphael. He represented man entire, and principally the mind, the sentiments, and the passions. Titian sought truth only in matter, as well in man as in any other thing; therefore he applied himself to express the being and quality of things with those colours which are adapted to them, and he succeeded wonderfully. In his works every thing has those colours which it properly ought to have. The flesh which he painted appears to have blood, fat, humidity, muscles, and veins; by which he produced that great appearance of truth.— This is therefore the part one ought to study in him, and which will be found in all his works, as well in the most perfect as in the inferior.

These are the causes of the effects, and of the beauties of these three great men; and by this same method one ought to seek beauty and the causes of it in any other great painter. We have shown what is that method, when we have said that one must study, or observe what is constantly found in the works of a master. In this

manner one becomes capable of comprehending the motives which arise from their natural sentiments; and now we shall explain how we have been able to form of these sentiments a proper taste. It is necessary to know that these three men were learned, and possessed a kind of philosophical understanding, as we have already said upon another occasion; from which they comprehended that man could not be perfect in all his parts, for which reason they chose each of them, those separate parts in which they believed consisted the greatest perfection, and by which they could move and please first themselves, and next other people. All the three therefore have the same end in view, which is to please, and to move; but no one can succeed in this intent in material works, if he does not show the cause of this pleasure, and that this effect had been produced in himself by a similar cause in nature. This is exactly the case with the aforesaid professors. They expressed that which they felt; and as each of them took a part peculiar to himself, and different from the others, from this arises the propriety of their respective genius. It was necessary that Raphael should have had moderate passions and an ardent spirit, which produced in him ideas full of expression, and made him find pleasure in all that which had much significance. In Correggio, one finds a spirit mild and soft, which gave him an aversion to all that which is too powerful and expressive; and made him choose only such parts as were pleasing and tender. Titian lastly had less spirit than even those two, and more of materiality; so that he felt and chose only the parts of nature. Raphael for that reason always remained the first of the three.

I have said in the Beginning, that taste arises from knowing how to choose some parts, and to reject others which have not their necessary quality; and in this, taste in the arts is like that of the palate, because we call sweet, sour, bitter, &c. those things which have no other flavour, and in which the same is found predominant; also in the arts, a work is said to be pleasing, true, significant, &c. always when these qualities are not embarrassed and confused, but when one of them predomi-



nates, and all that is useless is therein rejected.

Thus Raphael in the invention of his work, began directly by an expression of style which never moves any member when it is not absolutely necessary for assisting that expression. On the contrary, he never gave to any figure or member a stroke of the pencil without some motive, which is subservient to the principal expression. In the human figure every thing, even to the least movement, is subservient in the works of Raphael to a principal motive; from which having rejected all that has no expression, his works are full of expressive taste. The cause therefore why the works of Raphael do not please all people equally at first sight, is, that their beauties are founded on reason, and not

solely in appearance; so that they are not felt at first sight, but only when they have penetrated into the imagination, and many persons are of a penetration so feeble, that they do not perceive any thing of the beauty of that great painter.

Since Raphael's principal object was expression, he has given to each figure a different expression and significance, according as the history of his painting required; and possessing this expression in all the parts of painting, this has become his natural and peculiar taste. In the same manner, that is, in leaving and rejecting all that is useless, and not subservient to the principal object, Correggio has acquired a grateful and pleasing taste, and Titian that of truth.

#### ON THE ARTS WHICH ARE COMMONLY CALLED *THE IMITATIVE ARTS.*

It is the lot of the maxims of celebrated writers, to be blindly received by most of their successors, and to be a thousand times repeated for no other reason than because they issued from the pen of a sublime genius. One of these doctrines is the position of Aristotle, that all poetry consists in imitation, and this maxim has been so often reverberated from author to author, that it appears to be a kind of temerity to dispute it; for almost all the philosophers and critics who have written on poetry, music, and painting, far as they are from agreeing on various points, coincide however in considering them as merely imitative arts. It must, nevertheless, be evident to every one who examines what passes in his own heart, that if he is moved by the most exquisite productions of poetry, music, and painting, the reason of it is to be sought in some cause very different from imitation, be that cause whatever it will. M. le Batteux, a French writer, has endeavoured to prove, that all the fine arts may be referred to one common principle—imitation. Notwithstanding what he advances respecting painting, it is however probable, that poetry and music have a nobler origin;

and if the earliest language of mankind was not at the same time poetical and musical, so much at least is certain, that in countries where no species of imitation seems to be much admired, poets and musicians are yet produced by nature and art. Thus, among certain Mahometan nations, in which sculpture and painting are prohibited by law, and dramatic poetry of all kinds is totally unknown, the pleasing arts of expressing the passions in verse, and of strengthening this expression by melody, are cultivated with great enthusiasm. We shall here endeavour to prove, that though poetry and music are certainly capable of imitating the manners of men and various objects in nature, yet that their strongest effect is by no means produced by imitation but by a totally different principle, which must be sought in the inmost recesses of the human heart.

Before we enter upon an investigation of this subject, it is necessary to define with precision what we mean by poetry and music; and this definition we cannot give till we have made a few previous observations on their origin, their mutual relations, and their differences.

Poetry appears to have been originally nothing more than the lively and energetic expression of human passions, of pleasure and of pain, of love and of hatred, of admiration and of anger, sometimes pure and unmixed, at others variously modified and combined. For if we take notice of the voice and accent of a person under the influence of a violent passion, we observe in them something that approaches very near to cadence and measure. This, it is worthy of remark, is the case with the speech of an impassioned orator whose talents are principally occupied with praise or censure; and from certain passages in Cicero we may collect that the superior orators of the ancient Greeks and Romans had a kind of rhythm in their language, which, though not so regular, was not less melodious than the rhythm of the poets.

If this idea be correct, we may hence deduce that the most ancient species of song was devoted to the praise of the deity; for if we figure to ourselves a being born with all his senses and faculties, and endowed with speech and reason, opening his eyes in the most delicious plain, to contemplate for the first time the serenity of the heavens, the brilliancy of the sun, the verdure of the fields and forests, the glowing hues of the flowers, he can scarcely be supposed able to refrain from breaking out into an enthusiasm of joy, and from pouring forth his praises to the creator of these wonders, and the author of his happiness. This species of poetry is common to all nations; but as it is the most sublime of all, when applied to the proper object, so also it has often been shamefully abused by Pagans and idolaters. Every one knows that the dramatic poetry of the Europeans derived its origin from this same source, and at first consisted of nothing but songs in praise of Bacchus; so that the only kind of poetic composition (if we except the epic), which may in some sense be termed imitative, proceeded from a natural emotion of the heart, in which there could not possibly be any imitation.

The next source of poetry to this was probably love, or that reciprocal inclination which naturally prevails between the two sexes, and is grounded on personal beauty. Hence originated those charming odes and amatory pieces which we ad-

mire in the works of the ancient lyric poets, which, unlike our sonnets and madrigals, filled with silly conceits of darts and Cupids, are simple, natural, and tender, and consist of such unaffected flatteries and tender complaints, as could not but have passed between the first lovers in a state of innocence, before the refinement of society; and the restraint which it introduced, rendered the passion of love so fierce and impetuous as it is said to have raged in the bosom of Dido, and certainly did burn in the heart of Sappho, if we may believe her own confession.

The pain which the first inhabitants of the earth must have felt on the death of their dearest friends and relatives, gave rise to another class of poems; at first it probably consisted of short dirges, and was afterwards extended to elegies.

When vice began to predominate in the world, it was perfectly natural that wise and virtuous men should in the strongest manner express their abhorrence of it, and give vent to their indignation against the corruptors of their race. Hence originated moral poetry, which, as we find, was at first vehement and severe, but was gradually softened down into the cold precepts of morality, or exhortations to virtue. There is every reason to conjecture, that epic poetry had a similar origin, and that the examples of heroes and of kings were exhibited, in order to illustrate a moral truth, by the representation of the amiableness of virtue, and the manifold unhappy consequences of vice.

Where then exists vice, which contains within itself the qualities which excite abhorrence, there also must be hatred, because, as Pope asserts in his works, and has proved throughout his whole life, the strongest antipathy naturally prevails between good and evil. This passion, therefore, was the source of that class of poems which we very erroneously denominate satires, because the satires of the ancient Romans were nothing but moral pieces, which they denominate *Satura*, or *Satyræ*, to indicate that the poem, like a table covered with fruits and corn consecrated to Ceres, contains a diversity and multitude of phantasies and figures. Hence the actual iuvectives of the ancients were called *Iambi*, of which we find some ex-

amples in Catullus, and in the Epodes of Horace, who imitated the peculiar manner of Archilochus.

These are the principal sources of poetry, and, as we shall endeavour to prove of music also. But it will first be necessary to make some observations on the nature of sound, a very fertile subject which would require a long treatise, were we to enter into a minute examination of it. Without dilating on the vibrations of cords, or the undulatory motion of the air, it will be sufficient for our purpose to remark, that there is a great difference between a common and a musical sound. It consists principally in this, that the first is single like a point, and forms a whole of itself, but the latter, on the contrary, is always combined with other tones, without on that account ceasing to be single, like a circle, which forms a whole figure, though it is composed of a multitude of points running at equal distances round one common centre. These combinations of sounds produced by the constituent unities of a sonorous body, which are set in vibration at once, are called harmonious, and the whole system of modern harmony is dependent on them; though it would be easy to prove that this system is unnatural, and is rendered tolerable to the ear merely by habit: for when we only strike a perfect chord upon the harpsichord, or the organ, the harmonies of the third and fifth have their distinct harmonies, which do not form a concord with the principal note\*.

Let us now remark that every violent passion is expressed in energetic words,

\* Suppose the keys *c*, *e*, *g*, are struck together, the *e* gives a sharp *g*, *b* and *g*, *b*, which sharp *g*, *b*, *d*, discords with *e*, since the first is its superfluous fifth, and the two latter the seventh and second; and to make the harmony, as it is called, complete, *e* sharp, and the natural *g*, are heard together: than which nothing can be more absurd. These horrid discords are, it is true, overpowered by the natural harmony of the principal tone, but this is no proof that they are agreeable. As nature has given us pleasing harmony that peculiarly becomes her, why should we strive to destroy it by the additions of art? It is just the same as though one were to paint a naturally beautiful face.

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correctly measured and pronounced with a common voice in just cadence, and with peculiar accents, and that this expression of passion is genuine poetry: and such the celebrated ode of Sappho must in the strictest sense be considered. But if the same ode, with all its natural accents, is pronounced with a musical voice, that is, in notes accompanied with their harmony; if it is sung in proper time and measure, in a simple and pleasing tone, which gives strength to the words, this would be original music, which would not only flatter the ear, but also find its way to the heart, not a mere imitation of nature, but the voice of nature itself. But there is another point in which music must resemble poetry, if it shall not lose a considerable part of its effect. Every one must have observed, that an orator, animated by passion, or an actor, who, in fact, is in the strictest sense an imitator, and obliged, as the sense of their words changes, to alter the tone and the degree of rise or fall of their voice; it is worth while to examine how his alteration is expressed in music. Every body knows that the gamut in music consists of seven tones, between which other ones intervene in the same succession, that above these there are again others, and so on as far as the human voice is capable of continuing, or the ear of distinguishing them. Each of these seven ones when singly heard, is of no more importance than one distinct letter of the alphabet; and it is only from their order, and from their relation to the principal tone, that they acquire a rank in their scale, or are distinguished from one another, except when they are more flat or more sharp; for in the regular scale each interval assumes a peculiar character, and each note is connected by numerous relations with the first or principal note†.

† The proportions of the intervals are as follow.—the major-second as 8 to 9; the minor-second as 15 to 16; the major-third as 4 to 5; the minor-third as 5 to 6; the fourth as 3 to 4; the fifth as 2 to 3; the major-sixth as 3 to 5; the minor-sixth as 5 to 8; the major-seventh as 8 to 15; the minor-seventh as 5 to 9. These proportions are determined by the length of the strings; but when they are taken from their vibrations,

As, therefore, a series of tones which have a reference to a principal note, are said to be in a certain key, because in an octave there are twelve semi-tones, each of which may in its turn be made the leader of a key, it follows that there must be twelve keys, and each of them has its peculiar character arising from the situation of the principal note of the key, and any other little difference in the proportions; for there are some intervals that cannot easily be given upon our instruments, and yet produce an astonishing effect in the modulation, or in the transitions from one key to another.

The measures of the ancients are said to have had a powerful effect on the heart; and Plato, who admits the Doric measure into his imaginary republic, on account of its gravity and composure, excludes the Lydian, for its languishing, soft, and effeminate character: not as if a series of mere tones had the power of awakening or flattering the passions; but each of those measures was appropriated to a particular species of poetry, and a particular instrument, and the principal of them, as the Doric, the Phrygian, the Lydian, the Ionic, the Æolian, the Locrian, originally belonged to the nations after whom they were denominated. Thus the Phrygian measure, which was lively and impetuous was generally accompanied by trumpets, and the Myrædyar, which, if we are to believe Aristoxenus, was invented by Sappho, was probably confined to the pathetic and tragic style. That these measures were adapted to poetry as well as music, is demonstrated by a fragment of Lasus, in which he says, "Ceres and her daughter Melibœa, the consort of Pluto, I sing in Æolian measure, full of gravity;" and Pindar calls one of his odes an Æolian hymn. If the Greeks excelled us in their modulations,

the proportions are reversed; for instance, the major-second as 9 to 8; the minor as 16 to 15, &c. because, while a string vibrates nine times, its major-second makes eight vibrations, and so of the rest. In general, those intervals which have the simplest proportions, are the most pleasing; but it must not be imagined, that this simplicity occasions our pleasure, as the ear cannot possibly distinguish these proportions.

we have, on the other hand, the advantage over them in our minor scale, which furnishes us with twelve new keys, in which the two semi-tones are taken from their natural situation, between the third and fourth, seventh and eighth note, and placed between the second and third, and the fifth and sixth. This change of the semi-tones empowers, by the minor-third which it gives to the principal note, the general expression of the melody, and adapts it in an astonishing manner to subjects of grief and sorrow. The minor key of *d* is tender, that of *c*, with three, plaintive, and that of *f* with four, is in the highest degree pathetic and doleful, on which account it was chosen by the celebrated Pergolesi for his *Stabat mater*. Thus these twenty-four keys, dexterously blended and changed, according to the alterations in the subject, evidently express all the variations in the voice of the orator, and give additional beauty to the accents of the poet. In conformity with the foregoing principles, we may define original and natural poetry to be the language of vehement passions, expressed in correct measure, with strong accents and energetic words; and genuine music to be nothing but poetry, reduced to a succession of harmonious tones, arranged in such a manner as to please the ear. In this point of view alone, we must consider the ancient Greek music, or endeavour to form a judgment of it from its magic effects, which we find recorded by the most respectable historians and philosophers. It was entirely impassioned or descriptive; and so intimately connected with poetry, as never to destroy, but always to strengthen the impression of the latter. Our boasted harmony, on the contrary, with all its refined concords and numerous parts, paints nothing, expresses nothing, speaks not to the heart, and consequently is capable of giving to only one of our senses more or less pleasure; and no sensible man will seriously prefer a transient gratification, which soon terminates in satiety, or even in disgust, to a pleasure of the soul, which springs from sympathy, and is founded on the ever lively, interesting, and transporting natural passions. The ancient divisions of music into celestial and terrestrial, divine and human, active and contemplative, intellectual and oratorical, were founded rather

on metaphors and chimerical analogies, than on real differences in nature; but the want of a distinction between the music of mere tones, and the music of the passions, has been a continual source of confusion and contradictions among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. Nothing can be more opposite in many points than the systems of Rameau and Tartini, one of whom maintains that melody springs from harmony, while the other deduces harmony from melody; and yet both are right, if the former alludes only to that music which originates in the multiplicity of the tones, which are heard at one and the same time in a sonorous body; and the latter to that kind which takes its rise from the accents and inflexions of the human voice animated by the passions. In order to decide, as Rousseau says, which of these two schools deserves the preference, we need only ask a simple question:—"Was the voice made for instruments, or were instruments made for the voice?"

If any one would attempt to define what genuine poetry ought, according to our ideas to be, we have described what it actually was among the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs, and the Persians. The Lamentations of David, and his sacred odes, or Psalms, the Song of Solomon, the Prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and other inspired writers, are really and truly poetical; but what did David or Solomon imitate in their divine compositions? Of a man who is in reality joyful or sorrowful, it cannot be said that he imitates joy or sorrow. The lyric compositions of Alcæus, Alkman, and Ibykus, the Hymns of Callimachus, the Elegy of Moschus on the death of Bion, are all beautiful pieces of poetry; and yet Alcæus was not an imitator of love, or Callimachus of religious fear and admiration, or Moschus of grief for the loss of an amiable friend. Aristotle himself wrote a highly poetical elegy on the death of a man to whom he had been attached; but it would be difficult to say what model he imitated. "O virtue, who imposest on mankind such multifarious labours, and on account of thy charms, art continually the attractive object of our lives, O beauteous divinity, in Greece it was always an envied happiness to die, and to endure the most painful and

tormenting evils for thy sake. The immortal fruits which thou producest in our hearts, are more precious than gold, sweeter than parental love and calm repose. For thy sake, Hercules, the son of Jupiter, and the twin-brothers of Leda, undertook their numerous labours, and endeavoured by generous deeds to win thy favour. Out of love to thee Achilles and Ajax descended to Pluto's dreary domain; and aspiring to thy charms, the Prince of Atarus was deprived of the light of day. The Muses, the daughters of Memory, shall therefore crown him with immortality for the sake of his glorious deeds, when they sing the god of hospitality, and the praises of everlasting friendship."

A fable in verse is equally an imitation with a fable in prose; and if every poetic narration, descriptive of manners and the occurrences of human life, be denominated imitative, that epithet must consequently apply to every novel, and even to every history; as many poems are nothing but novels, or parts of a history related in regular metre.

What has been said concerning poetry may be applied with equal justice to music, and even to painting, some classes of which are poems for the eye, in the same manner as all purely descriptive poems are pictures for the ear. This way of viewing the subject, will place the refinements of modern artists in their proper light; for the passions which nature has given, never spoke in an unnatural manner; and no man, whose heart is filled with genuine love or real sorrow, ever yet expressed the one in an acrostic, and the other in a fugue. These relics of a false taste which prevailed in the dark ages, ought therefore to be banished in the present, which is enlightened by more correct ideas.

It is true that certain descriptions of paintings are particularly devoted to imitation; such as those whose whole and sole object it is to represent the human figure and countenance; but it will be found that those pictures always produce the strongest effect which represent a passion, as for instance, the Martyrdom of St. Agnes, by Domenichino, and the different representations of the Crucifixion by the best Italian masters; and it is not to be doubted that the celebrated sacrifice of Iphigenia

was in the highest degree affecting; which proves not that painting cannot be called an imitative art, but that its most powerful effect upon the heart arises, like that of the other arts, from sympathy.

It is likewise asserted, that descriptive poetry and descriptive music, as they are called, are close imitations; but, not to mention that mere description is the least important part of both arts, it is nevertheless clear, that if they consisted of nothing else, yet words and tones bear no resemblance to visible objects; and what is imitation but a resemblance to something else? Besides, no unprejudiced hearer will say that he discovers the slightest traces of imitation in the numerous fugues, contra-fugues, and divisions which rather deform than embellish modern music; tones themselves are imperfectly imitated by harmony, and if we sometimes hear the murmuring of a brook, or the twittering of birds in a concert, we are commonly apprized before-hand of the places where we are to expect them. Some musicians, in other respects men of great professional abilities, have indeed been absurd enough to suppose themselves capable of imitating laughter and other noises; but, had they even been successful in the attempt, still they would not have been able to make amends for the want of taste displayed in such an undertaking; for such ridiculous imitations must necessarily destroy the spirit and dignity of the finest poems, which they are intended to heighten by a pleasing and natural melody. It would seem that as those parts of poetry, music, and painting which relate to the passions, affect by sympathy, so those which are merely descriptive operate by a kind of substitution, that is, by exciting in our minds affections or sensations resembling those which are produced in us by the actual presence of the objects themselves. Let us suppose that a poet, a musician, and a painter, were vying with each other to procure their friend or patron a pleasure similar to that which he had received from the contemplation of a beautiful prospect; the first will, in an agreeable manner, combine a multitude of pleasing images, and express them in smooth and elegant verse in a lively metre; he will describe the most delightful objects, and combine the

charms of his description with a certain delicacy of sentiment and spirit of vivacity. The musician who undertakes the task of setting to music the words of the poet, will choose a key which has upon his violin, the character of cheerfulness and animation; for instance, the *Folian*, or *e flat*, and will change it according to the variation in the sentiments; he will express the words by a simple and pleasing melody, which does not deform but embellish them, without hunting after fugues, or the figures of harmony; he will make use of the bass to mark the modulation the more strongly, especially in the variations, and he will combine the tenor, with the bass, principally in order to prevent too great a separation of the parts. In the symphony, he will, above all things, avoid a double melody, and employ his variations only by occasion of certain accidental ideas, so as not to overpower the principal part, that is, the voice. He will not introduce a number of useless repetitions, because the passions alone repeat the same expressions, and will confine himself to one particular kind of sensations, since description can represent one single object in only one single kind of language. The painter will delineate all the visible objects far more accurately than his rivals, but in many essential circumstances he will fall short of the two before-mentioned artists, because his pencil, which, to be sure, can express a single passion, is incapable of painting an idea or sketching a sentiment. He will, however, finish his landscape in a graceful and delicate style; his colours will be rich and glowing, his prospect imposing, and his figures arranged with an agreeable variety, and without confusion. He will, besides, diffuse over the whole such a spirit of vivacity and cheerfulness that the spectator, hurried along, as it were, by a torrent of pleasure, shall for a moment mistake art for nature.

In this manner each of these artists will attain his object, not by any imitation of the works of nature, but by availing himself of her power, and producing the same effect on the imagination as her charms upon the senses. This must be the principal aim of a poet, a musician, or a painter, who knows that great effects are not produced by insignificant trifles, but

by the spirit generally diffused over the whole, and that a gaudy composition occupies the understanding only for a short time, whereas, on the contrary, the beauties of simplicity are far more pleasing and permanent.

As the passions are differently modified in different persons, it is easy to comprehend that, in the pleasure which the fine arts afford us, whether it arise from sympathy or substitution, a great diversity must prevail; and that an artist would be very weak if he conceived it possible to please every reader, hearer, and spectator, since each has certain favourite objects and propensities which guide and move him in the choice of his pleasures, to think more or less highly of the beauty of the productions of nature and art, in proportion to the greater or less degree of gratification which they afford him. This does

not wholly run counter to the opinion of many able writers, that there exists one uniform standard of taste; since the passions, and consequently sympathy, are generally the same in all men, till they are weakened by age, sickness, or other causes.

If the arguments adduced in this essay have any weight, it will appear that the most beautiful parts of poetry, music, and painting, are expressive of the passions, and operate upon our hearts by sympathy; that the expression of love, of pity, of desire, and of the tender passions, as well as the descriptions of objects which delight the senses, produce in the arts what we call beautiful, but that hatred, anger, fear, and the terrific passions, as well as objects disagreeable to the senses produce the sublime when they are, skilfully expressed or described.

## ON THE DIFFICULTY OF IMMEDIATELY ASSIGNING THEIR TRUE CHARACTERS

TO THE

### FEMALE STATUES OF THE ANCIENTS.

Easy as it may be for an Italian Cicerone to point out the gods and goddesses by name to a stranger who applies to him for information, and in a short time to assemble around him a whole Olympus, so difficult it is for the real connoisseur to pronounce his opinion immediately, from the delusive signs of the attributes and secondary objects. Whoever has seen the fragments and relics piled up in the charnel-house of antiques of a Cavacoppi, and observed the carelessness with which arms, heads, and legs are attached to mutilated statues, and when they happen not to fit, how the most manifestly indispensable muscles are cut away, will certainly regard with suspicion the creative power of the moderns, with which they call to life heroes and gods at pleasure. None of the most celebrated statues was found in a state of perfect preservation, but was deficient either of the legs, the head, an arm, or a hand. It depended on the will of the artist who first repaired them for sale, or

of the proprietor who employed some artist to complete them according to his particular views, what god should be formed out of them, and with what attribute this principal idea should be supported.

Supposing that a statue were found uninjured in all its parts, or that these parts though damaged, might easily be collected and adjusted, still it is sometimes difficult to decide immediately whether the figure was designed for a god or a hero, or if this be ascertained, which of the gods or heroes it represents. For the representations on antique monuments, as well as upon coins, cameos, and engraved stones, or the baso-relievs of sarcophagi and urns, which are less subject to decay, often throw the ablest connoisseur into the same perplexity.—There are, it is true, general signs by which to recognize them, but they are liable in the application to numberless exceptions. Thus, for instance, a naked figure, without any other attributes, is rather taken for a prize-fighter than a god; because the

ancients very seldom represented their gods without a mantle thrown over their shoulders. Few figures appear in a sitting or lying posture, most of them are standing; hence it is imagined that reclining figures belonged to Olympus rather than others, in order to express the sweet repose of the gods. This is likewise said to be particularly represented by the arm thrown over the head in Hercules and Apollo. Lucian makes mention of a Mercury in this position. But the many reclining figures on *sacrophagi*, are evidently designed for something else than gods, and represent no other than the persons reposing within them. It was formerly believed that all figures holding a *patra*, represented priests or priestesses; but since gods and goddesses have been found with this appendage, it has become of more dubious import.

If it is moreover recollected, that among the ancients it was a very common practice to cause their pictures to be drawn in the habits and attributes of some chosen god or goddess, and that the most evident proof of this is afforded in particular by the small bronzes which pass for *Lares* and *Penates*; it will still remain a question, even when the attributes are expressed with the greatest precision, whether the work is designed for the figure of the deity in general, or to perpetuate the physiognomy of a beloved object.

The experienced eye of an artist, or of a connoisseur who has acquired experience by practice and by associating with artists, will, indeed, easily be able to judge, whether a statue represents a Hercules, a prize-fighter, a Mercury, or an Apollo. But the numerous shades of strength, youth, age, and muscles softly or harshly expressed, which guide the eye in the masculine body, are on the other hand denied it in female figures. They are, in general, either half or entirely clothed, always young, and very much like each other in the delicacy of the contour. Since, in these, the head is as seldom attached to its proper trunk as in statues of male characters, but is in general borrowed from totally different figures, either in the whole or in the most important parts, as for instance the nose and the lips, which are even sometimes the workmanship of a

modern artist, the physiognomy, in this case, will not much assist the judgment. In like manner the other extremities, which exhibit the attributes, are in most instances extremely suspicious, because they are almost always new and joined to the rest. Among the whole multitude of the representatives of Diana, Ceres, Pomona, Fortune, Abundance, of Atalanta, Bacchantes, Amazons, Nymphs, and Muses, there are very few which, considered as statues of the ancients, deserve celebrity for the qualities ascribed to them.

Some of them, however, cannot fail to be advantageously distinguished by all lovers of antiques, for the intrinsic merit of the workmanship, and the truth of the attributes. A Diana Venatrix, for instance, with exquisite drapery, was till lately to be seen at Florence; but the finest specimen was preserved in the Villa Pamfili, at Rome. A statue of her, in short garments, was kept in the Galeria Giustiniana; and another, in a long dress, in the Campidoglio, at Rome. The so highly celebrated Diana of Versailles does not, however, deserve to be noticed here, on account of the many new additions that have been made to it. The same observation unfortunately applies to the beautiful Diana Lucifera, which was so highly admired in the Campidoglio collection; she has a veil over her head, which the wind blows upward from behind. It is greatly to be regretted that we know not what part of her is old, the torch, at least, is new. Ceres has, in general, a handsome, oval face. Her attributes are ears of corn, heads of poppies, and cornucopias; but as these are placed either on her head or in her hands, which parts are commonly new, we cannot thence draw any positive inference. Her attire, posture, and attributes scarcely distinguish her, on coins, from Hope, Abundance, and Fortune. This was, moreover, a character in which the Empresses were very fond of appearing, as we know for certain respecting Livia; so that it is impossible to tell whether you have before you the portrait of some illustrious person, or the ideal representation of a goddess.

The ancients represented Amazons in the form of young females of a ferocious disposition, in a Grecian costume. This



very favourite idea with artists occurs more frequently in basso-relievs than in statues; by far the most celebrated of these was to be seen at the Orti Martelli, with a quiver under her arm. The most beautiful figure of this kind is said to adorn the collection of the Earl of Pembroke. She is represented lying under a horse, and defending herself against a man on horseback. The workmanship is ascribed to Cleomenes, who executed the far-famed Medicean Venus. In the Palazzo Cesi, there is a beautiful figure, in a long dress, which goes by this name; it is celebrated for its drapery, and still remains unrepaiied. Episcopus has given a representation of it on his thirty-seventh plate. This, however, is not an Amazon, but rather a Juno Regina.

The Juno Regina, likewise, belongs to that class of statues which are often mistaken for others. She is distinguished by the diadem on her head, and the majesty of her air. A female statue, with uncommonly beautiful drapery, has long been celebrated under this name in the Giustiniani palace; but the too great individuality in the character of the head, which totally disagrees with the representations of that goddess, affords room to conjecture that it is the portrait of some person of imperial rank. The figure, larger than life, mentioned under this name by Perrier, is perhaps rather an inspired muse. The Juno Regina often resembles the Venus Cœlestis, and the restorer often makes out of the old trunk either the one or the other at pleasure.

Juno Lanuvina, as she was worshipped at Lanuvium, stands in the Campidoglio, with her garments drawn above her head. In her hand she holds a *patra*; the arm is bare, and the drapery extremely beautiful.

Among all the productions of antiquity, there is, perhaps, but one specimen of Atalanta with Hippomenes, and this is the groupe in the Barberini palace. She is represented running, with her garment loosely flying about her hips. Hippomenes, who is quite naked, has just overtaken her. Under this name Perrier has given a figure from the Palazzo Della Valle, which is called Atalanta, because it cannot be either a nymph or a Diana. A

similar one, from the Cesi palace, is to be seen in Sandrart.

Those figures which are now exhibited under the name of Bacchantes, were, probably, many of them designed by their original artists for totally different characters. It was a subject for which the ancients had an extraordinary predilection, because it left a wide field for art to introduce many beautiful and diversified positions. They are commonly distinguished by a floating garment, dishevelled hair, a thyrsus and grapes in their hands or upon their laps. They are seldom met with as statues, but occur much more frequently on relieves and gems. On sarcophagi and altars scarcely any thing but the history of Bacchus is represented: They are in general clothed, the arms bare, and through the garment appear all the contours of the body; with one hand they often hold up their drapery, as may be seen in Perrier. These figures are more rare in long dresses, such as the Bacchante in the Capitolio, who is enveloped in the Bassara, or long garment, from which Bacchus received the name of Bassareus. The beautiful head which Winkelmann, misled by a passage in Euripides, made into a Leucothea, must by others be taken rather for the head of a Bacchante.

To this subject applies the oft-repeated remark, that the repairs of modern artists have often transformed a nymph, dancer, or other figure, into a Bacchante, by the extremities and attributes which they have attached to them.

The same observations hold good with respect to the articles, Fortune, Abundance, Pomona, which it is impossible to distinguish from a Ceres. On coins, as well as in statues and small bronzes, it is often plainly perceptible, that the head of the portrait represents some particular person, and in most cases the individual may be identified by the characters with which the cabinets of medals give us an acquaintance.

Of all the Muses together in statues, antiquity affords us but one specimen. They are, in general, distinguished only by the attributes, and every body knows how dubious is this character. They are invariably characterized by a long garment, a sitting posture, and an inspired, con-

templative countenance. Eight of them were in the possession of Queen Christina; the ninth, and Apollo she had executed by a pupil of Bernini. By her bequest they were annexed to the Odescalchi collection, and thence removed to San Ydefonso, in Spain. Engravings of them may be seen in the works of Maffei. Apollo is seated, and in the attitude of a madman. Clio has, in her hand the tube and a roll. Euterpe with the pipe, has a Cupid by her side. Melpomene has a roll and a tragic mask, and beside her is a club. Terpsichore is playing on the guitar, Erato on the tessido, and has by her a Cupid, at whose feet lie a bow and quiver full of arrows. Polyhymnia with one hand holds up her garment; the pen in the hand of Calliope is certainly the addition of a modern artist. Urania in a pensive attitude, has a celestial globe in one hand, and supports her head with the other. Thalia has the comic mask and the *tibia*. Nevertheless these attributes and heads cannot be relied upon any more than the others. The heads are assuredly new, conceived with French sweetness, and the attributes are ably executed, after antique basso-relievos.

The most beautiful of the single figures is indisputably the Calliope at Wilton-house. But the celebrated Urania in the same collection, a sitting figure, with her head reclining on her hand, is not a Muse, but rather a *Provincia Victa*.

The Terpsichore with the lyre, among the Oxford monuments, is wholly genuine. A very beautiful Euterpe at Wilton-house passes for the workmanship of Cleomenes. For the sake of brevity we omit mentioning the others, which are to be seen in Perrier, Episcopus, Maffei, de Rubeis, Cavaceppi, and the collection of statues at Venice.

The best idea of the Muses and their attributes, is given by the paintings in water colours, found at Herculaneum. They are

to be found in the beginning of the eleventh volume of the *Pitture Herculane*. Apollo is seated in a tranquil attitude. Clio has a crown of laurel, a roll in her hand, and by her side a vessel with other rolls. Thalia is standing, and has a mask and *pedum*; Melpomene is also standing, with the club and tragic mask. Terpsichore is standing with the lyre, and an inspired look; Erato with the guitar. Polyhymnia has nothing to distinguish her but the touch. Urania is sitting with a globe, in a tranquil attitude; Calliope has only a roll, and Euterpe is wanting.

On a tomb in the Villa Maffei, they were all represented in marble, in relief.

It would require a volume were we to enter upon only a cursory examination of the many naked female statues which have always passed for representations of Venus, or of those dressed in the long *stola*, which have been sold for Minervas.

These few observations will be sufficient to convince the lover of antiques of the difficulties which may arise in deciding whether this or that antique figure or statue is genuine or not. A real artist or skilful connoisseur will not remain long in doubt whether the work in the whole is ancient or modern; and this contrast never appears more striking than when the ancient and the modern are mixed in one and the same collection, as at Sans Souci. But it is much more difficult to decide in such performances as have undergone repairs, where the one ends and the other begins; whether a head formerly belonged to the same trunk; and in particular in female figures, what precise character was given to the figure by the original artists. These reintegrations have not always been executed by botchers, but often by the greatest masters of modern times, as by William Della Porta, in the Farnese Hercules, and others who deserved to be placed by the side of the ancients.

## EXAMINATION OF THE QUESTION,

*Whether Cimabue was the Original Restorer of Painting in Italy?*

VASARI asserts, that the art of painting was lost among the Italians from the time of the Emperor Constantine, till it was revived by Cimabue, at Florence. Misled partly by the praises lavished on Cimabue and Giotto, by Dante, Boccaccio, and Villani, and partly by the assertion of Vasari, all the artists and connoisseurs looked upon those two painters as the first restorers of the art; till almost a century after Vasari, the Chevalier Ridolfi, and after him Count Charles Cesar Malvasia, Maffei, and Muratori proved, that, prior to Cimabue, the art possessed masters at Venice, at Bologna, and in Lombardy, who were either little inferior to Cimabue, or even surpassed him. About this time Baldinucci wrote at Florence his *Notizie de Professori del disegno*, and took great pains to vindicate, in this work, the fame of the Florentines, the exaltation of which was his and Vasari's chief object, against the claims of the Venetians, the Bolognese, and inhabitants of other cities, and consequently to establish the veracity of Vasari; and he at last gained this advantage, that his opinion, and the ancient prejudice, obtained general currency in foreign countries, where his and Vasari's works had an astonishing circulation, and likewise among such persons in Italy who, without farther examination, believe those to be in the right who are determined to have the last word.

Nevertheless, it will not be difficult to prove that, during the whole of the middle ages, and even at the time of the Goths and Lombards, Italy was not destitute of painters. Theodoric, King of the Goths, took all possible precaution to preserve the ancient productions of art, to embellish the towns by the erection of magnificent new edifices, and by repairing the old — During the reign of this monarch, considerable works in sculpture, and even of an entirely new composition, were produced; of which those that in the opinion of many represent the Emperor Justinian, and are

*Supplement. — Vol. IV.*

still preserved in the villa of the princely family of Justiniani, near Rome, confer great honour on the sixth century. Hence it may fairly be concluded, that the art of painting, and its professors, were held in great honour and request by the Gothic sovereigns. Among the royal establishments, of which a statement is given by Cassiodorus, we find no express mention of a painter, but an artist in mosaic work occurs. And what kind of painter can this be, but one who composes his pictures either with naturally coloured stones or artificially coloured pieces of glass? Does not this species of painting, as well as that in colours, require design, light and shade, perspective and imitation of nature? If then mosaic works were executed at the courts of the Gothic Kings, this is sufficient evidence that, in their times, the art of painting in general, and mosaic work in particular, were there esteemed and practised. Probably this kind of painting had arrived at such perfection as to give it a preference to any other. Johannes Diaconus assures us, that a mosaic picture of the Transfiguration of Christ, which John, bishop of Naples, caused to be executed for the church of St. Stephen in that city, was a prodigy of art. But proofs are not wanting, that at the time of the Goths there were painters who used the pencil, though we are ignorant of their names, and none of their productions are now extant. Independently of other testimonies which might be adduced, were we to examine the chronicles of those times, I shall cite those of Anastasius, the librarian, and the above mentioned chronicles of Johannes Diaconus. The former relates that Symmachus, bishop of Rome, decorated the church of St. Paul, in that city, with paintings; and the latter says, that Vincentius, Bishop of Naples, caused his dining-room to be painted all round.

Thus we know of paintings, in the time of the Lombards, which were executed in

colours as well as in mosaic work. Anastasius mentions a multitude of pictures of both descriptions, with which the Popes Honorius, Severinus, Sergius, John VII. Gregory III. Callistus, Zachary, Paul I. and Adrian I. adorned the churches of Rome. In the beginning of the seventh century, the above-mentioned John, bishop of Naples, caused the so called *consignatorium*, or the hall in which the newly baptized received confirmation, to be painted, and the bishop Reparatus had paintings made of himself and his predecessors in the age of Ravenna. In the eighth century, Pöfo XI. abbot of Monte Casino, caused the church of St. Michael to be embellished with paintings, with verses, some of which are cited by Leo Marsicanus, inscribed beneath them; and about the year 706, Stephen, abbot of Subiacum, had the church of his convent decorated in a similar manner.

It must not, however, be imagined, that the art was cultivated only in the countries under Greek supremacy, or perhaps only by Greek masters, for it was also practised in the kingdom of the Lombards. Queen Theodolinda caused the martial achievements of the Lombards to be painted in her palace at Monza. Petrus Diaconus relates, that from these pictures he learned how the ancient Lombards were dressed. The unknown author of the Chronicle of Salerno, likewise makes mention of a picture of Arigisius, Duke of Benevento, of the eighth century, which was shewn in the year 787 to Charlemagne, in a church at Capua. So likewise there was in the choir of the church of St. Ambrose, at Milan, a picture representing the bishops suffragans to that archiepiscopal cathedral, in the order in which they used to sit at provincial synods. The learned Count Giulini, who relates this, maintains upon very plausible grounds, that the piece in question was executed about the conclusion of the seventh century.

Hence we find, that, under the Goths and Lombards, the popes, bishops, and abbots were, as far as we know, almost the only persons who patronized the art of painting, and afforded employment to its professors. This was likewise the case in the succeeding ages. A great number of mosaic and other pictures were executed

in the ninth century, by the command of Leo III. (of whom it is worthy of remark, that he caused glass windows to be painted, and that these were the first works of the kind, as far as we know,) Stephen IV. Eugene II. Gregory IV. Sergius II. Leo IV. Nicholas I. and Adrian II. for various churches at Rome. The librarians of the Romish church, Anastasius and William, by whom this is related, and who saw the paintings of the above-mentioned popes, express themselves with admiration of their beauty. Respecting the tenth century, all we know is, that Pope Formosus caused the pictures in the church of St. Peter to be restored.

During the same period, the bishops and convents gave a good deal of employment to painters. Paul, bishop of Naples, in the last years of the eighth, and his successor Athanasius, in the ninth century, embellished various churches with pictures, which are mentioned with high encomiums on their beauty by Johannes Diaconus. At the conclusion of the tenth century, three monks of the convent of Farfa, with their abbot, built a church, and decorated it externally as well as internally with paintings; probably in imitation of the monks of Monte Casino. In the middle of the tenth century, the latter adorned their magnificent church, erected about one hundred years before, with pictures, and had the floor before the altar of their founder inlaid with pieces of marble of different colours. Many such like works of art, executed during this period in Italy, would undoubtedly have been upon record, had not the writers of those ages been more intent on collecting religious legends than useful information. Muratori gives an account of a multitude of other mosaic pictures, and makes mention of a manuscript of the tenth century, in the library of the cathedral of Lucca, which treats of the different ways of working in mosaic, of plating metals, and other subjects of that kind; which affords no mean proof that at this time the Italians paid some attention to those arts.

With these facts before our eyes, it is impossible to doubt that the art of painting was practised in Italy till the tenth century. The only objection which can possibly be made is, that the above-mentioned per-

performances were probably executed by Greek artists. This is asserted likewise by those who are of opinion with Vasari and Baldinucci, that the art of painting was lost among the Italians before the time of Cimabue.

We now come to an account which they cite a circumstance related by Leo Marsicanus, in his Chronicle of the convent of Monte Casino, in order to prove that none but Greek painters were employed in Italy on every occasion.

As the passage of that chronicler is the chief support of our opponents, we must enter into a more minute examination of it. Leo relates that Desiderius, abbot of the convent of Monte Casino, erected there (in the eleventh century) a magnificent temple, and that he sent for artists from Constantinople to execute the mosaic work, and to lay the floors with square pieces of marble of different colours, because these arts had been lost in Italy for five hundred years; and that he might restore this advantage to his nation, he caused several youths to be instructed in it. But does this prove that the art of painting was lost in Italy? Admitting that the art of painting in mosaic is really added to in this passage, it would only follow, that one branch of painting, and not the art itself, had become extinct. But we have seen that mosaic pictures were produced in different parts of Italy, in each of the preceding centuries, without finding any mention that they were the works of Greek masters. Consequently the chronicler can either not be speaking here of the art of mosaic painting properly so called, or only of its application to whole walls and arches, as it is probable that till this time none but detached moveable pictures in mosaic had been executed in Italy. With respect to the other art, called by the author *ars quadrataria*, let its object be what it would, and let it have been before known or unknown to the Italians, it proves nothing against painting in general. Besides, the same Leo Marsicanus relates, that the abbot caused the newly erected church to be embellished with paintings in colours, but he does not say that he sent for artists from Greece to execute them. In our opinion this affords a complete demonstration, that in the eleventh century the art

of painting was practised by the Italians themselves.

Exclusive of this circumstance, we have many evidences that this was actually the case in the eleventh century. This would

be sufficiently proved at least with respect to painting in mosaic, by the fact that the abbot caused young Italians to be instructed in the art. With respect, however, to the art of painting properly so denominated, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the most explicit testimonies exist. The chronicles of the convents of Cava, Casauria, Subiaco, and Monte Casino, give evidence concerning paintings which were executed for them or for their churches during that period. In like manner pictures were also produced at Rome by command of the Popes Callistus II. Adrian IV. and Clement III. The first caused the taking of the pseudo-pope Bordinus to be painted in an apartment of the Vatican; the second had the submission of the Emperor Lothair II. concerning which the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa complained to the above-mentioned pope, represented in the Lateran palace. William, King of Sicily, likewise caused his private chapel to be embellished with pictures in mosaic; and neither Romualdus, archbishop of Salerno, who relates this, nor the above-mentioned chronicles, even hint that these performances were executed by Greek artists.

It was not, however, in the south of Italy and at Rome alone, that the art of painting was practised at that period among the Italians, but likewise in Tuscany, in Lombardy, and at Venice. Even the names of the Italian painters begin now to be known. St. Luke, as he is called, a Florentine, painted in the eleventh century a picture of the Virgin, which is worshipped at the church All'Imprudenta, about five miles from Florence. This the celebrated Dr. Lami has proved, by an ancient record which he has drawn from obscurity, and which Dothenico Maria Manni has illustrated by two dissertations. This picture of the blessed Virgin, has till our times been considered by most Catholics as the performance of Luke, the evangelist, whom they have regarded as a painter by profession. At Pisa there is a picture of the same period, which is described by the

Chevalier Flaminio dal Borgo. Although there exist paintings of the twelfth century, some of which are marked with the name of Guido. The celebrated Maffei attests, that in the church of St. Zenone, at Verona, there is a picture of the year 1123, and another equally ancient in the church Del Crocifisso. Many pieces of those times would doubtless be discovered in Italy, if the various chronicles, and all the obscure corners of the country were more narrowly examined; but what further examination is necessary for our purpose, since we are actually acquainted with the names of some Italian painters of those ages, and their works are still extant?

We now come to the thirteenth century, in the second half of which flourished the celebrated Cimabue, who is said to have revived the art of painting in Italy. But if we can indicate the paintings, and besides this the artists by whom they were executed in the first half of the thirteenth century, all doubt will, we trust, be removed that Italy was not destitute of painters in any of the ages preceding Cimabue.

In the church of St. Dominic, at Siena, there is a picture of the blessed Virgin, executed by a certain Guido of Siena, in 1221; and another in the oratory of the fraternity of St. Bernardino, as the learned Johannes Bottari has observed in his edition of Vasari, published in 1719, at Rome, and reprinted a few years ago at Leghorn.

In the same passage Bottari mentions another painter of Siena, named Diotisalci, who flourished about the year 1236, and consequently before Cimabue began to paint.

Wading, in his history of the Order of St. Francis, speaking of the Franciscan church at Assisi, observes, that it contains a good picture of the crucifixion, with the figure of a monk named Elias, who caused it to be painted, and a Latin inscription, which states it to have been executed by Giunta of Pisa, in 1236. Another picture of the abbey mentioned Franciscan monk Elias, which exactly resembles the former, and was painted in the same year, by the same master, is in the possession of the Chevalier Carlo Venturi, of Cortona.

Malvasia speaks of some pictures of two Bolognese painters, Ventura and Orso, or

in the ninth century, by the command of Leo III. (of whom it is worthy of remark, that he caused glass windows to be painted, and that these were the first works of the kind, as far as we know.) Stephen IV.

At the year IV. Sergius II. Leo IV.

Marchese di Montecuccoli, is a picture of St. Francis, which is said to be very beautiful, and to have been painted in the year 1233, by Berlinghieri, of Lucca, as the inscription certifies. It is worthy of remark that this picture is painted on gilded linen; a circumstance by which Baldinucci, who ascribes this invention to the painter Margaritone, of Arezzo, is convicted of an error.

The monument of the art, at the end of the twelfth century, which M. Borsetti has introduced to public notice in his History of the University of Ferrara, appears to us of much greater importance. It consists of beautiful miniature paintings by a monk, named John of Algier, with which he, in 1198, embellished a manuscript Virgil executed by himself. An Appendix by a later hand, in 1942, gives some particulars respecting a painter then living, named Gelasio della Masna, who, we are there informed, was a disciple of Theophanes, of Constantinople, and painted the following pieces: a Madonna, with the Child Jesus in her arms; the Chevalier St. George, killing the Dragon with his spear; and the Fall of Phaeton, as described by the poets in the inscription underneath:—*Dispersit superbos*.

To these pieces, which are still in existence, I shall add some others mentioned in contemporary records, but since lost. In the Chronicle of Pepin, and in the commentary on Dante, by Benvenuto, of Imola, is a description of a picture in the palace of the King of Naples, representing the Emperor Frederick II. and his Chancellor Peter de Vineis, with supplicants on their knees before them.

We shall here take occasion to remark an error of Vasari. He says that Cimabue was the first that expressed the ideas of the painter in words upon pictures, that he might thus assist the spectator in discovering his meaning. The last-mentioned picture is a complete refutation of this assertion. From the mouths of the supplicants

performances were probably executed by Greek artists. This is asserted likewise by those who are of opinion with Vasari and Baldinucci, that the art of painting was lost among the Italians before the time of Cimabue.

We now come to an assertion, that, from the commencement of the thirteenth century, the art of painting was so common that every petty tyrant had his court-painter: at least an artist of that description is included in the establishment of Visconti, a cardinal and archbishop of Milan, in a document of the year 1210.

It is therefore difficult to conceive how Vasari can have asserted, that in consequence of the continual oppression to which Italy was subject, all the artists had totally disappeared, when Cimabue, in the year 1210, was sent into the world, as the especial gift of heaven, to diffuse the first light over the art of painting; that he learned the art at Florence, of some Greeks, who had been sent for thither to revive it; and that the old pictures, executed in the time of Pope Sylvester I. and which are to be met with in all the ancient churches throughout Italy, are the productions of Greeks.

With respect to the first assertion, it is sufficiently refuted by what has been said concerning the painters and pictures of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. And how could he ascribe the honour of having diffused the first light of painting exclusively to Cimabue, since there are productions of the twelfth, and the first half of the thirteenth century, which surpass or at least equal those of Cimabue, as has been demonstrated by Cesare Malvasia and Ridolfi, in the above-mentioned works. According to his own confession, some light has been diffused over the professors of the art so early as the eleventh century: for he observes that in the year 1013, when the very beautiful church of St. Miniato, near Florence, was erected, the art had somewhat recovered itself, because the architects took the utmost pains to imitate the style of the ancients. At the same time, continues he, some improvement was made in the art, as is evinced by the mosaic pictures which were then executed in the above church. From this period, he adds,

of painting

themselves of design attained more and more

Enfance. Cimabue could not then have missed the first light. The right path to improvement was opened in the eleventh century, when artists began to take the performances of the ancients for their models in design. How much the style was improved by this is evinced by Vasari himself in the buildings and sculpture executed in the eleventh century at Pisa, Florence, Pistoja, and Lucca; and though he says, that, till the year 1250, architecture made no farther advances towards perfection, he nevertheless remarks, that Nicholas Pisanus, in 1255, demonstrates by his works what great progress design in architecture has made since the eleventh century, by the imitation of the ancients. That the improvement in design gradually extended to painting is not to be doubted, partly because design in general was improved, and partly because the pictures of the ancients had, in the eleventh century, begun to be imitated and held in request. It is remarkable that Vasari makes no mention either of St. Luke, or of Guido of Bologna, or of the other Guido of Sienna, or of Berlinghieri of Lucca, or of any other of the Italian painters, one or the other of whom at least must have been known to him. May we not conclude, that his silence proceeds from this reason, that he may be able with the greater appearance of truth to assert, that when Cimabue came into the world, Italy was totally destitute of artists, and that he was the first restorer of painting?

When he says that Cimabue learned the art of painting at Florence, of some Greeks who had been sent for by the head of the Florentine Republic to restore the art, we have good reason for denying him credit; for it cannot be proved by any document that the Florentines, in those times, had sent for Greek painters. Perhaps this was a report of the ignorant populace, which he believed without examination. From the same source alone we could have received information that these Greeks constructed the chapel of the noble family of Gondi, in the church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence; for it is certain that this church was not built from the foundation till the year 1350, long after Cima-

buc's death, and it was not that the chapel became the property of the Gondi family.

That, finally, the paintings of the middle ages in Italy, from the time of Pope Sylvester I. to that of Cimabue, are by Greek artists, is partly refuted by the above-mentioned pictures of Italian artists which are yet extant, and by this circumstance, that the Italians have a right to ascribe the works of the middle ages to native artists, till they are incontestably proved to be the performances of foreign masters. If Greek artists were now and then employed, that is no proof that this was always the case. On the other hand, it serves rather to explain how the Italians of the middle ages adopted more or less the Greek taste in painting.

It may, perhaps, still be objected that before the eleventh century, the state of painting was so wretched, that till then it might at least be regarded as lost, though in those times there was no want of artists. But can it be proved that previous to the eleventh century, all paintings were of this wretched description. Could any one, or could Vasari, who says of the painters after the time of Pope Sylvester I. without exception, that they rather daubed than painted; and that their pictures were terrific phantoms rather than representations of real life, point out the best pieces of every century after the time of Constantine,

time, which it would be necessary to do, in order to pronounce a correct judgment respecting them? If the execution of the picture, in which the Lombard Queen

Theodolinda, whom Vasari calls a Gothic Queen, caused the achievements of the

Leopards to be delineated at Monza, such, that Petrus Diaconus could distinguish all the characteristics of their dress, namely, that the back of the head was shaven, and the front covered with large locks of hair, that they coloured the face down to the very chin, that they wore wide garments after the fashion of those of the Angles and Saxons, under a cloak of various colours, and shoes slit to the toes and fastened with a thong; this at least cannot be rectified among those performances which were more like unnatural phantoms than the objects they were designed to represent. A picture which exhibits so plainly all the characteristic signs of the subject represented, that we can recognize the original in all its parts, cannot be painted without art. When, therefore, intelligent men tell us in the chronicles and histories of their own times, of fine pictures which they have themselves seen, it is reasonable to presume that they, at least, bore a great resemblance to the objects delineated; and that the art, at such times, was not wholly extinct.

### REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF A PICTURE BY CORREGIO.

THE history of human knowledge proves, that if observation is always the mother of the sciences, it is accident which most frequently renders her fruitful. Events equally fortunate and unexpected sometimes suddenly display to the attention of the artist, what men the most enlightened and the most assiduous in their researches have not been able to discover. This truth is confirmed in a particular manner by the circumstances which restored to the world the picture of Corregio representing Charity. As these circumstances are equally interesting to the history of painting and the glory of an Italian province in which the arts and sciences have

been cultivated with great success, we shall, before we proceed to a narrative of them, make a few observations, the better to enable the reader to appreciate their importance.

Of all the historians of the fine arts who have treated of Corregio, we shall only mention Vasari, Landi, Tiraboschi, Mengs, and father Della Valle of Turin, because these authors, having resided in Italy, the theatre of the performances and of the glory of that celebrated painter, inspire more confidence than foreign writers, whose works in general abound with anachronisms.

Vasari positively asserts that Corregio



never went to Rome; and his opinion, which agrees with that of Landi, has been adopted by many writers.

Father Della Valle, of Turin, who published a supplement to Vasari's *History of the Arts* assures us, on the contrary, that Correggio resided at Rome from 1517 to 1520; and is of opinion that he ~~perished~~ <sup>perished</sup> shortly after the death of Raphael, because he could not endure the sight of objects, which reminded him of the loss of a man for whom he cherished the greatest love and veneration.

It is well known that Correggio deserved the name of the *pelles* of his age, both for the truth of his expression of his pictures, and for his deference to the critical remarks of others. This resemblance in character induces us to believe that if the painter of Cosimo to Sicyone to receive instruction from Pamphilus, in like manner the Italian *Apelles* may have repaired to Rome, attracted by the renown of Raphael.

The learned Tiraboschi, however, positively asserts, that no performance of Correggio's, the date of which can be ascertained, is to be met with during those years; and, indeed, in the life of that painter, in which all his pictures, and even such as are least interesting, are enumerated with the greatest exactness, no mention is made of that of *Charity*. The silence of historians proves, as we shall demonstrate, that this picture was lost, and that, for want of some other monument, this period of the life of its author could not be determined.

Father Della Valle attempted to determine it by conjectures, it was reserved for one of his countrymen to succeed by facts.

Among the numerous repairers of pictures who flock from all parts to Rome in quest of lucrative employment and favourable opportunities for their industry, M. Lovera, a Piedmontese, and M. Hunterberg, a native of Tyrol, both pupils of the celebrated Mengs, lived about twelve years ago in the closest intimacy. They often went together to the market for pictures, which is held every day in the square of Navonne, either to watch for opportunities which frequently occur to pick up at a low price pieces by the great masters, or

to provide themselves with old canvases, which is often good enough to be used again for painting studies.

It happened that one day these two friends, having purchased several of these pieces of old canvases and divided them between them, Hunterberg had in his lot a flower-piece of wretched execution. Without suspecting what these flowers covered, he laid on a new ground, upon which he painted a head as a study, which he shewed to Lovera, at the same time proposing to sell it to him. The latter, looking very closely at the work of his friend, whose attention was then otherwise engaged, perceived that the new ground began to peel off in several places. He endeavoured to raise one of these scales with his nail. To his great surprize he discovered a small portion of a figure which appeared to be in the best style. This was enough for him; he covered it again, drew back from the piece, gave his opinion on his friend's study, and bought it of him for a sum little exceeding the price of the canvass.

On his return home, he succeeded, with the pains and patience worthy of the work, in removing entirely the crust formed by the two grounds laid on by the flower-painter and by Hunterberg himself; and restored to light and to the arts, a picture in the most exquisite style, representing *Charity* under the form of a woman surrounded by three children.

As the engraving from this piece is known, it is unnecessary to give a description of it, or to enter into a critical examination of this beautiful composition.

Lovera invited persons to see it. The report of this fortunate discovery was circulated; the most celebrated artists, and the most enlightened amateurs flocked to inspect it and were all struck with the highest admiration.

The principal masters of the art, among whom was Mengs, positively declared it to be in the style of Correggio. It was valued by the most skilful appraisers at two thousand pounds sterling, and was sold by Lovera for fifteen hundred to Lord Bristol, a nobleman who expended a princely patrimony in the acquisition of monuments of the fine arts.

Hunterberg, vexed at having parted with this picture in such a way to his friend,

endeavored at first to depreciate it; but when he saw that the valuation and the sum which it fetched at the sale, established beyond dispute, the merit which the great masters had discovered in this work, he commenced a law-suit against Lovisa, upon the pretext that the sale of the picture ought to be annulled, as unintended, and that the sum paid for it belonged by right to himself.

With the issue of this process we are not acquainted, but let it have been what it will, it increases the number of the exquisite productions of that great painter, and confirms the opinion of father Della Valle, who asserts that Corregio was at Rome during the last years of Raphael's life, and that he abruptly quitted that seat of the fine arts, on account of the grief occasioned by the loss of the most celebrated painter of that age—a loss which was so much the more lamentable, as it was premature and occasioned by excessive sensibility.

Two circumstances seem to confirm this opinion respecting that portion of the life of Corregio. In the first place, we meet with no other work of his that can be referred to the space of time comprehended between the years 1517 and 1520. Secondly, the figure of the female representing Charity displays in the contours something of the style of Raphael, but it likewise exhibits the beautiful simplicity, the candour, the ingenuousness, in a word the genius which are the characteristics of Corregio's performances—characteristics which in every kind of production are inaccessible to imitators, and of which it is impossible for those by whom they are possessed to divest themselves.

By the discovery of this picture of Corregio it is ascertained that he visited

Rome, where, it appears that he strove to imitate, in a certain degree, the manner of Raphael, and that he hastily withdrew from that city, leaving this important work unfinished.

For the rest, this picture is probably not the only one executed at Rome by Corregio, during the years to which, as Tiraboschi asserts, none of the performances of that great painter can be referred. The portrait of Corregio painted by himself, which exists at La Vige, near Turin, was brought by the cardinal Maurice of Savoy, when, returning about the year 1610 from Rome to Turin, to take part in the affairs of the government, he removed with him a rare and valuable collection of pictures and statues. This portrait which was supposed to have belonged to the gallery of Mantua, might have been executed at Rome by the author himself, as a present for Raphael. But whatever may have been the occasion and the period of its composition, so much is certain, that it was deemed by Mengs, the only original portrait of Corregio; and it may be safely asserted that in every point of view it is worthy of a place in the choicest collections.

The preceding facts are extracted from an Italian memoir lately presented to the Subalpine Academy by M. Vassali Eandi, professor of natural philosophy at the university of Turin. The learned author received his information from Mademoiselle Sophie Le Clercq, a female artist, a member of the Academy of Fine Arts of St. Luke at Rome, and a correspondent of the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Turin. She resided at Rome at the time, and was intimately acquainted with Hunterberg and Lovera.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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